The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 8, 1954 — Vol. 22, No. 28

SALUTE TO THE POSTMAN

LADIES and gentlemen, the toast is the postman.

We give you the city postman, tramping the crowded streets, weaving his patient way through bustling shoppers with his overweight pack on his aching shoulders. We give you, too, the suburban postie with his bike, his bag, and his whistle.

And most especially we give you the outback mailman, lean and suntanned, with his battered truck chugging through the sand dunes of the Birdsville track or over the lonely mountains of Tasmania—stopping at nothing to get the Christmas mail through.

In the postman's hands lie so many of the good things of the Christmas season—the letters from distant friends, the gifts, the messages, and the kind thoughts which, with the postman's help, circle the world at Christmas-time.

There are carpers to whom the postman is just a man doing a job—and getting paid for it.

But at this time each year he becomes something more than that. His work increases enormously.

Extra postmen have been put on, but, even so, each regular postie will carry daily almost twice as much as his union, and his own strength, allows.

And he will do it without complaining.

To the thousands waiting at the gate for him, the postie in these few December weeks no longer appears as an ordinary working man with the ordinary troubles of humanity.

He becomes a bearer of good tidings, with all the magic of Santa Claus hidden by his everyday uniform.

And as such we salute him—the postman, the modern messenger of hope and good cheer.

Our cover:

● Staff photographer John Jones took our cover picture in Centennial Park, Sydney. The model is Robin Farquharson, of Balmoral Beach, and the dog is John's own.

This week:

● When we announced our "Two of a Kind" contest we invited people to send also pictures of triplets. Last week we published our chosen twins. This week you'll find the triplets on pages 12 and 13. We received, naturally, far more twins than triplets, but enough of the latter to surprise us. According to the Commonwealth Year Book, the number of multiple births in proportion to single births does not vary greatly from year to year. Of the mothers of 1950, one in 85 had twins, one in 9422 had triplets. Our winning triplets are 1948 babies. Their mother, Mrs. E. E. Bishop, of Moscot, Sydney, tells us that they weighed at birth respectively 3lb. 7oz., 3lb. 3½oz., and 4lb. 6oz. They have two older brothers, one aged 11 and the other nine.

Next week:

● The romance of Marlon Brando and the fisherman's daughter Josiane Mariani has caused a certain amount of international interest. Brando first met Josiane when she was governess in the household of a New York psychiatrist. Later he visited her home at Bandol, in the Midi, France, and announced their engagement. "We announced it to stop gossip," he said at the time, expressing surprise when 75 reporters turned up. Some gossip writers in America have expressed scepticism as to the eventual outcome of the engagement, but the pair posed for color pictures together at Bandol, the home of Josiane's mother and stepfather, M. and Mme Berenger. They make a handsome couple, as you will see in next week's paper. Current quip: "She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she caught a Marlon."

● Our monthly teenage section next week tells you all about a new kind of Christmas party. You arrange it for the night before Christmas Eve. There's a special Candy Hardy Christmas dress in this issue, too, and our teenage cook, Debbie, shows you how to make a pot of cherry jam.

Letters from our readers

"I AGREE with Mrs. Fred Rees (The Australian Women's Weekly, 24/11/54) about the growing tendency to send cards instead of writing a letter. To buy and send a card is the easy way, especially when it is for condolences, but a letter means so much more. However beautiful the words on a card may be, they were thought up by unknown people for commercial purposes, but if we write, even very briefly, it does express what we are thinking."

(Mrs.) V. A. Wilcox, Haberfield, N.S.W.

"WHAT a help it would be to the harassed housewife if chemists would keep tax-deduction cards filed in their shops, ready to record our purchases. I often forget mine, and many of the expensive items purchased for our two babies are never entered. Any extra trouble to the chemist would be offset by the fact that so many people would avail themselves of this convenience."

(Mrs.) J. Gibson, Croydon, N.S.W.

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

"I THINK it most unfair that whenever a divorce is granted the newspapers publish the cause of the divorce—often 'adultery of husband or wife with Miss, Mrs., or Mr. So and So, resident here or there.' These facts surely do not concern anybody but those involved in the affair."

(Mrs.) A. Colette, Manly, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

"'GROWN - UP' wonders (The Australian Women's Weekly, 17/11/54) whether any word in the English language is used as frequently as 'up.' What about 'get'? In ordinary language, we get up, get dressed, get to work late or early, get our day's work done, get to bed late or early, get married or divorced, get into trouble, get lost, get annoyed, get a move on, get measles—in fact there is hardly any limit to the things one can 'get' in the English language."

R. E. H. Ipswich, Qld.

"A FRIEND of mine who purchased a new car for close on £2000 found to his dismay that within four months, when scarcely run in, the car's value had dropped by £800 because the makers had introduced a drastically redesigned model. Such a loss is serious to the average motorist, and the motor trade should devise some means to safeguard a customer's investment against this."

(Mrs.) R. F. Charlesworth, Bemboka, N.S.W.

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EVENING WALK

BY VERA GRIFFITHS

ILLUSTRATED By LASKIE

DAN ran his car up the drive to Roseneath and parked it under the mulberry tree, which was already beginning to drop its dull pink fruit on to the path.

Why was there never any enthusiasm about mulberries? As far as Dan knew, the Olivers never did anything about them. Well, never mind, it wasn't important. Nothing was really important except this painful, indefinite, and apparently insoluble situation between Jill and himself.

As though reluctant to get out and face it again, he lighted a cigarette; just one, he promised himself, then he would go into the house.

Dan felt that he had been doing this every evening of his life; parking the car beneath the mulberry tree, walking in through the porch into the hall, which was always littered with tennis racquets and cricket bats and shopping, which somebody had dumped down. It was as if his entire life had been spent walking in and calling, "Jill—Jill, where are you?"

Oh, it had been going on for a long, long time, right back to the days when they were at school. After doing his homework, he'd tear down to Roseneath, fling his bike among the other bikes under the mulberry tree, and stamp in shouting:

"Jill! Hi! Where are you?"

And she'd come running, her eyes alight and, in flight, as it were, she'd pick up one of the racquets . . . Or, if it were winter, she'd be standing at the hall-mirror winding a huge woollen scarf about her throat. Or perhaps—only that was later—perhaps she'd come floating down the stairs in a cloud of chiffon . . .

There was one dress she'd worn, a sort of greenish-blue sea-green. Dan had brought her two Malmaison carnations to wear with it and, with that sweet grace which was peculiarly her own, she had taken off the flower which she was already wearing and pinned on his instead.

"Oh, Dan," she'd said, looking up at him as though he'd given her a corsage of orchids, "Oh, Dan, how heavenly of you!"

Yes, well, never mind that either; everything was different now. Now, when he stood in the hall and called for her, he knew exactly what would happen.

He'd say, "What shall we do tonight?" and she'd say, "Oh, I don't mind—anything you decide." Because it no longer mattered to her what she did; because he suspected she wouldn't have missed him if he hadn't come—because, in the meantime, Jill had met Graham.

Dan was suddenly overcome by a weary despair. There was really no point in continuing to see Jill. For months, while Graham had been around, he hadn't seen her and, after the first clanging death-knell of his hopes had ceased to stun him, he had achieved a kind of muted resignation at least. He had known where he was.

Jill was in love with Graham. Soon Jill would marry Graham, and Dan would be invited to the wedding. He'd give them a wedding present and that would be the end of that.

There were other girls, he'd told himself hardily. Nobody quite like Jill, perhaps, but nice girls, pretty girls; he had no intention of making a spectacle of himself by pining after a girl who didn't want him.

Once she was married, everything would be easier. Graham would take her away; there would no longer be that catch of his breath, the stab at his heart when, unexpectedly, in the street, perhaps, he ran into her and knew that

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"Hullo, you two," called a cheerful voice, and Jill and Dan turned round to see Graham smiling at them.

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BALDWIN CASTLE, American Ambassador on his way to Aristan, has been poisoned during a theatre and dinner party arranged in London for him and his wife, CORNELIA, by young American diplomat HILARY THORPE. He was found to be dead when an official car brought him to the Savoy Hotel after an interview with AHANI, the Aristanian Ambassador.

Hilary's other theatre guests were LADY LAURA WHITFORD, who arranged for him to have the use of the Royal Box; her daughter, ALTHEA, with whom he is in love; and the MARQUIS DE VALCOURT, rival suitor for Althea's hand. He also entertained Ahani and JOE RACINA, American journalist, and his wife, JUDITH; and at Cornelia's insistence he arranged an entr'acte supper which JANICE LESTER, star of the theatre performance, attended with her husband-manager, HUGO ALBAN, and young leading man EVAN NEVILLE.

Already INSPECTOR KIRTLAND, of Scotland Yard, conducting investigations at a room of the Savoy Hotel, has found inconsistencies in the stories he has been told; while Aristan's complicated financial and political affairs seem to be a factor in the case.

Now the Inspector is about to interview Cornelia Castle. NOW READ ON:

THE ROYAL BOX

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

COMPARED to Lady Laura's impeccable appearance, Cornelia's inevitably suffered. She had done her best to repair the ravages wrought by her "indisposition" and Judith had tried to help her; but neither had been able to make her disordered hair smooth again, or to apply cosmetics with sufficient skill to hide the traces of tears or erase other tell-tale signs of malaise and emotion from her face.

Her magenta-colored velvet had also suffered, first from her sickness and then from her restless slumbers; there had been no chance of changing it; and its original unsuitability had now become tragically incongruous. She was herself so painfully aware of all this that she spoke of it, on her own initiative, before the Inspector had framed his unwilling questions.

"I guess I ought to apologise to you for looking the way I do, Inspector. I know I need a good wash and a hairdo and all that. And—a nice plain black dress. But we didn't know when you'd call me again, or any place where I could get the right clothes, either, at this time of night. So——"

"Please don't give that a thought. I realise the circumstances. I'm sorry I had to send for you at all and I don't think I'll need to keep you long. Mrs. Castle, I hope you'll believe me when I say I'd like to make this just as easy as possible for you. I'd avoid it altogether if I could, and if you'd rather not talk to me tonight we could do it later."

"I do believe you. And I'd rather have it over with. It's got to be sometime, hasn't it?"

"I'm afraid it has."

"All right then. Go ahead. What do you want to know?"

"Perhaps you'll tell me how you happened to meet Mr. Castle and where."

"He saw me modelling evening dresses in a fashion show and he liked my looks. I'd been an actress—that is, I'd been in the chorus, and the road company I'd joined up with in Chicago had actually made Broadway. But I knew the show would never last there, and I wasn't getting any younger or any slimmer, so I went around looking for a modelling job and by good luck I got one right away. Miss Hickey, the head woman of the Salon Superbe at Haas and Hertz, was looking for someone who could show the most important type of gowns. At least that's the way Hickey described them. Of course, what she really meant was dresses for dames that couldn't get into the missies' sizes any more or who had reached the age where they'd begun to look silly in fluffy ruffles, but who had enough dough to buy anything that took their fancy."

She paused. The Inspector nodded briefly. "Baldy—I mean Mr. Castle——" she went on, "brought his wife to an opening—she was the sort who didn't like to choose her clothes without her husband's advice—and she ordered three of the dresses I was modelling—or rather, he did. One of them cost eight hundred and the other two a thousand apiece; but when she came to try them on, they didn't look the same on

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CONTINUING OUR ENGROSSING MYSTERY SERIAL

her as they had on me, and I was called into the fitting room to show them again and see if there was anything that could be done about changing the model to make it more becoming. Of course there wasn't, but the Castles were both nice about it—he came to the fittings, too. And the next year they came back again.

"Finally, he came alone, and told Miss Hickey that his wife had died, but that the invitations to the openings kept on coming, so he thought he'd attend one just the same, as he was going to be in New York anyway at the time. Then, as I went past him, showing a beaded number—Sultana, the name of it was—he asked me to stop a minute, so he could look at the material, and while he was doing that he asked, in a lower voice, if I could meet him for dinner at eight that night."

"And you accepted?"

"Yes, I did. I couldn't help but be pleased that he'd remembered me and that he wanted to see me again. And he didn't—I mean—it was all on the level. He took me out three or four times, always to nice restaurants and once to a swell show afterwards. He gave me orchids to wear and saw me home in a limousine. But that was all. I mean, he didn't ask to come in afterward or anything. But I had a one and a half room apartment by that time—bed-sitting room, bath, and kitchenette—and so after all those feeds and flowers I thought it would be only decent to ask him, wouldn't he like a home-cooked meal for a change, and how about a spaghetti supper at my place around seven? So he came, and we had a very nice evening, but no monkey business then, either, if you know what I mean. And the next day he came around and asked me to marry him. My, was I ever surprised! And was I ever pleased!"

"And this was how long ago?"

"Just last June. We were married in August, and went to Hawaii on our honeymoon."

"You spoke of Mr. Castle's first wife. Had you been married before, too."

"Yes."

"So you were a widow at the time you met Mr. Castle?"

"Well, not a real widow—what we call a grass widow. I don't know what you call it here."

"We call it that to describe a woman who's briefly separated from her husband. Is that what you mean?"

"No. I mean we'd separated for good."

"You had divorced your first husband?"

"No, I'd divorced the second one. The first one divorced me."

"That's rather unusual, isn't it, in the States? That is, I've understood that, generally——"

"You've understood right. Generally, a man lets his wife divorce him. But this time . . . Well, I didn't have a thing against my husband. He's one of the best men that ever lived. And he had plenty against me. Look, I've told Judith—I mean Mrs. Racina—all about it already . . ."

She had—she had told her everything.

"Honest, Judith," she had said, and added, "It's all right for me to call you Judith, isn't it?—I didn't mean to touch a drop of liquor again, never as long as I lived. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I believe you. Don't worry about it now, just try to get some rest."

"I'll rest a lot better if I can talk to you first. Won't you let me?"

"Yes, if you're sure it'll make you feel better."

"Well, my own folks were all teetotallers, and so were most of the other folks I know. All Minnie Brown's folks."

"Minnie Brown's?"

"Yes. Minnie Brown was Baldwin Castle's first wife. Her younger sister Mabel and I went to grammar school together— that is, Mabel was two or three classes ahead of me and Minnie was already in high school then, but everyone knew those Brown girls. They were the kind who won all the spelling bees, and were chosen to speak pieces when there were visiting teachers, and never got any marks lower than an A. All that didn't make them very popular—you know how girls are, jealous of such good students and pretending it's just because they're nasty nice. You must have seen the same thing yourself. It does make those bright girls stand out."

"Yes, I have, many times."

"The Browns moved away from Hudson to Oklahoma City when Mabel was twelve, so I didn't see anything of them after that. But we all went right on hearing about them and by and by reading about them in the papers. They were serving on school boards and library committees, and running church fairs by then. But neither of them got married, and we hicks used to joke about that, and say the Browns got degrees, but we got men. And then, right out of a clear sky, came great big headlines saying that Baldwin Castle—Baldwin Castle, the biggest catch in the State—was marrying Minnie Brown."

"Mrs. Castle, I'm interested in what you're telling me, of course, but I really think you ought to rest."

"You mean that, if I'm going to talk, you think I ought to stick to talking about what I started out to tell you, which was my drinking. Well, in a way you're right, but in another, it all fits into the same picture. You'll see. Like I said, my folks were teetotallers; it wasn't until I ran away from home, and fell in with a little road company, that I ever saw liquor swilled around. I got high once or twice, and pretty soon I got fired, because I put some dirtier language into my lines than what belonged there, when I was under the weather.

"The next job I got I was careful to keep. I needed it bad—I mean badly—and the liquor hadn't

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Janice Lester's arrival had all the quality of her stage entrances, leaving the Inspector momentarily wordless.

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Goya CHRISTMAS

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L O N D O N P A R I S N E W Y O R K M E L B O U R N E

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Miss Jackie Everest

A short short story by PAL CLEARY

There was no denying the fact that he had fallen for Jackie in a most unexpected way

I HAVE a sister Jackie and she is just over six feet tall, and for a long time whenever we had guests to our house she always sat down, for it seemed practically all our guests were small people.

Being so tall gave Jackie a complex, and when she went to work in the morning—she was a gardener, for she said she always felt better outside because she wouldn't feel bigger than a tree or a house—my parents talked about her.

"I suppose she gets her height from my side of the family," said my mother with a sigh. "I can't understand why the boys around here never ask her to go out."

My father looked at my mother and grinned. "It's a cruel, cold world," he said, "and every man for himself. Besides, you can't blame a person for not wanting to go out with Miss Everest!"

My mother frowned at him. "Don't be stupid," she said. "Anybody would be lucky to go out with Jackie, and I think you're terrible to say such a thing."

"You've got to look at the facts," said my father. "She hasn't had a boy-friend since she was fourteen years old and five feet eight tall."

"I mean," said Mother, "I don't know what to do about Jackie. We should try to help her right away. Nineteen is the age when you should be the happiest, and at this rate she will go through life without even falling in love."

"Jackie is already in love," I said. I surprised myself by saying it.

"Who is she in love with?" said my mother.

"It's Joe Dinkum."

"Fair Dinkum," said my father.

"You don't mean that chap who wears a white coat outside Harry's Hamburgery?" she gasped.

My father sat up slowly. "Yes, dear, he's a painter. He has been painting the front of Harry's store for the last two weeks," he said.

"How do you know she is in love with him?" my mother asked.

"Jackie was talking in her sleep every night last week, and she kept repeating Mrs. Joe Dinkum. Which is a sure sign."

My father said, "Joe is not a very tall man."

"Five feet six and a quarter inches," I said. "I asked his sister."

"Over six inches shorter than Jackie," said my mother.

"I wouldn't worry about it," said my father. "Tall girls have an advantage today. Look at all the models and movie stars——"

"High heels," said my mother. "He could get shoes with high heels." She turned to look at me. "Has Joe ever asked her out?"

I shook my head. "I guess Jackie has never given him a chance because she feels so big and awkward. And, anyway, he is going with Robin Roberts, and Robin's mother told her grocer that Robin plans to be married next leap year."

"All girls plan to be married in the leap year," said my father. "They plan it as soon as they can talk."

"We must work fast," said my mother. "Think of something, Perce. Quick."

"A glass of beer and some biscuits," he said. "I'm thirsty."

"I have it," said my mother. "I'll ask Joe to come over and paint the verandah. Painters always work on ladders, and Jackie won't feel so tall and awkward."

"For heaven's sake!" said my father. "You don't even know if the man likes her. And besides, painters cost money. If you have to have him over, ask him for dinner. Jackie can sit on the floor."

"Perhaps sky-blue," said my mother.

So mother asked Joe to come over the next Monday morning to paint the verandah. She chose Monday because Jackie didn't go to her job on Mondays. But she didn't tell Jackie that Joe was coming for fear Jackie wouldn't even come downstairs.

That morning Jackie came down to the breakfast-room late, after my father had gone to work, and she wore the usual Monday morning attire: a shapeless old skirt and an old black sweater that hung on her like an unmade bed, and her hair was pulled into an untidy pony's tail. When she sat down at the table, our young pup, Skeeter, came over and sat down at her feet as he always did.

My mother realised at once that she had made a mistake in not telling Jackie that Joe was coming over. "Run upstairs and slip on your new ballerina, Jackie," she said. "I want to see how it looks."

"You've seen it on me," said Jackie.

"Why don't you do your hair, dear?" her mother said brightly.

"I'm going to wash it," said Jackie.

"Oh, dear," said my mother, and I could see that she was nervous.

The front door-bell rang, and my mother jumped up and looked at Jackie apprehensively. "I expect that's Joe," she said.

Jackie looked amazed, but my mother disappeared into the hall.

"Joe?" said Jackie.

I nodded. "Joe Dinkum," I said. "Mother asked him to come over and paint the verandah. She must have forgotten to tell you."

Jackie gave me a look of horror and sprang to her feet. But she had forgotten about Skeeter, and when she tried to stand up and run at the same time she stumbled over Skeeter, who let out a yelp of indignation just at the moment Joe Dinkum came into the room.

I suppose Joe thought Skeeter was flying to attack him, for he stepped aside, but unfortunately he stepped right in the path of Jackie, who, in trying to run and regain her balance at the same time, plunged forward.

Caught off guard, Joe staggered and fell backwards heavily to the floor, Skeeter scrambling under him and Jackie falling upon him. There was a resounding thud as a bucket of blue paint clattered and poured out upon the floor.

"Oh, my gosh," said my mother, coming to the door.

Jackie stood up and Skeeter ran yelping out the front door, but Joe lay on the floor, his arms flung outwards, his eyes closed.

"I've killed him," said Jackie flatly. "I've killed him." She looked at mother, her face white.

"Don't be silly!" said my mother, but she sounded uncertain as she knelt and put her hand on Joe's heart. "He's just stunned. He'll come to in a minute," and she began patting his face and saying, "Mr. Dinkum! Mr. Dinkum!"

But he lay still, and mother began to get worried, too. "I'll ring a doctor," she said, rushing out.

It didn't take long for Jackie to take over where mother left off. She bent over and rubbed the bottle of smelling salts under his nose. Joe finally awoke and tried to sit up, a smile enveloping his face.

She bent her head down and a tear slid down her cheek. "I am not only the biggest, the most awkward person in the world," she said, "but I go around knocking people down and breaking bones in their bodies. There's no place for me in a world of normal people."

"Now," said Joe, as he smiled, from a sitting position on the floor, at Jackie, "if you will just come a little closer." He tried to pull himself up farther. "I've been hoping for the day when I could have in my arms the most attractive gardener in the world."

"Have you?" said Jackie. She looked very pretty, I thought, with her shining blond hair and her neat, compact face.

"As a matter of fact," Joe said, "I've been trying to get up nerve for a long time to ask you out. Only every time I screwed up my courage I would get to thinking to myself that a pretty girl like you couldn't possibly be interested in a little homely chap like me."

"Oh," said Jackie.

"So," said Joe, as he smiled again, "it was just plain Providence that the accident happened, for here you are now, and perhaps you'll stay long enough for me to tell you how wonderful I think you are."

"Oh!" said Jackie.

In a few minutes Jackie and Joe got up and hobbled arm-in-arm out the back door to the garden.

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Blonde with a Bluff

By C. HOPE and F. ANCKER

ON that crisp January morning, just before her plane took off from New York, Mary Elizabeth Bassett stood ready for her trip in a beige gabardine suit that had cost more than she could afford, a dashing hat that no secretary's salary should have financed, and a firm inner conviction that the world would never give you anything you didn't fight for.

"It's about time," Mary Elizabeth told her mother, "that somebody in the Bassett family got something for themselves." She took a firm hold on the small booklet called "Rights of Minority Stockholders."

Mrs. Bassett, a smaller, rounder, and slightly blonder edition of Mary Elizabeth, nodded earnestly. "If somebody is going to get something for themselves," she agreed, "Texas should be the place to get it."

She tucked a plump gloved hand through her daughter's arm and looked up at Mary Elizabeth with just a tinge of doubt. Mary Elizabeth, who had been a secretary with Reid, Whitlock, White & Dunning for five of her twenty-three years, had never been farther west than the Hudson River.

Her life, until now, had been bounded by the Interborough Rapid Transit System, which dumped her off in greater New York's financial district every weekday morning at 8.45 and rushed her home to their small flat every evening.

Up until four months ago, Uncle Sam Houston Bassett had lived there, too, surrounded by his maps and oil journals that arrived weekly from Texas, lost in his fading dream that the oil deal he'd bought in on thirty-six years before would make them all rich tomorrow.

Out on the windy airfield, Mary Elizabeth's plane was warming up. She brushed her mother's cheek with a light goodbye kiss, noting that Mrs. Bassett's muskrat coat looked worse this year than it had any of the six years before.

"You ought to get at least a good cloth coat out of those shares of stock Uncle Sam Houston Bassett left me," Mary Elizabeth decided. "I'm going to see that you do."

"Maybe," Mrs. Bassett said wistfully, "you might get even more than that, Mary Elizabeth. I hope you will find a nice big Texan, like your father. You don't remember him, of course, but he had curly hair, just as black as yours is blond, and that same stubborn chin. He even had that way of setting his mouth when he wanted something, the way you're doing right now!"

Mary Elizabeth's flight was announced, and she said, "I am not going to Texas to meet a wonderful man, Mother. I am going there to fight one who is anything but wonderful . . ."

But, as the plane headed west, Mary Elizabeth found herself wishing that she was going to meet a wonderful man instead of the one whom her attorney had frankly branded a swindler.

In Dallas, the gulf breeze blow Mary Elizabeth's blonde hair across her eyes, so that she tripped on the last step of the stairs and fell straight into a pair of steadying arms.

"Why, Mary Elizabeth!" said the voice that went with the arms. "You mighty near entered Texas flat on your pretty face."

She looked up into a pair of grey eyes that met hers with a searching intentness. The mouth below the eyes was firm and almost aggressively stubborn, and in the moonlight Mary Elizabeth saw that the young man, who continued to hold her in his arms, was undeniably good-looking.

"But I don't know anybody—nobody knows my name—in the whole State of Texas."

"You didn't know anybody. Now you know me. I came from River City for the sole purpose of meeting you. And I knew I had the right girl, even before I saw that gold 'M.E.B.' on that big handbag of yours."

"River City? You're not—you can't be—that man from the Lone Star Land Development Company. You're not—"

"Baylor Jones," he supplied. "Secretary and treasurer. Your attorney, the McPartland fellow, wrote me a letter. Air mail; I got it this afternoon."

Mary Elizabeth drew off and glared at Baylor Jones, from his broad-brimmed felt hat right down to his expensive-looking Western boots.

"Why, you—you—" She started to repeat the word "swindler" which had been employed by Mr. McPartland in regard to this same young man.

She could almost see Mr. McPartland's face as he'd handed back her letter from the Lone Star Land Development Company, that letter signed boldly: "Baylor Jones, Secretary and Treasurer."

"Yes, Miss Bassett," Mr. McPartland had sighed. "I'm afraid this company your uncle Sam Houston Bassett bought in on is planning what is known in oil circles as a 'wash sale.' This may mean a freeze-out of small stockholders. And the twenty-two shares you inherited from your uncle certainly make your holdings small in proportion to the total of one thousand one hundred shares . . ."

Mr. McPartland had stopped to polish his eyeglasses. "Since most of this stock appears now to be held by members of the Jones family, and they seem to be as clever as they are devious, about all you can do is to put up a good front and go down to that meeting and try to bluff them out."

Mary Elizabeth's eyes met the eyes of Mr. Baylor Jones, secretary and treasurer of the Lone Star Land Development Company.

She made her voice as icy as she could: "I have little time to spend in Texas. And no time at all to waste. I'm here to protect my interests, as I'm sure my lawyer, Mr. McPartland, has informed you. And since you and your family have interests that are opposed to mine, please stand aside."

Baylor Jones bowed deeply. "This gets more and more interesting," he said. But he let Mary Elizabeth pass.

For no reason at all she felt a slight emptiness as her cab spun her along wide boulevards into the lighted heart of Dallas. It was a feeling almost like loneliness. The feeling persisted as she signed the hotel registration book and glanced at gay couples in the lobby.

"For how long?" the clerk asked, surveying the signature and Mary Elizabeth both with respectful admiration.

"Only for tonight," she replied, gathering up her gloves. "I have to check out in time to catch the morning train for River City. I'm attending a twelve o'clock stockholders' meeting there."

"Then you're sure out of luck, lady." The clerk leaned across the desk. "There's no morning train to River City. It's a one-train-a-day town."

Mary Elizabeth whitened. "But there must be a bus. I've got to be there by twelve."

"Sure. There's a bus. Leaves at nine. Gets there at one. It's usually slow."

". . . And aside from being slow," a voice at Mary Elizabeth's elbow said, "it's not very comfortable. Now, my car is waiting. Right outside."

She didn't need to turn to know that the voice belonged to Mr. Baylor Jones, secretary and treasurer of the Lone Star Land Development Company.

"Are you following—I mean, shadowing me?" She tried to sound suspicious, but instead she sounded almost relieved.

Baylor rested an elbow on the desk. "I'm keeping an eye on you, if that's what you mean."

She looked at him with distrust. "You probably will never get me to River City. It's

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So here she was in Texas and the first person to greet her was the man her attorney had branded as a "swindler."

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

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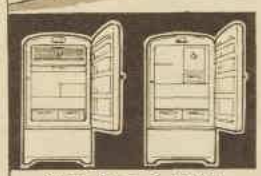
my "Dear Santa" Letter

Dear Santa
Mummy wants a really modern refrigerator that defrosts itself an has door shelves for eggs and drinks and things. an lots of room for dadies Christmas cheer and vegies from the garden and room for lots of milk for me and meat for Pussy and Buster (thats my dog). one that makes lots of icecream and keeps the fish dady catches real hard, for weeks, and you don't haft to bend down to get things cause mummy gets tied of bending and ~~dont~~ really doesnot cost much to work and please Santa make real sure it is a CHARLES HOPE refrigerator cause they look Bonza
an P.S. when I grow up I want one to.
love Janice xxxxxxx



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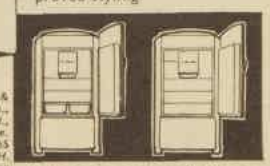

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Continuing . . . .

The Royal Box

from page 5

got me then—it was just that I enjoyed the taste of the stuff and the way I felt after two or three drinks. Then Sam Martin saw me in a show, like I think I told the others tonight at the theatre—I'm not too sure yet what I did do and say—and talked me into marrying him. There never was a drop of liquor on our table, either. It wasn't until that so-and-so city slicker came along—excuse me, I didn't mean to say that, it just slipped out."

"If it's really helping you to talk, Mrs. Castle, I think it would help you still more if you do it the way that seems most natural."

"Thanks . . . Well, this city slicker came along and he had a bottle with him. I guess he had my husband sized up, at one swift glance—me, too. Anyway, it wasn't until Sam went out to the barn to finish up the chores that Herb—that was the city slicker's name, Herb Styles—said he'd been feeling the heat and needed a little stimulant and wouldn't I like to join him. I was getting supper and the baby was sitting right there in his high chair, beating on it with his rattle, and I knew I oughtn't to listen. But Herb asked did I want him to turn into a lone drinker, and where was the ice-box, he could make his own set-ups, and the first thing we were sitting at the table drinking ice-cold highballs.

"I had just time to get the glasses over to the sink and start to give them a good rinse when Sam came in from the barn; but I didn't have time to go to the pantry to get cloves, or anything like that, and, of course, he could smell the liquor on our breaths. I must say he was swell about it, too. He just told Herb he didn't like to seem narrow-minded, but he'd taken the pledge when he was ten years old, and he meant to keep it and have the members of his household keep it, too; so he hoped Mr. Styles would understand he couldn't permit any beverage with alcoholic content to be used in his home. And Herb said sure, sorry, and we all sat down to supper as if nothing had happened. It had been close to suppertime when he came, in the midst of a mighty bad thunderstorm, and it was Sam that had asked him to stay.

"Supper was a nice enough meal. Herb praised my cooking and asked Sam about the stock and tickled the baby under the chin—that sort of stuff. The weather had cleared, and pretty soon he said well, he'd be pushing along, thanks for everything, no offence meant and he hoped none had been taken. I put the baby to bed and then Sam read a chapter from the Bible out loud, like he always did, and afterward we knelt down together while he prayed out loud, like he always did, too.

"He said a lot about not being led into temptation, and not yielding to it if we were, while he was praying, but he didn't say anything more after that; and then he put the cat out and wound up the clock, and we went to bed, in the room off the kitchen, where we always slept, with the baby next to us in his crib.

"Sam was asleep in no time, but I wasn't. I wanted another drink the worst way. I kept thinking how good that one had tasted before supper, how cool it had looked in that glass with the ice in it. I couldn't seem to think of anything else. I went on thinking about it all the time we were in church the next day, which was Sunday, and all Sunday afternoon, when there wasn't a thing to do, after dinner, but sit on the back porch. Sam took a nap Sunday afternoons, but I wasn't sleepy, and, anyway, I had to watch the baby. He was just starting to creep and he got into everything and hurt himself, too, if he wasn't watched. I watched him all right, every minute, but all the time I watched I was thinking about that drink.

"Then, Monday morning, when I went to hang out the wash, I found the bottle. Herb had tossed it down by the clothesline when he left. He'd taken a swig as soon as he got down the steps, and he thought he'd emptied it—at least, that's what he said afterward, and I'll give him the benefit of the doubt. Of course he couldn't see very well, in the dark.

"Be that as it may, the bottle was empty all right when I got through with it. And when Sam came in from the fields, the baby was crying, and the stove was cold, and I had passed out on the bed.

"Sam changed the baby and tried to feed him some milk out of a cup. Then he got the dinner and made some good strong coffee, so that it would be ready for me when I woke up. And he was nice that time, too—at least, he was a little more biblical than before, if you know what I mean; he quoted that verse about wine being a mocker, and some others I've forgotten now. By and by he reminded me I was still nursing the baby and I didn't need him to tell me that made what I'd done all the worse. He brought the baby and put him down on the bed next to me, and sat there watching us while I nursed him. I cried good and hard, and said I was terribly sorry, and that I'd never never do such a dreadful thing again."

JUST for a moment, Cornelia had faltered in her story here. She went on, with a sigh, "But I did do it. I won't try to tell you how everything happened, but Herb kept coming back with a different line—I mean a different line of goods. He was a drummer, did I say that before or didn't I? And he had plenty of the other line, too. And every time he came he sneaked me in some more liquor. So it wasn't long before Sam wasn't patient and soft spoken, or even biblical any more. He ordered Herb off the place and said he'd take a gun to him if he ever came back, and that the law would be with him for destroying another man's home and leading his neighbor's wife astray like that.

"Herb had led me astray, as far as liquor was concerned, and he'd had it easy, too. When it came to the other, he had it harder. But finally it happened, of course—when I was under the influence. Sam found us together in the spare room—Herb thought he had locked the door, but the catch didn't work. The baby was out on the porch all alone, crawling around. It was a miracale he hadn't fallen down the steps and been hurt.

"Sam told Herb he wasn't going to kill him then, after all, because he'd have to marry me as soon as my divorce went through—if he didn't, that was when the shooting would start. And Sam told me he wasn't going to risk having his only child grow up to be a drunk, like his mother. The baby was weaned by then, and Sam bundled him up and took him to his mother—I mean my mother-in-law. And he locked me up in the spare room alone, after he fixed the catch.

"He did the cooking and everything the next few days, and brought meals to me on a tray, not bad ones either, considering he didn't know the first thing about cooking. But he didn't speak to me at all until he told me my father had answered the letter he'd written and was coming to fetch me.

"Those next few months were pretty awful. I lied when I told the others I wasn't cut out for life in the country, that I made a swift getaway the first chance I had. I loved that farm, I loved my husband, I loved my baby. It nearly killed me to lose them all. And my father was a hard man, battler even than Sam. He cursed and called me bad names. It was terrible, staying in his house. He never talked to me except to compare me to Jezebel. If my mother'd been alive she might have helped me some, she might even have made my father and Sam see different—differently. She was one of those soft-spoken women who can really turn away wrath, like the Bible says. But she was dead already. There wasn't anyone in that bare little house except me and my father.

"I wrote to Sam and begged him to give me another chance. I said I knew how bad I'd been, but he never answered the letter. And by and by the divorce went through and I was married to Herb the same day by a justice of the peace. Sam stayed right outside the courthouse with a gun.

"It would be kind of hard for me to tell it all over again—and, anyway, it's easier to tell that sort of a story to another woman than to a man. So if you wouldn't mind, Inspector——"

"It will be quite satisfactory, Mrs. Castle, for me to get the gist of the story later from Mrs. Racina. I don't believe I need the details, at least for the present. But you said something about a second husband, whom you divorced."

"Yes, and I told Judith all about that, too."

She had, too.

"It was sheer misery being married to Herb," she had said. "But I might have become a liquor-head, anyway. I know that now, Judith. There's something in me that means I'm no good at drinking, that I'm a gone Greek the minute I take drink one.

"Sam could have kept me straight—maybe. He was the world and all in my book for him; I might have pulled myself together before it got me down. I mean it was really as much my fault as Herb's that I went the route I did. Of course, I couldn't help marrying him—not when Sam was standing right outside the courthouse with a gun. But when I saw that third-floor walk-up in a six-apartment building, with two bays exactly like a jillion other South Side houses, my drinks died on me sure enough.

"This dump had been furnished by Herb's first wife, and I expect all the taste she had was in her mouth. Any jury that ever set eyes on that sitting-room rug, with roses that looked like a cabbage all broken out with heat rash, would have said it was okay for him to kill her.

"In fact, if they'd ever seen that dining table, so big you could barely squeeze between it and the china cabinet on one side, or between it and the sideboard on the other, or the boneless doll propped against the bolster in the bedroom, with its legs tied in a knot—any jury that saw those things would have given him no less than a hero medal for killing her.

"If he'd only let me do the place over, like I begged him! But he wouldn't hear of it. He said money was too useful for keeping us in liquor to waste it on furniture when the furniture you already had was as good as the day it left Grand Rapids.

"To this minute, I couldn't for the life of me tell you which was worse, the times he was in off the road and sharing the apartment with me, or when he was out in his territory and I had to shack up in that dump all by my lonesome. When you get right down to it,

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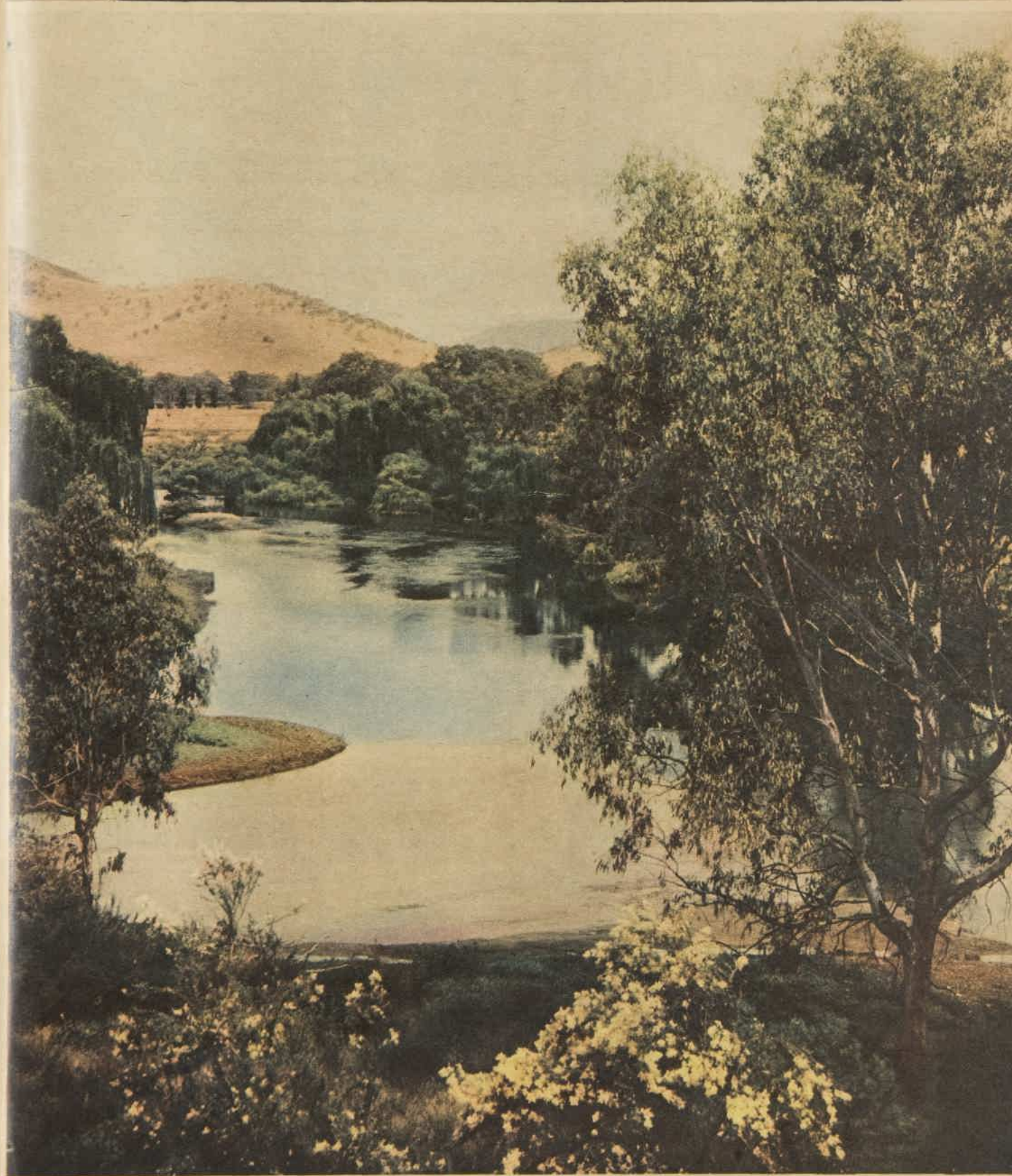
PICTURE PARADE



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA:

Second of a series

THE MITTA MITTA RIVER, VICTORIA, photographed above by Shaughn Lowry, is one of Australia's loveliest rivers. Swift-flowing, and icy cold from the melting snows of Mt. Bogong, where it rises, it empties into the Hume Reservoir near the little town of Tallangatta. In its short course the Mitta winds through a green and fertile, mountain-encircled valley. Magnificent poplars and weeping willows line its banks, adding to its beauty, and—more importantly to the farmers who planted them—curbing the river's erosion of the rich dairying land which the river itself has created with its floodborne silt.

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THREE OF A KIND

AT THE SCHOOL BALL are David, Michael, and James Cahill, aged five years. Picture was sent in by their mother, Mrs. R. Cahill, of Turner Avenue, Haberfield, N.S.W.

LITTLE LATVIANS Maija, Teba, and Zane Ezergailis, who were born in March, 1952. The picture was submitted by Mrs. M. Ezergailis, of May Road, Tooruk, Melbourne.

BORN IN 1910 were N.S.W. triplets Mrs. Delia Faith Luchmund, of Northmead, Mrs. Esther Hope Couch, of Boorowa, and Mrs. Elizabeth Charity Dunn, of King's Cross, Sydney.

LEFT: Early picture of Jonathan, Julia, and David Mograith, of Broadview, South Australia, now sixteen.

ABOVE: Julie, Jennifer, and Janette Flavel, daughters of Mrs. K. Flavel, of Gladstone, S.A., who sent us this picture.

SIX-YEAR-OLD SISTERS Jennifer Lorraine, Judith Annette, and Jillian Kay are the daughters of Mrs. K. Shanks, of Power Street, North Williamstown, Victoria, who sent us this picture. Their mother says her daughters were the first triplets born at Altona Community Hospital, Victoria. They are identical and have brown eyes, black hair, and olive complexions.

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Prizewinners in triplets contest

FIRST PRIZE of £10/10/- in our triplets contest is awarded for this picture of three little schoolgirls, Jeanette, Lynette, and Annette Bishop, aged six. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bishop, Brussels Street, Mascot, N.S.W.

• We enjoyed judging our triplets contest, although it was not easy to select the winners from the large number of delightful pictures we received from all parts of Australia. First prize of £10/10/- was awarded to the Bishop triplets, of Mascot, N.S.W., who are the three charming little schoolgirls shown above. Prizes of £3/3/- each will be paid for all other pictures published on these pages.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Brian, Bevan, and Barry Hatton, of Taree, N.S.W., did their national training last year. Submitted by their sister, Mrs. E. Baldwin, of Taree.

THREE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRLS are Rita, Livia, and Frances Accatino, of Lannercost Extension, via Ingham, Queensland. They are aged six. Their sister, Mrs. G. Lievore, of El Arish, Queensland, submitted this picture.

AGED ONE YEAR when this photograph was taken were Ross, Ray, and Rex Toole, three little country brothers who live at "Cooyong," Wirrinya, near Forbes, N.S.W. Their mother, Mrs. Mervyn Toole, submitted this entry, which was judged the best of many we received in this age group in our contest.

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Gifts as Gay as Christmas Day

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PANORAMIC VIEW (above) of Crooklet's Beach, Bude, North Cornwall. It is the first English beach to have an Australian-trained life-saving club. At left: Members of the club practise with the reel for a special TV broadcast.

BRITAIN'S BONDI

● **CROOKLET'S BEACH, at Bude, North Cornwall, is an English resort "like an Australian beach." Recently it established the first life-saving club in England, trained by Allan Kennedy, of the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia.**

TOURISTS who flocked to Crooklet's to watch preparations for the broadcast. Police had to patrol the beach.

KENNEDY, in centre in shorts, before leaving Bude presents his Australian surf club blazer to Fred Lester, Bude's instructor.

BUDE'S team as it appeared on TV with the Royal Reel, so called because with the Queen's permission it was sent, with other equipment, to England on the Royal yacht, Gothic.

SOME TEAM MEMBERS, the local policeman, and technicians watch the TV set as the B.B.C. rehearses the show. Two more Cornwall beaches, St. Agnes and Perranporth, impressed with the Bude Club, are forming life-saving clubs of their own. Bude is actually a branch club of the Australian S.L.S.A.

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Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

JEDDA—AUSTRALIAN DRAMA

AUSTRALIAN movie producer-director Charles Chauvel chose the rugged country that surrounds the Victoria River in the far north-west of the Northern Territory as the setting for his new drama, "Jedda." It is the first full-length color production made wholly in this country.

The film tells how a white woman living in the remote north adopts a tiny, orphaned piccaninny called Jedda and rears her as a white child.

As the girl grows up she is increasingly drawn to her own people. Dramatic conflict is created when Jedda is abducted by an outlaw Myall tribesman.

The film's stars—Robert Tudawali and Ngarla Kunoth—are aborigines with no previous acting experience. They were selected and trained to act by Mr. and Mrs. Chauvel.

1. CUTE PLAYMATES (above). Margaret Dingle, who plays Jedda as a child, with her pet joey. Four-year-old Margaret is a "discovery" of movie-makers Mr. and Mrs. Chauvel.

2. ROBERT TUDAWALI (left), full-blooded aboriginal star of "Jedda," is from Melville Island, north of Darwin. He plays Marbuck, the film's arrogant villain.

3. PRETTY native teenager Ngarla Kunoth was chosen to play the film's title role after a twelve months' search, during which over a hundred aspirants were tested for it. Ngarla is from Alice Springs.

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4. BATHING among the water-lilies (above), young lubras made a pretty picture. This scene in the picture was shot along the Roper River as Marbuck (Robert Tudawali) leads Jedda (Ngarla Kunoth) deeper into the unknown territory of his own primitive tribe in Arnhem Land.

5. CATTLE herd (below) winds slowly along the banks of the Victoria River during a long trek across the Territory to the railhead. It is during this film sequence that the piccaninny Jedda is born and given into the care of white foster-parents at Mongala Buffalo Station nearby.

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A2-12

PILOT Robert Waites (left) and (above) Sub-Lieutenants William Mulholland, Peter Hargreaves, and Les Shaw, who are among the 50 men taking part in the survival exercise. Wearing overalls, carrying little food, the men will be dropped in teams of three from trucks in the bush near Nowra.

Arrest these men!

SEA FURY PILOT, 23-year-old Don Davidson, of Lindfield, formerly an experienced bush-walker, has been in the Navy for three years. The men are allowed to resist capture by the Army.

THE eight Navy sub-lieutenants on this page are Wanted. If you see them at large between December 5 and 10, arrest them. They are not allowed to resist a civilian.

With 42 others from R.A.N. aircrews, the men will be taking part in a survival exercise, designed to test the ability of fliers to make their way home through hostile territory.

The territory in this case is within a 60-mile radius south of Nowra, N.S.W, Home base is the Naval Air Station, Nowra.

SUB-LIEUT. JOHN SUTCLIFFE, of Canley Vale, N.S.W., who has flown over the terrain, thinks the going on foot will be rugged, especially since they must anticipate capture.

OBSERVER Keith Roberts (21), of Melbourne, intends to supplement rations by trapping rabbits with fencing-wire. Most fliers will travel by night and hide in the daytime.

PILOT David Orr, whose home is at Carnarvon, 600 miles north of Perth, will carry, like the others, compass, knife, whistle, waterbottle, first-aid kit, maps, and heliograph.

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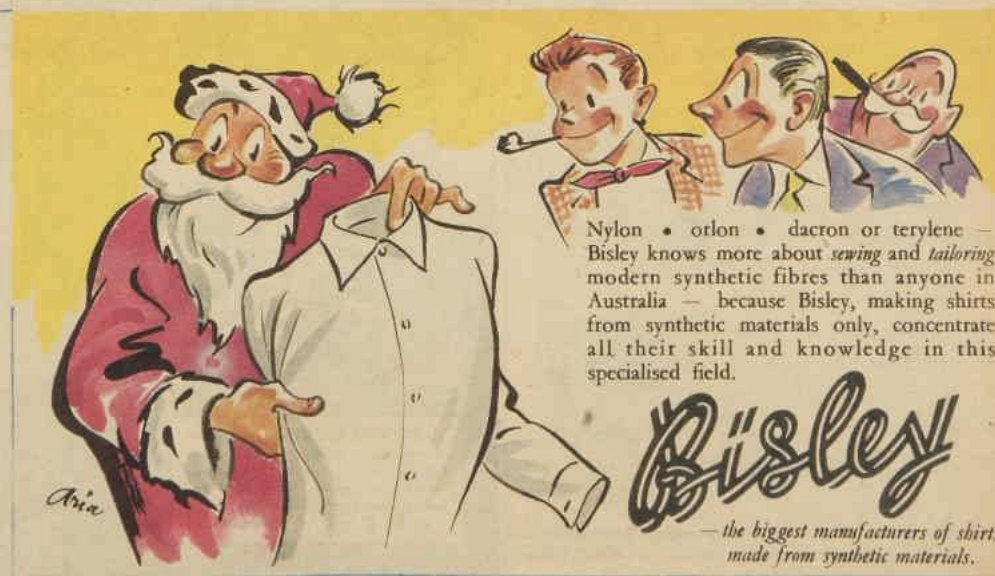

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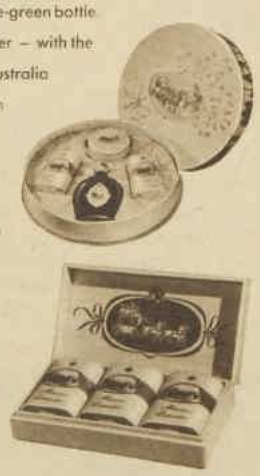

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Hard work and glamor

WARDROBE MASTER Cy Howe fits a cloak on actor Gordon Chater. The wardrobe department is in a converted army hut once used as an officers' mess.

PROPS MAN Ted Still has had 35 years' experience in the film industry in England. He came to Australia last year to visit his son. Ted describes himself as "the man who has to find everything, from an elephant to a peanut."

Film backroom boys enjoy their jobs

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

Pagewood Studios, seven miles from the heart of Sydney, have become the centre of Australia's biggest film colony.

IN the past, films have been made from time to time in various States, but, at Pagewood, Australia now has its own thriving film industry—its own miniature Hollywood.

When television comes to Australia the studios will also be used for making TV features. Already a number of television films have been made there for overseas showings.

Tucked away among rows of neat suburban red-roofed cottages and backed by sandhills, the studios outwardly bear little resemblance to the Hollywood seen in films.

There are no shiny, high-priced limousines standing outside, no glamorous blond stars or glittering neon lights, no giant iron gates and uniformed attendants barring entrance to any but the privileged few with passes.

But behind the administrative building, in former army huts, in makeshift workshops, and in the two huge studios where indoor shots are filmed, there is all the excitement, the glamor, and the hard work of Hollywood.

At the studios, the catchy old tune "You Ought To Be In Pictures" has been given a new boost in popularity.

It's the tune that the "backroom boys"—the cameramen, electricians, hairdresser, and dressers—whistle cynically, but with a grin, when they are told that they will have to work back or that shooting schedules have been changed suddenly.

The song caught on when Treasure Island Pictures first took over the studios early this year to shoot the pirate film "Long John Silver," starring Robert Newton and Connie Gilchrist.

Since then, the staff has had plenty of practice singing it over the 63 days taken to complete the feature and the start on a series of short television films, "The Adventures of Long John Silver."

In spite of the long, exhausting hours, the tedium of endless rehearsals, the difficulty of transport to the studios, and the back-breaking, hard work that goes on behind the scenes, few members of

DIRECTOR Lee Sholem, in vivid American shirt, cameramen, electricians, and technicians watch tiny actor Billy Kay rehearse his part in a scene about to be filmed for television.

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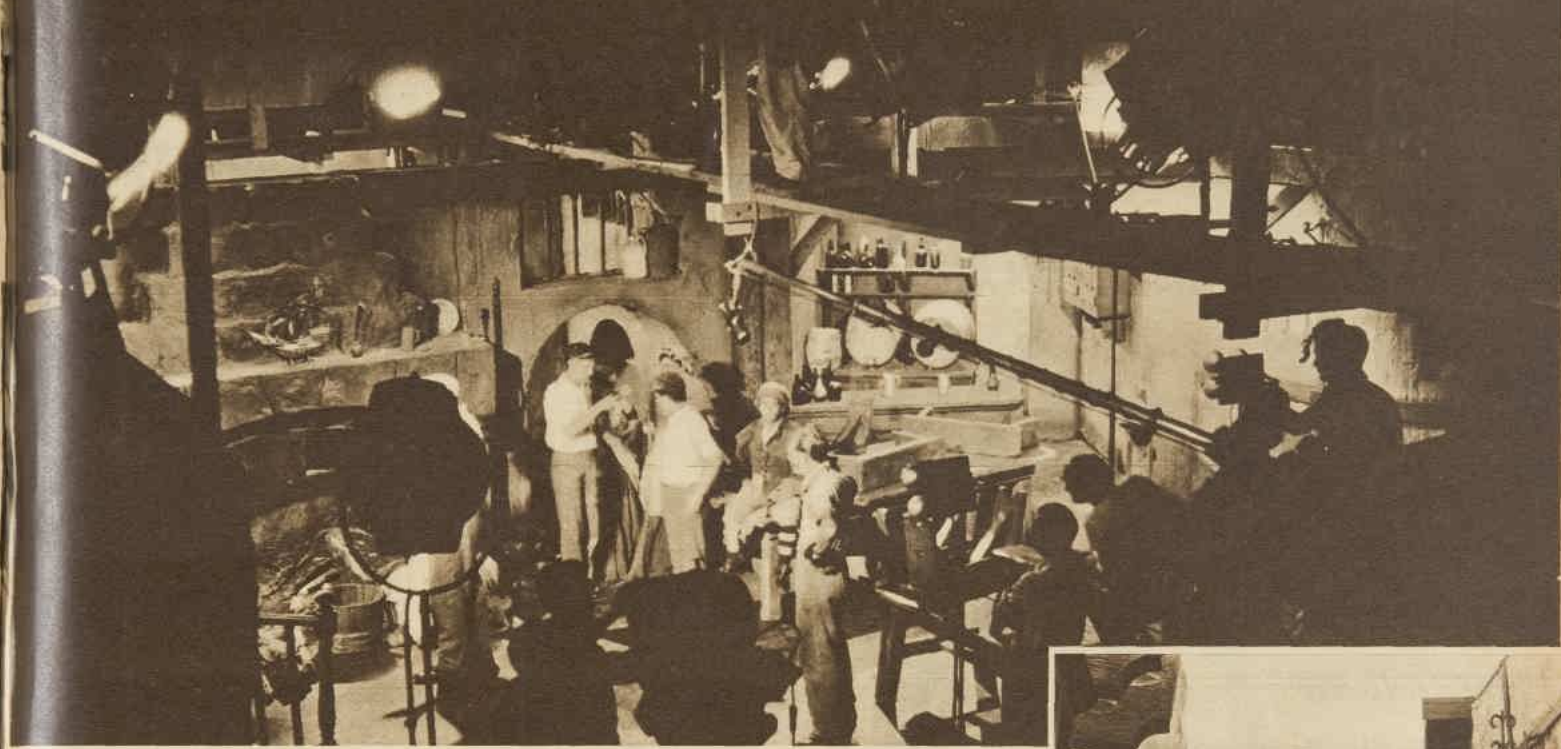
INSIDE AUSTRALIA'S HOLLYWOOD



CAMERA CREW, actors, technicians, and electricians stand by as head electrician Warren Mearns (in background) measures the light on an actress' face. The platform above is for the electricians, whose jobs keep them near the roof-top all day. They have to maintain and direct the huge arc lights which bring daylight into the studio for shooting.

the unit would willingly change places with a placid nine-to-five worker.

"It's nerve-racking, it's hard work, this movie business," Warren Mearns, head electrician, told me, "and you don't get much time to yourself. But it gets you in. You either love it or it drives you crazy. Me, I've caught the 'bug.'"

The "bug" is the excitement, the glamor, the creativeness, the variety, and the fascination of the movie industry that I had a brief glimpse of when I spent two days at Pagewood with staff photographer Alexander Stewart.

"I never have any trouble getting carpenters," Mr. S. Woolveridge, the head of the unit's construction company, told me when I looked in at his busy workshop.

"They like the variety of work out here, not having to do the same thing over and over again."

Carpenter actors

MR. WOOLVERIDGE, who came to Australia from England six years ago, told me that he had had to discourage the practice of calling in carpenters in emergencies to act as extras.

"When Ealing Studios were producing 'Prelude' (the film story of the life of Australian pianist Eileen Joyce) out here," he said, "some of the carpenters were used as extras in a shot of a two-up game.

"But I believe in only one job for one man," he added, "and the carpenters now stick to carpentry."

However, staff driver Charles Hettinga is delighted when he occasionally is given an opportunity to swap jobs for a while.

Recently, he was given a part as a survivor pulled out of the sea. For this role, he had to stand patiently while six buckets of water were poured over him.

Attractive young casting director at the studios, 25-year-old Gloria Payten, has also been called in at short notice to take over a minor role.

But for Gloria this was easy. A talented and well-known Sydney radio and stage actress, Gloria has temporarily given up acting so that she can get experience in television casting.

Her job is to act as talent scout for the company.

Among the most enthusiastic of the 150 "backroom boys" on the company's payroll is youthful Joan Pearce, head dresser and one of the favorites at Pagewood Studios.

"She's adaptable and willing to help out wherever she's needed," one of the staff told me.

"On one occasion, a red sash was urgently needed for one of the soldiers and there was no red cloth in stock. Before anyone knew what she was doing, Joan had torn the frill off the bottom of a very pretty red half-petticoat she was wearing and had tied it around the 'soldier's' waist."

Also standing by on the set with the cameramen, electricians, sound technicians, and microphone boom operator are Elsie Dayne, hairdresser, Dimitry Ustrizoff, make-up expert, Keith Gow, props and special effects man, and Brenda Curnock, continuity.

I was fascinated by the speed and ease with which Elsie and Dimitry stepped in after each shot to make quick repairs to watery or smudgy make-up and slightly dishevelled hair.

They seemed to have barely started their retouching before Director Lee Sholem, known among the staff as "Roll 'Em Sholem" because of his speed in direction, was saying loudly, "Settle down, boys and girls. Close the doors. Roll."

Made up Pavlova

TALL, bearded Dimitry, former Russian Imperial Guards officer, was working at the Moscow Theatre when Pavlova was only a member of the corps de ballet and Nijinsky was just beginning to achieve fame.

"Pavlova was a very nice girl," he told me as he touched up the lipstick of one of the "scullery maids," "and it wasn't long before she outshone everyone else."

Working in the cluster of small, single-story buildings surrounding the main studio are the men and women who play a vital part in the screen productions but are rarely seen on the set.

In these buildings the art director and his assistants, the tailor, milliner, wig-maker, sound effects, props men and cutters, painters, plasterers, and office staff carry out the routine jobs of film-making.

"Oh, Emmie," wailed wardrobe master Cy Howe to milliner Mrs. Emmie Dobell just as I entered his colorful workroom.

"I've just been over to the set and I don't dare go over again. They're sitting down in those beautiful costumes and creasing them."

Cy and Emmie are both old hands in the theatre business and "can't imagine any other kind of life."

Cy particularly feels at home in the workroom because of past associations it has for him.

"This used to be the officer's mess," he said, waving his arms around in a gesture embracing the racks of gaudy costumes and bolts of brilliantly colored materials.

A special canteen has been set up at the studios, where three-course meals for 3/6 can be bought.

Queuing up in the lunch-hour the first day I was at Pagewood were chief cameraman Ross Wood, who worked on the Australian prize-winning documentary "Back of Beyond," and props man Ted Still.

Ted, an Englishman with 35 years' experience in the movie business, arrived in Australia last year to visit his son.

Describing himself as "the man who has to find everything, from an elephant to a peanut," Ted was a props man in the days of the silent films.

In his workroom that looks a little like a giant Aladdin's cave or a superior, but slightly crazy, junk shop, Ted stacks hour-glasses, belaying pins, treasure trunks, pistols, and "poisonous" darts.

"We have to improvise a lot out here," he said as he bent over a jewel box he was mending.

Impressed, though a little dazed and exhausted from watching the speed at which the unit works, I called in to say good-bye to Mark Evans, the company's production executive.

"Yes, it is a miniature Hollywood," he said, "and it's growing all the time."

But there is one particular Hollywood pitfall that the Australians and the English at Pagewood are determined to avoid.

"We are not going to get ulcers like the Americans!" they all told me.

PLASTERER Sydney Snow (above) patches up a building in a "street" used in an exterior shot. Sydney was an insurance agent for 15 years in England before he migrated to Australia and decided to try something different.

HEAD DRESSER Joan Pearce (at right) fixes a placket for smiling Hollywood actress Connie Gilchrist. It's Joan's job to do hasty costume repairs on the set. In addition, she has the unenviable job of washing the costumes.

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A DOCTOR DISCUSSES:

Some factors that influence a child's growth

Doctors are frequently consulted by anxious parents who think that their children are not growing, or thriving, or, more rarely, that they are growing too quickly—"outgrowing his strength," as they put it.

IN the great majority of cases, parents cause themselves needless worry. The doctor is usually in the happy position of being able to assure them that there is nothing wrong with their child.

People grow up mentally and physically. However, this article is concerned only with physical growth.

The process of body growth, in all its aspects, is a most complicated affair, and at the outset I must be quite frank and state that the complete answer is not yet known.

It is advisable, therefore, to start with those factors which are understood best. Of these, nutrition is of first importance.

Food consists of fats, starches, and proteins. Proteins are used in building new tissue, as well as maintaining and replacing old tissue, thus preventing loss of weight.

The body can store food "for a rainy day," when, for seasonal or other reasons, it is not abundant. It has the capacity to store fats and starches readily, but it is not so good at saving up protein food.

For correct nutrition, some protein must be taken at least every three days. Foods with a high content of first-class protein include nuts, cheese, milk, meat, fish, poultry, peas, and bread.

The next nutritional requirement is the mineral compound, especially calcium, phosphorus, and iron. These substances occur in such foods as eggs, meat, oatmeal, and raisins.

Finally, a child must, for growth purposes, have an adequate supply of vitamins, especially A, B1, B2, and B12.

Vital vitamins

CHILDREN who lack vitamin A grow, but do not put on weight. Substances that are rich in vitamin A include liver, both from fish and animals (cod liver oil, for example), egg-yolk, butter, cream, and vegetables.

It is vitally important to realise that these growth factors — protein, mineral, and vitamins—are all contained in a well-balanced mixed diet of fresh food, to which the vast majority of lucky Australians have been accustomed all their lives.

After the nutritional factor, we must mention the glandular, or hormonal, influence on growth.

At the base of the brain, there lies an important structure called the pituitary gland. This gland has a profound effect on body growth. If it excretes too much of its substance, the person who owns it becomes a giant; if too little, a dwarf.

Glands important

OTHER glands play a part in growth. For instance, there is the influence of the thyroid gland, situated in front of the neck.

If, during the period of growth, this gland fails to excrete enough of its substance, the child or young animal becomes a cretin — another kind of dwarf.

NUTRITION, glands, and heredity will all play an important part in the physical growth of this healthy baby.

These glandular conditions are of great medical interest, but are very rare as causes of failure of growth.

Now one must mention a general basic pattern of growth, a knowledge of which will save mothers much unnecessary worry.

From the age of one day to about four years, growth is enormous, more than at any other time of a person's life.

From four years to seven, for reasons quite unknown, there is a resting period. Children at this time of their lives just don't require so much food, and they eat less. It is as simple as that.

This is the time that parents (not the experienced ones) get the jitters and imagine their young hopeful is going into a decline.

From seven years to eleven, the child stages a come-back known as the "mid-growth spurt." This is again followed by a resting period, and then by a most tremendous growth that coincides with puberty. In two or three years, the boy or girl rapidly attains what is going to be his or her ultimate adult size.

Not all parts of the body grow at the same rate. The brain and the liver, for example, are fully grown at the age of seven.

The puberty growth consists mainly of the growth of three structures — bone, muscle (flesh) and fat. During this period, parents are often alarmed that their children are too fat ("Is there anything up with the glands, Doctor?"). But this fat in its turn, like baby fat, soon melts away.

Heredity is another aspect of growth. Speaking generally, children take on the same contour as their parents. Tiny mothers and undersized fathers do not, as a rule, have a family of giants. Parents are sometimes apt to forget this.

Racial characteristics must also be taken into account. Japanese and Chinese are small people and have small children.

Yet when the people of these two races move to the United States, after only two generations, they lose their diminutive stature and become just as large as the average American.

The cause of this is not known. It may be the climate or the new nutritional habits, or a combination of both.

Some parents blame poor sleeping as the reason for their children not growing sufficiently. There is no evidence that loss of sleep, unless it is very marked, has any influence on body growth.

Encourage sport

FINALLY, there is the question of sport and healthy outdoor exercise. This should always be encouraged, but there is no real scientific evidence to prove that it will increase or speed up growth.

If girls or boys simply do not like sport, it is unwise to bully them into it. It is better to concentrate on seeing that they carry themselves properly, with shoulders back and head held high.

All the football in the world will not make a six-footer out of a boy who is destined by nature to be 5ft. 2in.

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LEAVING for the reception at the Australian Golf Club, Kensington, after their wedding at St. Mary's, North Sydney, are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Robinson. The bride was formerly Sue McGrath, of Cremorne.

ENGAGED IN LONDON. Jan Jamison, daughter of Mr. Russell Jamison, of Forster, and the late Mrs. Jamison, with her fiance, Michael Garnett, in London.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

FOR Sydney and interstate tennis enthusiasts all roads will lead to White City on December 27, 28, and 29, when Australia will defend the Davis Cup.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere and Mr. and Mrs. Noel Vincent, who will arrive home in Sydney in the Orcades on December 10, will have the opportunity of seeing many of their friends at the tennis.

After staying with the Governor of Queensland, Sir John Lavarack, and Lady Lavarack for the interzone finals in Brisbane, the president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, Sir Norman Brookes, and Lady Brookes will go home to Melbourne for a few days before they fly up here on December 23.

They will stay at the Australia Hotel, where they will be joined by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Langley, who are flying out from England on December 24.

Sir John and Lady Lavarack are also planning a brief, four-day visit to Sydney for the tennis. They will stay with the Governor, Sir John Northcott, at Government House.

AT CHEQUE PRESENTATION. Mrs. Jack Cassidy (left), Mrs. Gordon Champion, and Mrs. Graham Pratten, who watched Mrs. W. J. Smith, president of the Naughty 'Nineties Ball Committee, present a cheque for £10,000, proceeds of the committee's work this year, to the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.

ARRIVING at the New Commodore for the Thanksgiving Day Ball, organised by the American Ex-servicemen's Memorial Club, are Carmel Thomas and Brian Morris.

FROM Melbourne Mr. and Mrs. Leo Curtis, with their son and daughter, Peter and Anne, will leave for Sydney on Boxing Day. Before returning home on New Year's Eve they will spend a few days with Mr. John Carr at his Palm Beach house, Villa d'Este.

Other Melbournites bound for Palm Beach after the conclusion of the tennis are Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Newton. They will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Matthews for a month.

• • •

AFTER their honeymoon tour of central New South Wales, newlyweds John and Janette Brennan will make their home at Orange. Janette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Hore, of Wagga.

• • •

MR. and Mrs. P. R. Wilkins, who sailed for England last month in the Iberia, will be waiting at Tilbury on January 5 to greet the Arcadia—their daughter Audrey will be on board. Audrey plans to spend a few weeks in London with her parents before travelling on to Austria for a month's ski-ing. She'll later join Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins for a brief tour of the Continent.

• • •

COUNTRY lass Win Cruickshank, of "Glenelg," Moree, was guest-of-honor at a shower tea given last weekend by her cousins, Jean and Shirley Cruickshank, of "Popinguy," Moree. Win will marry Bill Fletcher, of Manilla, on December 15.

BEFORE they embarked on the Oronsay at Vancouver this month, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Meredith-Jones, of Castle Hill, with their son John and daughter Pam, had a wonderful time travelling round Canada and America. Previously, they spent some months in England—Pam says it's hard to believe that she has seen the last of London for the time being—and also visited the Continent. The family will arrive in Sydney on December 27.

• • •

MRS. ALBERT STAGG, of Inglewood, Victoria, will fly up to Sydney on December 15 so that she can attend her daughter Aileen's wedding three days later. Aileen will marry Frank Galvin, of Bondi, at St. Stephen's, Bellevue Hill, on December 18.

• • •

DECEMBER 12 is the departure date set for Mrs. Gordon Champion and her twelve-year-old son, Michael, who will leave by air for America. In St. Louis they'll spend two days with Mrs. Champion's daughter, Dr. Maret Champion, who is attached to the Children's Hospital there. Then it's on to London to stop over Christmas with another daughter, Rutti (Mrs. John Excell), and her husband. "We're going to Spain in January," says Mrs. Champion, "and after that our plans aren't definite. But we will be home in about six months."

Anne

SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Street after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Helen Mary Lysaght, of Darling Point.

GUESTS Robert Stewart (left), Jocelyn Crisp, and David Vaughan arrive at the Royal Motor Yacht Club, Point Piper, for the dance given by hostesses Robin Falstein, Anita Murany, Suzanne Parrett, and Dorelle Watson.

WED AT ST. PHILIP'S. Robert Ennever and his bride, formerly Anne Barnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Barnett, of Mosman, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill.

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SUCCESS WITH HYDRANGEAS

Remarkable success in growing hydrangeas has been achieved by amateur gardener Mrs. Morley McIntosh, of Glen Road, Roseville, N.S.W.

ABOUT eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh bought one dozen hydrangea plants. From these plants cuttings were taken and today close on two hundred hydrangeas flourish in the rear garden of their home.

The season's yield is nearly 3000 heads of superb bloom, ranging from delicate pastels to deep, rich shades. No chemicals have been used to change colors. All the cuttings were planted in different sections of the garden, all with a north-easterly aspect, where they get a little morning sun and afternoon shade.

Mrs. McIntosh, in answer to our queries about her method, explained it thus:

Pruning: During January and early February the hydangeas are pruned lightly. All refuse is placed around the root area. In August, all bushes are pruned to a good shape, cutting back whenever possible to a double-eye.' Hard pruning is given every second year to control unwieldy growth.

Feeding: As soon as the hydrangeas show the first sign of bloom, well-rotted, dry cow manure is shovelled on to the root area.

Watering: At the first sign of bloom the hydrangeas are given a lot of water. In normal weather the plants are watered daily; twice in very hot, dry weather.

Keeping Blooms: Hydrangeas should never be cut when the sun is on them. Early morning or evening is best. Each stem should be scraped up from the base for five inches and immediately plunged into a bucket of water for several hours.

Mrs. McIntosh delights in growing hydrangeas, and also derives great pleasure in giving them away to Christmas fetes.

On the day I visited Mrs. McIntosh she had cut 500 blooms to decorate her home.

"It was my love of hydrangea tonings that decided me to grow them and use them in their long season of flowering to tone and blend with the pastel furnishings of my home," she said.

Mrs. McIntosh, who is a member of the Kuring-gai Horticultural Society, also specialises in growing prizewinning camellias. She began to exhibit camellias three years ago at horticultural shows and has won several prizes.—EVE GYE.

MASSIVE BOWL of lovely hydrangeas faces the doorway in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morley McIntosh, at Glen Road, Roseville, N.S.W. These flowers came from the superb hydrangea plants raised from cuttings and grown against fences, in rockeries, and under the trees of the rear garden.

AFTERNOON-TEA SETTING in the dining-room shows Mrs. McIntosh's love of hydrangea tonings. The china and the hand-embroidery on the white cloth repeat the colors of the hydrangeas clustered in the flat bowl. Mrs. McIntosh also grows prize-winning camellias.

CORNER of the charming lounge in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morley McIntosh shows some of the five hundred hydrangea blooms taken from the garden and used as a complementary decoration to the main rooms of the home, all of which are furnished in pastel tonings. Mrs. McIntosh is able to keep hydrangeas looking fresh for two weeks by a simple method.

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Top picture shows a sock on the "Free Arm" for darning. Above, the extension table is in position to give a wide flat area for "normal" sewing. At left, note the in-built light and the HELVETIA hinged presser foot in position. There's a place for everything in the handsome week-end type carrying case. The HELVETIA is completely portable: the foot control enables sewing on any table height in the lounge, on the verandah—anywhere.

AVAILABLE ON EASY TERMS—SEE YOUR AUTHORISED RETAILER.

SWISS SEWING MACHINE CO. (Aust.) PTY. LTD.
10 Denison Street, Bondi Junction, N.S.W.
Please send me full details of the HELVETIA "Free Arm" and the name of my HELVETIA Retailer.

NAME
ADDRESS
W.W.13

BUTCH

"Some time I'd like to get on a quiz show where they try to guess your occupation."

MOTHER

"It's a combination bean-stringer and bottle-opener. I bought it from a man at the door, who says it will halve my housework and give me time for music, art, and literature."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

NOW that New South Wales is to extend its liquor trading hours to 10 p.m., there are moves to lengthen hours in Victoria, which, like South Australia, still has six o'clock closing.

It will be interesting to see what happens in New South Wales. Although the Government beforehand announced its intention of legislating for a meal-break closure of bars between 6.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., this was not stated on the referendum paper.

Some people think, and I am inclined to agree, that this break, convenient to hotelkeepers, will merely extend the present pre-dinner pandemonium in bars.

Some publicans in Sydney have said that they will provide better facilities for "civilised drinking." The attitude of another section was expressed by one who said, with more truth than grace, "My business is to sell grog."

One rather important point is that to have civilised drinking you must have civilised drinkers. People who really feel strongly on the point can express their attitude by staying away from uncivilised places.

If there were enough such people, conditions would improve rapidly.

* * *

IF you wonder about your place in life, you can find the legal estimate of it in the list of allowances to witnesses on the back of a court subpoena.

Witnesses are divided into four categories in New South Wales, headed by "barristers, solicitors, medical practitioners, surveyors, architects, and other professional men." These receive from one to five guineas.

The class which interested me most (paid from one to four guineas) ran as follows: "Merchants, bankers, accountants, auctioneers, journalists, master mariners, superintendents of police, and the like."

"And the like" indeed. Like which?

* * *

BROODING in a bus the other night, I read the back of my ticket.

It said: "This vehicle is for your convenience. Please do not damage the seats. There is a heavy penalty for this offence."

On the next lap of the journey, hoping for something better, I tried again: "The fare you have paid permits you to travel a definite number of sections," droned the Transport Department. "Any excess travel which is not paid for can result in prosecution for fare evasion."

Since then I have been reading tram and bus tickets daily, and I do think the authorities could do better. The one with the nearest approach to joviality tells you how much better off you are in trams with no parking problems.

Perhaps someone hopes this will cause the straphangers to sell their Rolls-Royces.

In the interests of the gaiety of the travelling public, couldn't jokes (even those found in Christmas crackers) be used on the back of tickets? Or why not appropriate proverbs such as "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

MINISTER for Social Services, Mr. McMahon, told the Australian Optometrists' Association last week that he had just bought a pair of horn-rimmed glasses which "he hoped would improve his appearance."

Mr. McMahon added that horn-rimmed glasses tend to make a man look intellectual.

Doubtless he was speaking lightly, aiming to please his audience, but he spoke rather an awful truth which manufacturers of spectacle frames have been trying to stifle for years.

Men don't mind looking intellectual, but there is nothing a woman likes less. She doesn't even like looking intelligent.

In fact, if you want to rile her, say just that.

You can say she IS intelligent (this is addressed to any inexperienced young men who happen to be reading this paragraph), but not that she LOOKS it.

Even the fanciest glasses, with cat's-eye lenses and snakes for wings, have a tendency that way.

But, of course, theyr'e handy to see with.

* * *

A FRIEND sent from England the following entrancing advertisement from a London newspaper:

"Required, some kindly person living near Trafalgar Square to volunteer to feed the pigeons with corn (which will be supplied gratis) each morning during the winter months."

Why, I wonder, can't the advertiser feed the pigeons? Is he (or she) about to winter in splendor in the south of France, or has the doctor said perhaps that he (or she) must not go out in the cold morning air?

One thing is certain. The advertiser is well off. Note the extravagant use of words like "required" and "gratis." Anyone short of chips could have cut the ad. to two lines, thus:

"Wanted kind pgn. fdr., Traf. Sq., winter, a.m., free corn."

* * *

REMARK OF THE WEEK, from the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable (she was Lady Ashley a couple of husbands ago and is soon to marry Prince Dimitri Djorsjadze): "I don't like fancy drinks. I am as happy as a schoolgirl with a plain glass of champagne."

How charming 'tis to hear of simple taste.
Superior to fussy types by far
Are those who, when with lengthy menu faced,
Call for some buttered bread—and caviare.

Champagne? The bottled kind. Oh, nothing strange!
Some diamonds? Simply set (though big) and few.
And just at times (and only for a change),
A husband (nothing fancy) merely new.

Cream away UNDER-ARM HAIR in 3 minutes

Large Economy (double size), 4/11
Medium Size 3/-
Slightly more in some country districts

No razor to scrape tender skin and leave ugly stubble. Amazing Veet smooths away all superfluous hair in 3 minutes! Just apply Veet. Leave for 3 minutes. Then wash away. Skin is left soft as velvet. *Under-arm hair spoils summer glamour.* So use Veet cream. Success guaranteed or money back.

LEGS TOO!
Keep sun-tanned legs silken-smooth and hair free all through summer with wonderful Veet.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

Keep Fresher
After your bath, use Cashmere Bouquet Talc lavishly. It leaves you fresh, fragrant and wonderfully cool.

Feel Smoother
Its silken protection to soothe against chafing too, so pamper sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet!

Stay Dainty
And remember, Cashmere Bouquet Talc surrounds you with a romantic fragrance, the very spirit of personal daintiness.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

The "True Book" Series

This bright series has caught on with young readers. New titles are coming along—like the early ones, each is written by an authority on his subject.

Price 7/6

From all Booksellers

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Gifts that please

***. . . are gifts that show they have been chosen with care, gifts you would choose for yourself. Among these are Hosiery and Lingerie by* Prestige**

We have made some suggestions for your hosiery gifts, and you know how welcome a gift of hosiery is, particularly when it is of high quality.

There is lovely lingerie in the **Prestige** range too, in Summerlon, the new nylon fabric, and Summersilk with its tradition of beauty and long wear. When you ask for **Prestige** lingerie in her bust or seat size in inches, you can be sure of giving lingerie that will give perfect fit and year-long pleasure.

Christmas is so easy when you give. . .

Prestige

HOSIERY GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Ultra sheers, for those important engagements.

☆ **Twelves,** 12 denier nylons, extravagantly lovely **21/-**

Cocktail, 15 denier nylons, with the picture frame heel **21/-**

☆ **Zebs,** 15 denier nylons, with a novelty heel **21/6**

Chiffonette, 15 denier texture nylons, **19/6**

☆ **Checkmates,** 15 denier mesh nylons, **18/6**

Foot Comfort Nylons, with the Nylas comfy sole.

☆ **Sole Secret,** 15 denier nylon ultra sheers **15/6**

☆ **Luxury Liners,** 30 denier nylon sheers **13/6**

Lastige, all Nylas service weights **25/-**

☆ **Be sure to see these stockings in our luxury, 3-pair Gift Casket . . . the perfect gift. There is a special Prestige Gift Envelope, too — ask for one.**

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SWISS 17-JEWELLED MASTERPIECES SINCE 1852

The new Lavina Watches typify the fashionable trend towards smaller, daintier watches for ladies and larger for men. The watchmaker's art can produce none lovelier, none more reliable than Lavina Watches—famous for over 100 years. Ladies', from £14 15 -, bands extra; Gent.'s, from £15 15 -

LAVINA

The Choice of Millions

L/B 82

New! COLGATE'S

Tact

CREAM DEODORANT

Stops Underarm Odour Before It Starts!

Why you'll prefer Tact: Smooth, creamy Tact keeps you daintier *longer!* Gives *dependable* protection that lasts from bath to bath. Safe and sure for you, *and* for your daintiest clothes!

Tact gives you all-day protection

727

HARK HARK, THE LARK!

OLD MAGPIE. Grand champion bird-caller Fay Cole, of Merimbula, N.S.W., concentrates to make a noise like an old magpie—a bird with more uggles than a young magpie.

Children greet Bird Day

Oh! I bear no grudge for the birds o'er sea,
But the birds I love are the birds for me —
The wagtail spry with his "Chirrup-Chee"
On my window sill in the morning.

(The community song of the Gould League of Bird Lovers of N.S.W.)

BLUE HERON. Pat Medway, also of Merimbula, croaks realistically the sad song of the beautiful blue heron.

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

ONE recent wet night, at a time when all self-respecting birds should have been in their nests, the wild cries of curlews, whistling eagles, swans, winking owls, magpies, bellbirds, and lyre birds floated out of the Assembly Hall, Sydney, to contrast surprisingly with the roar of traffic bound for the Harbor Bridge.

But when I entered the Assembly Hall I found out the explanation — for these noises were made not by birds but by school boys and girls from Merimbula, on the South Coast, and from Mortdale and Crown Street, Sydney.

The annual Bird Day celebrations of the Gould League of Bird Lovers of New South Wales were being held, and the youngsters were competing either as individuals or as teams in a bird-calling contest.

Instead of applause following the night's entertainment (which included a vocal solo "Hark Hark, The Lark!" a play "Magpie Gully," a film "Bird Lovers of Australia," a piano solo "Doves," and community songs about birds), shrill whistles of curlews (mmmm mmmm phwit phee) and whipbirds (whist, phit, choo choo) were apt to ring through the auditorium.

By the end of the evening I was so feathered-friend conscious that I was able to join in the carolling of a community song, which is printed at the top of this page.

This went to the tune of "John Peel."

Presiding over the evening was tall, white-haired Mr. J. E. Roberts, the League's secretary, and sitting in the front row were the two serious-faced judges of the bird-calling contest—Mr. K. A. Hindwood, honorary ornithologist at the Australian Museum, and Mr. Ern Hoskin, an amateur ornithologist.

Nervously fidgeting in their seats and forming their mouths into the beaky shapes of yellow robins and such, the contestants listened to a speech made by Mr. George Bruce, an ex-Inspector of Schools.

In it he said: "Once you have a bird sitting on your hand and you can look into his eyes—he'll trust you."

"Lie down under a tree, get the field glasses out, and see the way the clever little beggars get their beaks round under the leaves — that's where the grubs are!"

And—"We have the finest laws in the world for the birds' protection — but no wardens to see the laws are carried out. Birds need money. But birds haven't got a vote—that's the trouble."

As well as: **"Bird-calls for many years have been in the doldrums. We've had to depend on Mortdale."**

(Mortdale school for 12 years won the bird-calling contest, but lost the shield to Merimbula in 1953, and in 1954.)

On Mr. Roberts' behalf, Mr. Bruce pointed out that bushlands are being pulled down and replaced by buildings, and that "the less trees there are, the less—??"

"BIRDS!" came the full-throated reply.

Soon it was time for the contest. The 13 youngsters who were brought from Merimbula to Sydney by Mrs. Norm Schafer bade her good-bye, and hurried backstage, twittering softly.

Fay Cole, a 14-year-old ethereal blonde, and last year's champ, threw back her head and, with an expression of intense concentration, produced the sound of a magpie "a-gurgle with glee."

She then ran through the rest of her repertoire, which included wonga pigeon (peep peep), silver gull (ah, ah, ah, ah), lowry parrot, bell bird (tink, tink), and mopoke.

"It hurts your throat at first," she said, "but it's no

PEEWITS (left). A new species of bird—the freckle-faced peewit of Merimbula—known locally as Garry Beveridge and Jim Burton.

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Birds' call in city hall

WHISTLING EAGLE. Sounding like an eagle, though looking much nicer, is Wendy Coward, of Merimbula. Staff photographer Alf Chambers took all these pictures.

LYRE BIRD. It doesn't matter, says Geoff McGuire, of Merimbula, if you haven't a lyre bird's throat. A couple of fingers, skilfully applied to a whistle, will make his call.

PALLID CUCKOO. Earnest, as well as pallid, as he goes up the scale slightly off key in the best cuckoo style, is another Merimbula bird-caller, young Bruce Chapman.

trouble when you're used to it."

Fay, unlike most of the boys and girls taking part, produced the right sounds merely by pursing up her lips, and by whistling gently.

The boys preferred to cup their hands to the lips, giving a megaphone effect, or to jam three fingers between their teeth, before letting rip.

One by one, the children from Crown Street, Mortdale, and Merimbula went on stage.

There were bird songs I'd never heard—the little wattle bird which goes "ukka, ukka, ukka, ukka"; the swan which produces a drunken "Mmmm, hic, mmmm, hic"; a bird which goes "Ee chong, ee chong, tui, tui, tui, tui"; and the lyre bird with its "phit, tu, tu, tu, tu, phit."

Suburban birds

THE children from the suburbs, I found, knew more of birds in theory than in practice. They learnt bird-calling from their teachers, from the A.B.C.'s "Birdman," and from hikes in the country.

But you wouldn't have known by the clever imitations they gave that they weren't from the bush itself.

After the teams and individuals ran through their performances while teachers and coaches watched anxiously, the judges made known the result.

Fay Cole had won the Championship Cup for the best individual bird-caller.

And Merimbula had won first and second prizes with their two team entries.

When Fay, whose parents run a dairy farm out of Merimbula, went for her cup and when the shield was handed over to the Merimbula team, the children whistled louder than ever.

Then all the teams and individuals stood upon the stage and, at Mr. Roberts' signal, imitated the "morning chorus" of birds.

It rose and rose, so that you could imagine the sun coming up and the waking clamor of the birds. And, when it died away, it seemed unreal to walk out into the city streets on a pouring wet night and to find that there was a train hold-up.

So I shared a bus home with some of the birds, but there wasn't a cheep out of them. They were ready to roost.

KOOKABURRA AND FRIEND. City boy Paul Winmill, of Crown Street School, is a kookaburra for the moment, and watched with fascinated interest by Mr. J. E. Roberts, secretary of the Gould League of Bird Lovers of N.S.W. Bird sounds here are only as close as cold print will allow, and our apologies go to all bird-callers—and birds.

Winter or Summer—water, soaps and detergents all rob the skin of its natural oils . . . make the hands parched and rough. You cannot avoid those "water" jobs . . . but you *can* avoid "parched hands" by using Trushay *before* and *after* your hands go into water. Fragrant creamy Trushay *restores* essential oils to the skin . . . just a *few drops* keep hands soft, smooth, supple . . . and used "beforehand," Trushay acts as an invisible glove that *protects* the skin—even in hot washing water. Get a bottle of Trushay this *very* day. In three sizes, 2/3, 3/6, 5/9, from all chemists and the better stores.

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A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

Always look for the name

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ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

Christmas Books for Children

The "HEIRLOOM" Classics . . . . . Price 11/6
Any one of these charmingly bound and illustrated books is a gift boys and girls will cherish.

The TRUE BOOK Series . . . . . Price 7/6
Another collection, for ages 10 to 16. These are lively non-fiction stories on interesting subjects, and all the authors are experts.

Eight BLYTON Books

TALES AFTER SUPPER	7/6	MISCHIEF AT ST. ROLLO'S	6/3
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SMUGGLER BEN	5/9	THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PRAYERS, in color	4/9

LITTLE DANNY DUCKLING, by Wilma Tsai . . . . . Price 8/6
Color illustrations add to the charm of this delightful story of Mother Dixie Duck and her family. For the Tinies.

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN STORY, by Stuart Gurr and Gwen Harrowsmith Price 10/6
The Road over the Mountains has a romantic history. Here it is, illustrated by excellent photographs.

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100 Shocks a day for 50 years!

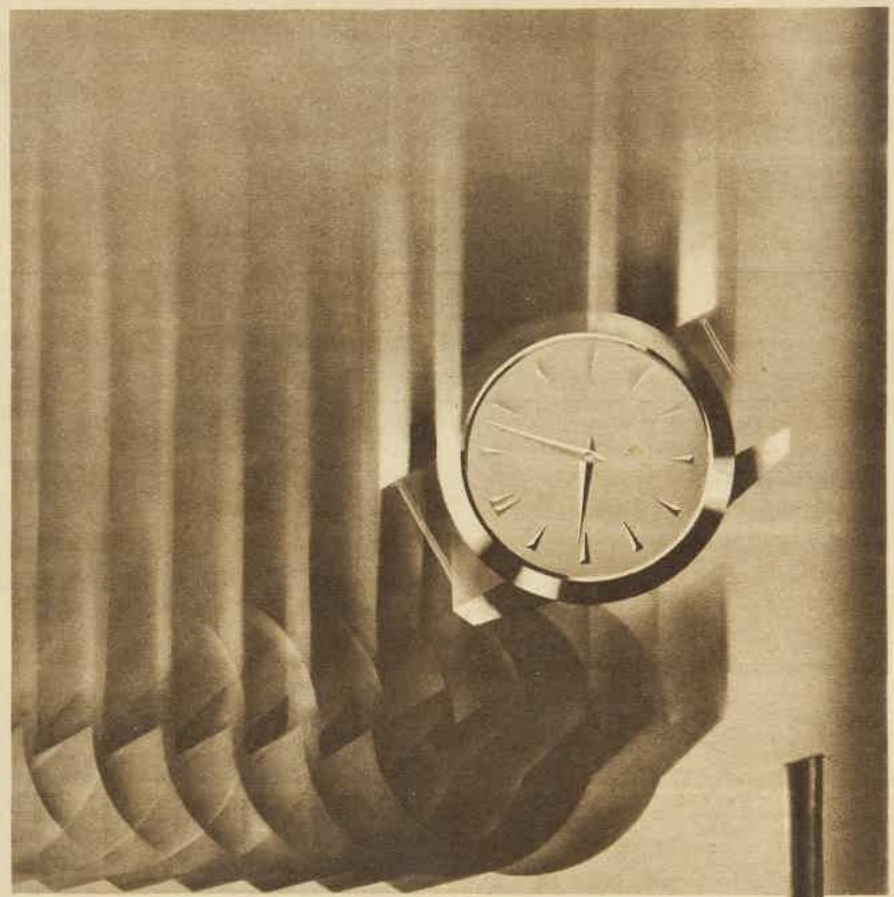
On land, sea and in the air Cyma Watches everyday are proving the superiority of Cymaflex, the shock-proof device that has brought freedom from watch-worry to millions of Cyma wearers the world over ...

Behind this unique achievement lies a saga of scientific research, climaxed in the Cyma laboratories at Le Locle, where a machine was designed to reproduce the concussion your watch suffers in falling from table height ... the oblique banging that inflicts the greatest damage on an unprotected balance-staff.

Preliminary tests had convinced the engineers that Cymaflex could easily withstand hard knocks. So in the first of its final trials the new Cyma, equipped with Cymaflex, was jarred a thousand times – more than would occur in the lifetime of the average wearer – ... the movement emerged unscathed from this rough handling! Again the Cyma was put to the torture of a thousand shocks. Still no damage!

Relentlessly the engineers continued the tests ... until the watch had been shaken up two-million times ... the equivalent of 100 bumps a day for more than 50 years. Yet the watch is still in perfect condition ... No wonder that since the invention of Cymaflex the proverbial risk of a damaged balance-staff has been virtually eliminated!

Security is only one of the many reasons why your next watch should be a Cyma. Cyma leads in style and accuracy, too!



The Cymaflex anti-shock device is protected by the following patents:

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ONLY Cyma watches have the Cymaflex Anti-shock device!

...but every CYMA has it!

With factories at Tavannes, Le Locle and La Chaux-de-Fonds, Cyma Watch Co. is one of the world's leading watchmakers. Its world-wide Sales and Service Organization insures your continued satisfaction everywhere.

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FAMOUS weather forecaster, the late Inigo Jones, who died in November at the age of 81. He began making his controversial weather observations over 60 years ago.

HIS SUCCESSOR, Lennox Walker, types reports for the Press and radio. He had just finished a forecast for Goulburn (N.S.W.) when this photograph was taken.

New weather man takes over

By SARA STRAMBERG, staff reporter

On a hilltop about 73 miles from Brisbane, a young man is continuing the lifetime work of Australia's famous and controversial weather prophet, the late Inigo Jones.

ORIGINALLY appointed in August, 1953, to assist Inigo Jones, 29-year-old Lennox Walker has now taken his place as Research Director at Crohamhurst Observatory.

This appointment followed soon after the death of the long-range weather forecaster in November at the age of 81.

For the past six months, Mr. Walker had been doing the long-range forecasts under the supervision of Mr. Jones.

He made his first official forecast for the week ended November 20.

Born in Sydney, Mr. Walker enlisted with the A.I.F. at the age of 16, and served with the 2/3 Battalion in the islands.

After being demobilised, he worked for three-and-a-half years as a surveyor with the N.S.W. Forestry Department.

Following in the footsteps of a famous man, and particularly one who had worked in such a highly controversial field as long-range weather forecasting, is never easy.

However, with files bulging with correspondence from widely scattered parts of Australia and from overseas, Mr. Walker knows there are busy days ahead and is prepared for hard work.

"I didn't realise Inigo's capacity for work until I worked with him," he said.

Mr. Walker, who is married with a young daughter, will be helped by an assistant, 26-year-old Guy Rambert, who owes his job to chance.

Mr. Rambert was staying at Crohamhurst for a few days during a work-play caravan holiday when Inigo Jones offered him a job.

"I'll be giving Guy the 'brides' soon," Mr. Walker said.

"Brides write from all over Australia," he explained, "asking if the weather is going to be fine for their wedding day.

WALLS of the observatory, decorated with pencil sketches of famous men who added to the knowledge of light.

"There were so many requests that Inigo decided to try to cut them down by charging a fee of 5/- for the information.

"However, they still keep us busy," he added. "The biggest number of requests comes from Victoria."

Life at the observatory is not confined to weather forecasting.

When I visited it there were two sections on a bench of the big fig tree that was cut down recently at Cairns, Queensland.

They had been sent so that Mr. Jones could try to determine the age of the tree.

ASSISTANT Guy Rambert examines the sun for sunspots. Inigo Jones asked Guy if he'd like a job when he stayed at Crohamhurst en route north on a holiday. A week before he died, Mr. Jones sent him a message to hurry back.

No Nappie Rash

Wise mother uses Cuticura Ointment after baby's bath and at every nappie change to keep him cool and comfortable. The mildly medicated, gentle emollient, Cuticura, soothes chafing, sores, inflammation, and heals sweetly with nappie rash.

Buy a tin today.

Cuticura ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT

IN with the New Years of ease and leisure . . .

(**OUT** *with the Old Years of rub and scrub*)

Hoover Electric Polisher shown here—£32/3/0. Scrubbing brushes £1/15/0 extra. Low down-payment—easy monthly terms.

. . . this Xmas give her a HOOVER POLISHER

HOW THRILLED she'll be to have a magnificent new Hoover Electric Polisher—to do in *minutes* the jobs that take most of her morning now! Wood floors, linos, tiles, the Hoover gives a ballroom finish to them all. And feature after feature is included which no other electric polisher can match—built-in headlight to point out unpolished spots, snap-on lambswool pads to give a super-high gloss, and many more. Ask your Hoover retailer for a demonstration *tomorrow*.

P.S. *For Would-be Santas.* The Hoover is specially made to be used as a hand polisher, too, which means that you can put a showroom polish on the car in half an hour!

Give her a Hoover—she knows it's the Best

HP.36WW143q

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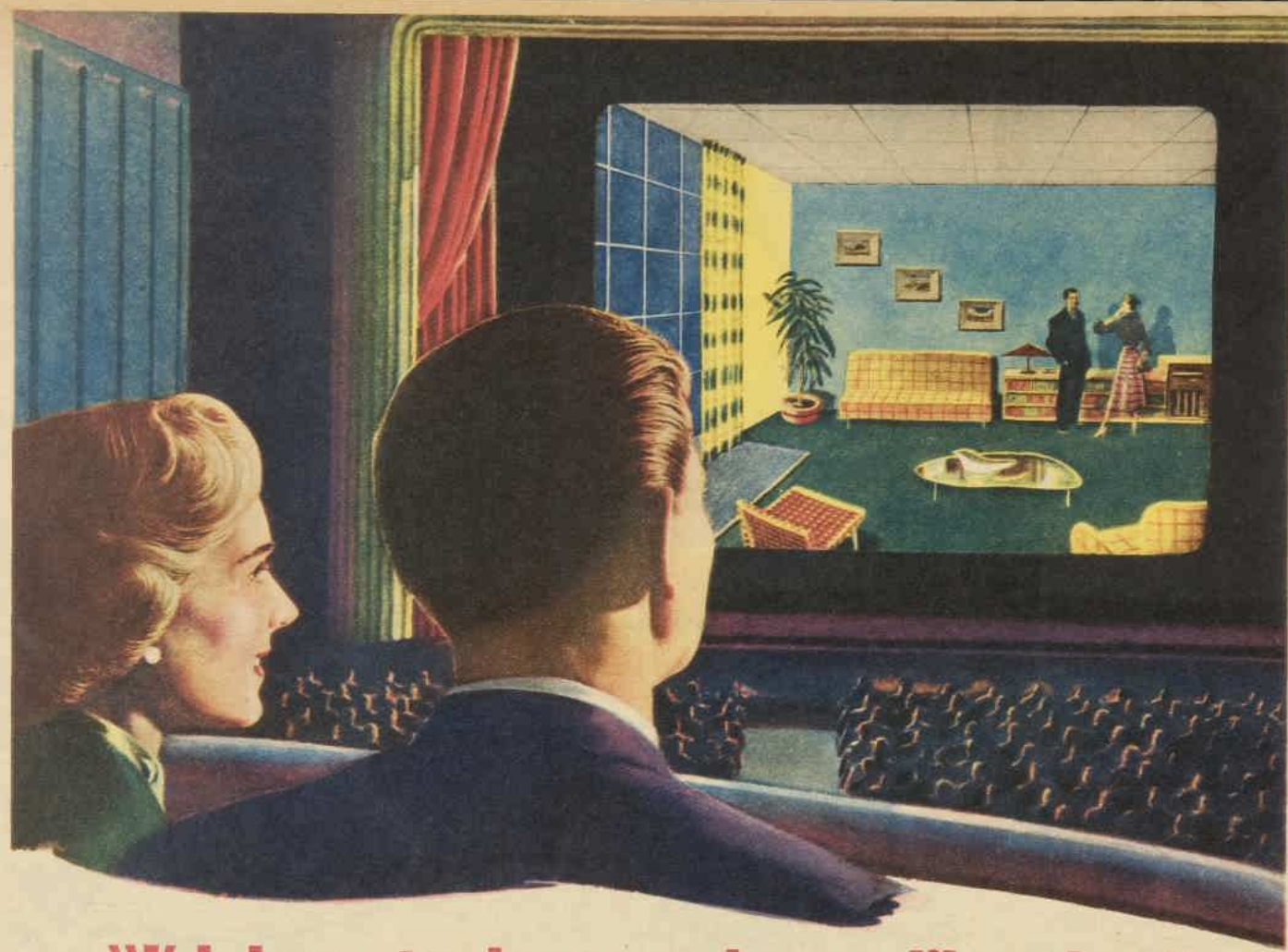

"I'd love to have a home like that"

You've seen some lovely homes in technicolor films and in colour magazines and often you've thought: "How I'd love to have a home like that."

Well, you can, you know!

But first remember that lovely homes are achieved only by thought and planning, by the urge to express one's own individuality, whether it be influenced by the dynamic, the dramatic or the quietly conservative.

Now, and only now, this is possible economically, easily and effectively by the use of DULUX Wall Colours.

Today you can achieve interior treatments which, by the use of the DULUX Wall Colour Guide, enable you to have rooms *entirely different from those of anyone else.*

Careful selection of colour can make a room not only modern but spacious—can give an illusion of as much as one-third greater dimension. And, by following the DULUX Wall Colour Guide, you can employ the precise tones necessary to blend with your furniture, your carpets, your curtains and so on.

Study the DULUX Wall Colour Guide with your nearest DULUX Dealer—and commence the DULUX transformation through which you can so easily live in a lovelier world.

Choose Your Own Colour Scheme!

Here's a new B. A. L. M. book to help you

"Colourful Homes by DULUX" is a new 24-page B.A.L.M. book filled with exciting interior and exterior colour schemes and thought-starters, selected by experts to help you choose your own colour schemes. Buy "Colourful Homes" at your nearest DULUX Dealer, or write, enclosing a 2/- postal note, to Dulux Finishes, P.O. Box 21, Concord, N.S.W.

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Three DULUX Finishes ▸ *FLAT SEMI-GLOSS FULL-GLOSS* ▸ *but the ONE Enamel*

DULUX Super-Matt (flat finish), Super-Satin (semi-gloss), and Super-Enamel (full-gloss) are really the same high-quality, durable, washable DULUX enamel — the only difference is the gloss. They all have exactly the same range of identical, attractive, modern colours; they all mix easily together to give you any in-between colour or gloss you want.

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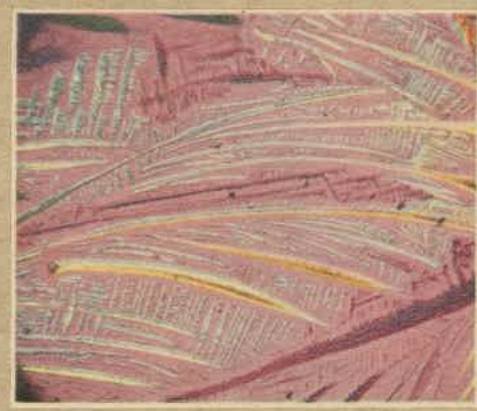
VITAMINS—

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

• These amazing photographs, which might represent almost anything—textile designs, abstract paintings, firework displays, or wildflowers—are actually of vitamins. The photographer dissolved a number of different vitamins in solutions, placed a little of each on microscope slides, and allowed them to evaporate. As the solvent evaporated, small crystals formed on the slides. These were then photographed through a microscope with the remarkable results below.

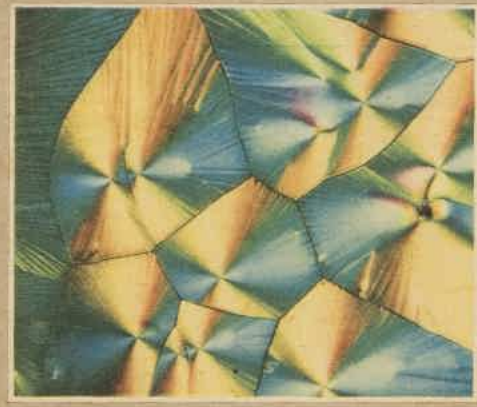
Pictures by Mr. Gordon Bennett, Melbourne photomicrographer.

VITAMIN B6. Commonly known as Pyridoxin. Usually humans do not suffer from a deficiency of it, but tests on rats have shown that a lack of it causes dermatitis.



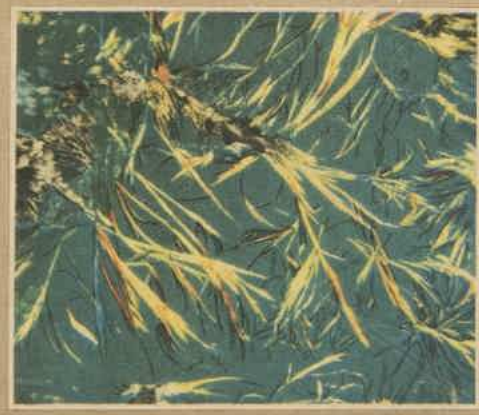
VITAMIN K. Deficiency causes delayed blood clotting. As it is normally made by the body itself, it is not necessary to rely on the intake of food for this vitamin.

VITAMIN B2. It is found in liver, kidney, milk, eggs, dried brewer's yeast, and soya beans. Lack of it causes premature ageing and certain skin and eye disorders.



VITAMIN C. Deficiency leads to scurvy and a shortage is frequently the cause of tiredness and listlessness. Raw fruit and vegetables are rich natural sources.

VITAMIN B1. Extreme and continued shortage leads to the disease known as beri-beri. It is found in liver, heart, meats, dried yeast, nuts, and whole-grain cereals.



NICOTINIC ACID. A member of the Vitamin B Group. Regular deficiency in the diet leads to a disease known as pellagra. It is found in meat, dried yeast, and nuts.

Is Your Son Leaving School?

In the life of a young man, few decisions are more important than the choice of his employment after leaving school.

This choice has to be made at a time when he himself has little knowledge of the workaday world, and when he depends for guidance upon parents who are sometimes conscious of limitations in their capacity to advise.

Even when a son's own inclinations are known, the big problem confronting him and his parents is to find a standard by which to judge the merits and prospects of the many different types of occupations available. It is in this connection that A.N.Z. Bank is able to offer some assistance.

The Bank is a large employer of men, and its standards, built up over more than a century, are widely recognised throughout Australia and New Zealand. Each year, the Bank takes into its service some hundreds of young men aged from 16 to 19 who have reached educational standards considered appropriate to their age.

Primarily for the information of prospective applicants for appointment to the Bank's service, and their parents, important considerations for assessing a career have been set out in a brochure entitled "That Vital Decision—Choosing a Career." Copies of this brochure may be obtained by writing to the under-mentioned address, or alternatively, by calling for a friendly talk with the local A.N.Z. Bank Manager, who is a man of wide experience.

Although Banking may not have been one of the careers under consideration by your son and yourself, acceptance of the offer contained in the previous paragraph would unquestionably provide you with some useful information and may greatly assist in making a sound decision.

Enquiries by letter should be addressed to the General Manager, A.N.Z. Bank, Box 537E, Melbourne.

A·N·Z

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Bank of Australasia (Established 1835) — **The Union Bank of Australia Ltd. (Established 1837)**

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and 3 months' wear or a FREE pair

CAN'T-TEAR-'EM

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WORK SHIRTS

★ They're SANFORISED ★ Double-lock-stitched seams

CTM5-12

Peter Mitchell Will

CANDIDATES TO HAVE FREE TRIPS

Trips to their capital city and, for finalists, to Sydney will be given next year to those girls whose applications for benefits are under consideration in our Peter Mitchell Will Quest.

ALL candidates must complete an examination paper supplied by us, and from these completed papers a number of girls will be chosen in each State.

These girls will be brought to their capital city, without expense to themselves, for interviews and further examinations by a committee of experts.

Girls selected from these groups as finalists in each State will be brought to Sydney, where the trustees of the Peter Mitchell estate, assisted by an expert committee, will choose from among them 15 young Australian women who will receive the money prizes listed on this page.

The unusual bequests in the Peter Mitchell will and our quest to find the beneficiaries have aroused wide interest. We are receiving many requests for application forms and examination papers from girls in all parts of Australia.

Two men have also sent in for the papers, but they are too early. Our quest for the 10 young men beneiciaries will not take place until next year.

Mothers have welcomed our quest, which is not a search for the perfect woman or those with the most beautiful face and figure, but for 15 of the best type of Australian girls, sound in mind and body.

The accent is on talent and health, not beauty.

All girls with the necessary qualifications in any part of Australia, no matter how isolated, have an opportunity now to state their claims to benefit under the will.

Candidates must be under the age of 30 and unmarried. The other necessary qualifications were given in extracts from the will, published in The Australian Women's Weekly on November 17.

To obtain the application form and examination papers candidates must fill in and return to us the form published below.

The prizes are:

FIRST PRIZE, £512/16/8.

SECOND PRIZE, £256/8/5.

THIRD PRIZE, £128/4/3.

TWELVE PRIZES OF £64/2/- each.

These amounts are the results of calculations based on the instructions in the will.

Candidates are asked to note that their application forms and completed papers must be returned to us by January 1, 1955. Papers may be returned earlier if completed.

After closing date on January 1, 1955, the examination papers will be marked by professional examiners.

The trustees of the Peter Mitchell estate have set 50 per cent. in the written examination as a minimum for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.

Candidates who are under consideration as finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration stating that information supplied in their application form is true in every detail.

The trustees of the Peter Mitchell estate have empowered us to conduct the competition on their behalf.

They are Walter George Henderson, retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W., his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson, Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne, and The Union Trustee Company of Australia Ltd.

FILL IN THIS FORM

When you have filled in this form return it, with a self-addressed foolscap envelope bearing 3½d stamp, to:

"PETER MITCHELL QUEST,"
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust. I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... *STATE* .....

Enjoy radiant health, live well!

Living well means eating well
Digesting what you eat
Absorbing what you need
Regularly eliminating the rest.

Yes the gentle laxative action of Beecham's Pills keeps you regular and removes impurities without causing digestive upsets or depriving your body of food containing valuable vitamins and minerals.
Don't let *constipation*, the cause of sick headaches and stomach upsets make your life a misery. Take Beecham's Pills — and enjoy radiant good health.

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You'll feel better tomorrow!

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...dainty
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Intimate, intriguing, delightfully refreshing —at all times, and for all occasions, the old-world charm of FAULDING Lavender and Musk is completely feminine . . . completely correct. Mannequin or mother, socialite or secretary . . . every woman finds fragrant, refreshing FAULDING Lavender and Musk the perfume that is always in good taste.

FAULDING LAVENDER & MUSK

FROM THE PERFUMERY DIVISION OF FAULDING LABORATORIES

THE WILD PLACE

By Kathryn Hulme

Organising Displaced Persons after the war was a new and major problem for the free world. The author was an official of one unit that tackled this colossal work; her book is a vivid story of her experiences and a dramatic picture of the tragic, comic, human characteristics involved.

Price 15/6

From all Booksellers

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Lustre nylons

MAKE THE FINEST CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

AND LUSTRE LINGERIE IS SEVENTH HEAVEN

Let Lustre's lovely Nylons be your Christmas messengers! Their gossamer sheerness and true-fashion shades express your Christmas wishes with a charming flattery. Give Lustre Lingerie, too, and you'll give pleasure . . . for somehow there's a fairytale touch to a present so rich with lace and so silken-soft.

There isn't anything more delightful to give or to receive — ask Santa — he knows

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"Far whiter than last week...Look! I've just tried PERSIL"

"MY CURIOSITY WON" *says Mrs. McIvor of Drummoyne, Sydney.*

"Being naturally curious, I thought I'd try this Persil which I've read so much about. I did. Oh my, what a difference! My Persil wash was so much whiter."

WHITER BECAUSE IT WASHES CLEANER! Whether you boil or not, Persil gets clothes whiter than any other washing product, because Persil—and only Persil—contains oxygen. Oxygen sends the suds bubbling through the fabric . . . right into every thread. And there you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanness! Yet for all its thoroughness Persil is gentle with precious coloureds, rayons and woollies.

PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

P.109.WW143g

Actors' real-life romance

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● Many romantic couples have wooed and wed to the compelling tunes of "South Pacific." These songs, after all, have almost dominated popular music for the past few years.

MR. AND MRS. DAVID WILLIAMS, who first met when they were playing romantic roles in the musical "South Pacific."

ROMANCE has even happened in the cast of "South Pacific" itself in London. First a leading man, Peter Grant, wooed and wed a leading lady, Betta St. John, and led her starry-eyed back to America.

That wasn't the end of it. Another romance blossomed in their wake, one with all the charm of a Cinderella story added to it.

For into one of the leading roles stepped a tall, blond, young Australian, David Williams, to score a smash hit as the play's new Lieutenant Cable.

Williams brought to the stage of Drury Lane an excellent torso, a soaring tenor voice, and remarkably good acting ability. These things having been proved, plus his good looks, he graduated overnight from understudy to musical comedy star.

Scored a hit

INTO the role of Liat, vacated by Hollywood star Betta St. John, stepped a lovely Chinese girl. Her name was Chin Yu. Like David Williams, she was an understudy, and, like Williams, she scored a hit which almost overshadowed the performance of the show's original star.

The papers seized on the impish delicacy and grace of her hand-miming as Liat and the hit she made with "Happy Talk." A wave of public enthusiasm catapulted the flower-like Chin Yu, too, into stardom.

It needed only Chin Yu and David Williams to fall in love to complete the story neatly and satisfyingly.

This they duly did.

They were married four months ago, and are house-hunting between shows from their temporary cottage off Church Street, Kensington, a winding thoroughfare lined with some of London's loveliest antique shops.

Jade ring

CHIN YU'S name means "Gold and Jade." David Williams told me: "I hunted for weeks for an engagement ring that would really suit her. I wanted a jade ring set in gold, and finally I found it. You can find anything in London—if you look for it long enough."

He calls her simply "Chin." She is the daughter of an English father and a Chinese mother. Chin Yu was a child in Hongkong when the Japanese occupied it, and she was interned.

She was repatriated to America, where she studied ballet, and then joined the original cast of "South Pacific" on Broadway. It brought her to England, still as an understudy until her chance came.

Since then Chin Yu has starred on television and moved into a second—and even more successful—starring role, this time in the recently opened play "Teahouse of the August Moon."

In this, as a lovely geisha who bewitches an American Army captain, she has cemented her position as one of the most charming stars to captivate London since the war.

Her success hasn't been without controversy. While "South Pacific" was still running in London, David Williams wrote, produced, and even financed a late-night revue at the Watergate Theatre called "First Time Here."

It was composed entirely of members of the "South Pacific" cast, who drove from Drury Lane at curtain fall.

It was the act Williams had devised for Chin Yu which caused the fuss.

With her exquisite hands, supple and eloquent as vine tendrils, she mimed the 23rd Psalm — "The Lord Is My Shepherd." Sterner folk denounced this as sacrilege. The B.B.C., notoriously staid, didn't seem to think so.

It was directly as a result of the attention drawn to Chin Yu by this performance that B.B.C. Television engaged her for a series of her piquant, hand-miming performances.

David Williams told me with a hint of pride, "Chin is the efficient one. She has an excellent business head."

This seems odd equipment in a girl of rather fragile loveliness. Her hair, sleek as ebony, is drawn back from a delicate oval face. Her skin has the healthy, fine-matt texture of a rose petal.

She is not obsessed with career above all else. With her, over lunch, the conversation didn't stay long on theatre, but turned instead to babies. "I don't want just one — I want several," she said, and smiled. Her husband, grinning beatifically, nodded.

David is still in "South Pacific," now touring England after his triumphal year in the West End. "I wanted to get out of the tour before," he said. "In fact I'm leaving it in a couple of weeks to have my first holiday in six years.

"When they first offered me the 'South Pacific' role my impulse of course was to jump at it. But in fact I swallowed hard, took a good look at the terms, and refused—with a quaking heart, I might add.

Won the deal

"SO the management auditioned others for it. Altogether, I believe, they auditioned 150 artists, while I shook in my shoes and kept hoping I'd done the right thing by sticking out.

"When that was over and they hadn't found anyone to get wildly enthusiastic about, we got down to a deal."

J. C. Williamsons have now bought "Teahouse of the August Moon" for production in Australia early next year—with the leads recruited in London. The firm has approached David Williams to play the male lead and Chin Yu to star in the geisha part.

The only difficulty is that the beautiful Chin Yu is contracted for the run of the London play. And it looks set for another year.

"It's not a case of our having to think it over," David said. "It's only a matter of whether Chin can disengage herself from the London play. From now on we'll go about with our fingers crossed. There's nothing we'd love better."

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SHE HAS A GIGGLE IN HER HAND

TRINIDAD PIANIST Winifred Atwell, who is to come to Australia next year for a six months' tour. The wit of her playing has earned her fame and fortune and the title of the "girl with a giggle in her right hand." She is a qualified chemist.

AT HER PIANO Winifred Atwell has an eight-to-the-bar rhythm that is a joy to jazz fans. She likes classical music and can play Beethoven as well as boogie and hot jazz.

Jazz pianist looks forward to Australian sun

Flying-fingered Winifred Atwell, the Trinidad jazz pianist who's been described as "the girl with a giggle in her right hand," has currently one ambition—a big house by an Australian beach.

From MARJORIE PLUNKETT, in London

IT'S an ambition she has high hopes of fulfilling, as she's going to Australia to begin a Commonwealth-wide tour at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, on February 4.

That house beside a beach is number one requirement for Winnie—as fans throughout the world like to call her—because she hasn't seen much sunshine since reaching England from the West Indies, and looks forward to catching up on the sun during six months in Australia.

"The first thing I hope to do when I get there is rent a private home near a beach, where I can get all the sun I need and enjoy some outdoor family life," Winifred Atwell told me in London today.

She added that she was "absolutely thrilled" to be going to Australia at last—she has had to wait while the West End show in which she is appearing, "Pardon My French," nears the end of its long run in order to accept the Australian engagement dates.

"While I'm in Australia, I also hope to meet as many as possible of my friends—I don't call them 'fans,' because I feel they're already people I know well—who've been writing to me ever since they first heard my recorded music," Winnie said.

Winifred Atwell has come such a long way—figuratively as well as literally—since she pounded a pestle and mortar in her father's pharmacy in Trinidad that topping the bill at London's famous Palladium, playing in a Royal Command performance, and having her own fan-magazine are only part of the story.

That story began when she was four years old — and started playing the piano. At six years old she was giving classical recitals. She wanted to become a classical pianist, but her father chose his own career for her — so Winnie obediently took a pharmaceutical course, graduated, and did her share in the family dispensary.

While she was doing it, she also played the piano for friends at charity recitals.

Her big chance came when her "ideal," celebrated pianist Alexander Borovsky, visited Trinidad, heard her play, and told her she had great talent.

Back to the keyboard she went for steady practice, with her eye still firmly on a career at Chopin and Schumann, until one night, at a Services' Club concert, one of the soldiers bet her she couldn't play boogie.

And that was the real start of it all. For Winnie developed an eight-to-the-bar rhythm that is still a nine-day wonder in the jazz world.

There followed tuition in New York and further studies at London's Royal Academy of Music.

The next step in Winnie's career was not so easy. Round after round of the concert and theatrical agents met with refusal after refusal. She had almost given up hope when she was offered a chance to deputise for Carole Lynne at the last minute in a big charity performance. Winnie took the chance—and immediately was "in."

But she still had much to learn. She had to learn how best to produce her act and what clothes to wear. She practised for hours, before a mirror, the art of walking on and off stage.

When she won her first engagement at the London Casino she changed her programme every night until she found which numbers the audience liked best. Then, having chosen their favorite act, she toured Britain to perfect it.

Winifred Atwell made her first London broadcast in 1947, her first recording in April, 1951. Her second recording, "Jezebel," was an instant best-seller — and carried her music far outside Britain to jazz lovers throughout the world.

It was at that stage that Winnie decided to build up her act with a gimmick. In an old tavern she found an ancient upright piano with a tinkling tone — the sort that sounds like a barrel organ. She bought it for 30/ and used it when recording the number "Black and White Rag," which sold at a rate of 30,000 discs in the first ten days.

The old, tinny piano—Winnie calls it her other piano because she uses a magnificent concert grand, too—was also "in."

These days Winnie's famous hands are insured for £40,000 (sterling), but she keeps her feet firmly on the ground and always gives young pianist-hopefuls the same advice: "Keep practising and never be discouraged."

She herself has the distinction of being the only woman pianist to top variety bills in Britain (the only other pianist to do so being Charlie Kunz).

She also had the thrill of personal praise from the Queen after composing and playing "Britannia Rag" on her tinny piano at a Royal Command performance.

Outside the theatre, Winifred Atwell's interests are simple and feminine. She has little relaxation because of the need for constant practice and music arranging, but when she does get an hour or two away from the keyboard she spends it reading thrillers or tackling crossword puzzles.

She also has two mascots—a white doll called "Dusty" and a black one called "Lilly-white," which go everywhere with her.

Although Winnie is best known as a hot-rhythm pianist, she has never neglected her early love—the piano classics.

She recently realised a childhood dream by being invited to play with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at a classical concert in the Royal Albert Hall, London, on November 28.

Boogie or Beethoven — it's all the same to Winnie.

Tennis is their life

Tennis is almost their whole life to the two American tennis juniors touring Australia with their country's Davis Cup squad.

By JANET BAILEY, staff reporter

THEY are 17-year-old Mike Green, of Miami Beach, Florida, and Gerry Moss, 18, of San Francisco.

Gerry is the U.S. Junior Champion and Mike was his runner-up in the recent National Championships.

The two boys were given a month's coaching and practice by top-line professional Jack Kramer.

As "Kramer Kids," Mike and Gerry did a tour of the Eastern Lawn Tennis Circuit in the U.S. gaining experience and practice with first-rate tennis players on the way.

At the end of the month Mike and Gerry showed so much improvement that they were selected to come to Australia as part of the programme designed to build promising young American juniors into top-flight tennis stars.

Back home in California, Gerry is studying at Modesto College when he is not playing tennis. At the moment he has given his studies a rest to concentrate on his game.

Mike Green, who is in his last year at high school at Miami Beach, has also taken time off to devote himself to tennis.

Neither Mike nor Gerry has decided yet what he wants to do. Mike's only comment on the subject was a shrug of the shoulders and a laconic "Play tennis."

Gerry seems to agree with him. Tennis, tennis, and more tennis is the scheme for the boys at the moment.

The boys won't have very much time off during their Australian tour. The tightly woven schedule of tournaments, practice, and official parties will keep them too busy to do much more than go surfing for a while on Sundays.

Mike and Gerry both enjoy feminine company, particularly Gerry according to his team-mates. Unlike Mike, who has a girl back home, Gerry has no "steady," but, in his own words, is "playing the field."

U.S. TENNIS JUNIORS Mike Green (left) and Gerry Moss are touring Australia with the Davis Cup squad.

As for women on the tennis court, Gerry thinks that over the past year interest in women's tennis has been slacking off in the States.

Taking a paternal interest in Mike and Gerry on their first trip overseas is 21-year-old Ham Richardson, now on his fourth trip to Australia.

From Sydney the boys will go to Melbourne, then on to Brisbane, and finally back to Sydney for the Davis Cup at the end of December.

"And," said Ham, "this year I hope to be able to play instead of just watching."

As for Gerry and Mike, their feelings about the whole trip were summed up by Gerry.

"We were kind of hoping for this trip," he said. "Coming out here is terrific, and this is about as good as tennis experience can be."

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American Style Party Fare: *BIG-SANDWICH* Cook Book

Monday's sandwich—a loaf its base,
Tuesday's sandwich has just one face,
Wednesday's sandwich—a two-decker pleaser,
Thursday's sandwich comes out of the freezer,
Friday's sandwich—assemble and bake it,
Saturday's sandwich is just what you make it,
And the sandwich you serve on Sunday night,
Is a scone, a pie, and a pure delight.

Monday's sandwich—a loaf its base. (Above.)

BIG BOY

Two tablespoons shortening, 2 thinly sliced onions, 1 thinly sliced green pepper, 1 oval-shaped loaf of bread, 1 tin spaghetti, ½lb. sliced processed cheese, ¼ cup soft butter or substitute, Italian meat balls (see recipe opposite page).

Make, then brown, Italian meat balls. In hot shortening in same pan saute onions, green pepper. Slice bread lengthwise into 3 even slices (see picture). Spread bottom bread slice with half the spaghetti. On top arrange meat balls, then cheese. Spread second bread slice with rest of spaghetti, place on top of bottom slice. Spread top of this slice with some of the butter; cover with onions and green pepper. Top with buttered crust slice, gashed for easier cutting. Place on greased scone-tray. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until sandwich is heated through and cheese melts. Unwrap. With scissors and knife, cut gashes all the way through; serve with pie-server. Eat with knife and fork. Makes 8 servings.

Tuesday's sandwich has just one face. (Right.)

OPEN CHICKEN

Two tablespoons butter, ¼ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 cups milk, 3 dessertspoons sherry, 2 cups cooked chicken or rabbit cut into large pieces, dash paprika, ham slices or cooked bacon rashers, 4 buttered, toasted English muffins or split crumpets.

In saucepan, melt butter; stir in flour, salt, and pepper. Gradually add milk; cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened; add sherry, chicken, paprika. Heat thoroughly. In lightly greased pan heat ham slices. Arrange ham slices on muffin halves; top with hot chicken mixture. Makes 4 servings.

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Monday

"... a loaf its base"

Recipes in this Big-Sandwich Cook Book are designed for informal entertaining. Opposite and overleaf are pictures illustrating the star recipe for each day of the week. Below and on page 42 are additional suggestions. The feature is published by exclusive arrangement with the American "Good Housekeeping" Magazine.

IF Monday's loaf is not fresh, moisten it and bake until crust is crisp.

SUSAN'S PARTY SANDWICH LOAF

Ham salad, ½ recipe egg salad, chicken-nut, 1 tablespoon hot water, ½ jar blue-cheese spread, ¾lb. softened cottage cheese, 1/3rd to ½ cup evaporated milk, 1 loaf day-old unsliced white bread, 6 thin tomato slices, dill-pickle slivers.

Day before: Make ham salad, egg salad, and chicken-nut for fillings. Refrigerate.

Early in day: Make fourth filling by blending water with cheese spread till smooth and creamy. For "frosting," blend cottage cheese with enough evaporated milk to make it spread easily. With sharp knife, trim crusts from top, bottom, and sides of bread loaf. Place loaf on side; slice lengthwise into 5 even slices about ½in. thick. (You may use a ruler as a guide to keep slicing straight.)

To assemble: Spread bottom slice with cheese spread. Spread second slice with half of chicken filling; top this with tomato slices, then with rest of chicken filling; place on cheese layer. Spread third slice with egg salad; place on chicken layer. (When arranging bread slices on top of each other be careful not to press them together too firmly lest mixtures ooze.) Spread fourth slice with ham salad; place on egg layer. Top all with last bread slice, with rounded side up. With hands, gently shape loaf so all sides are even. Remove any oozing bits. With spatula, frost top and sides with softened cottage cheese. Refrigerate loaf several hours so it will cut easily.

To serve: Garnish top of loaf with dill pickle. Fork makes eating easier. Makes 10 slices one-inch thick.

For a crowd: When serving 12 or more, make 2 Party Sandwich Loaves, using 1 loaf each of white and wholemeal bread. Make up 1 Party Loaf with 2 white slices alternated with 3 wholemeal slices, the other with 3 white slices alternated with 2 wholemeal slices.

FAN-TAN LOAF

Quarter cup soft butter, 10 bread slices, 2 cups coarsely chopped ham sausage, 1¼ cups grated processed cheese, 1 cup pickle relish, ¼ cup prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Several hours ahead: Butter bread. Mix ham sausage with 1 cup grated cheese, pickle relish, mustard. Spread 9 bread slices with filling. On greaseproof paper put bread slices back together in loaf form, with tenth slice at end. Sprinkle top of loaf with ¼ cup grated cheese. Bring paper up around sides of loaf; wrap. Refrigerate.

About 1 hour before serving: Bake loaf 45 minutes in hot oven, uncovering it for last 10 minutes to crisp.

To serve: Transfer loaf to serving-plate and garnish with parsley. Serve 2 slices per guest. Makes 5 servings.

INDIVIDUAL SANDWICH LOAVES

Six ounces softened cottage cheese flavored with chopped chives, 1 tablespoon milk, 12 bread slices, soft butter, salmon salad, egg salad, 8 tomato slices, lettuce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4 thinly sliced radishes.

Several hours ahead: Mix cheese with milk until fluffy. Spread bread with butter. Make 4 2-decker sandwiches with salmon salad as bottom layer, egg salad with tomato and lettuce as second layer. Spread top slice of each sandwich with cheese. Refrigerate until well chilled.

To serve: Garnish with parsley, radishes; cut each in half. Fork makes eating easier. Makes 4 servings.

ITALIAN MEAT BALLS

(See "Big Boy" recipe opposite page)

Three-quarters pound chuck steak (minced), ½ cup dried breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 egg (beaten), ½ cup evaporated milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ clove of finely minced garlic, 1 tablespoon good shortening.

Combine beef with breadcrumbs, cornflour, egg, evaporated milk, salt, and garlic. Shape into 40 small balls. Brown meat balls on all sides in hot shortening. Set aside while assembling other ingredients for Big Boy Sandwich.

Tuesday

"... just one face"

SANDWICHES and rolls look appetising when the filling is left uncovered for all to see.

TWO-COURSE SANDWICH

Two cups chopped, cooked corned beef, 1 cup crisp shredded cabbage, ¼ cup horse-radish, 3oz. cottage cheese, 1 tablespoon milk, ¼ cup well-drained crushed pineapple, ¼ cup chopped dates, 4 bread rolls, 4 gherkins, large lettuce leaves.

Several hours ahead: Mix corned beef, cabbage, horse-radish. Mix cottage cheese with milk, pineapple, chopped dates. Refrigerate both.

At serving time: Split rolls lengthwise; hollow out both sections slightly. Fill one end with corned-beef filling; fill other end with cheese-pineapple filling. Close sandwich. Put gherkins and extra whole dates on cocktail sticks; stick into top of roll, arranging gherkins at one end and dates at the other end. Serve each roll on lettuce leaf. Cut roll into halves or quarters for easier eating. Makes 4 servings.

HOT-AND-COLD SANDWICH PLATE

Four split hamburger rolls, 2 cups minced luncheon meat, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, ¼ chopped green pepper, 2 eggs, slightly beaten, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 2 cups potato salad, 4 fresh or tinned peach halves, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, shredded lettuce.

Several hours ahead: Hollow out roll halves slightly. Mix crumbled bread with minced meat, mustard, green pepper, eggs, mayonnaise; refrigerate. Make potato salad; refrigerate.

About 10 minutes before serving: Place lower halves of rolls on oven tray; heap meat filling on top. Sprinkle peach halves with sugar; dot with butter; place on tray beside rolls. Grill slowly, about 5 minutes. Meanwhile, fill top halves of rolls with potato salad. Arrange hot-and-cold sandwich on each plate. Garnish with peach half set in nest of shredded lettuce. Makes 4 servings.

DE LUXE TUNA SANDWICH

One cup tinned tuna, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon horse-radish, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 4 thin pumpernickel or rye-bread slices.

Mix tuna with mayonnaise, horse-radish, salt, pepper. Spread on bread slices. Serve with hot tea or coffee, tinned grapefruit sections for dessert. Makes 4 servings.

COTTAGE-CHEESE HEARTY

Two cups cottage cheese, ½ cup finely grated carrots, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 4 large tomato slices, soft butter, 4 rye-bread slices, lettuce, ¼ cup chopped parsley.

Several hours ahead: Mix cheese with carrots, green pepper, red pepper, chives, salt, pepper. Refrigerate.

To serve: Sprinkle tomato slices with salt. Butter bread. Arrange lettuce and one tomato slice on each rye-bread slice. Top with scoopful of cheese mixture; sprinkle with parsley. Nice with French onion soup. Makes 4 servings.

DIVAN SANDWICHES

One tin asparagus spears, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 6 buttered toast slices, 6 ham or chicken slices, chopped parsley.

In small saucepan, melt butter; stir in flour, cook 1 minute, then add milk. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Stir in cheese until melted. Place toast on oven tray. Top with asparagus spears, then with meat slices. Spoon on the cheese sauce. Grill 3 to 5 minutes or until golden. Sprinkle with parsley. Makes 4 servings.

GRILLED CHEESE-AND-TOMATO BUNWICHES

For each bunwich, place tomato slice, sprinkled with salt, on each half of buttered, split hamburger roll. Sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon minced onion. Top with 1 slice of processed cheese. Grill until cheese is lightly browned. Top with crisp bacon rasher. Serve with ripe olives, relishes, and soft drink.

"... two-decker pleaser"

ALMOST any combination that pleases your fancy can be used.

Choose 3, 4, or more of the following fillings to put together with 3 bread slices (one or more kinds of bread, toasted or untoasted). Or, if you're calorie-conscious, choose only 2 bread slices, toasted, to make a junior club sandwich.

Choose fresh bread, not more than one day old, from any of the following:-

White, wholemeal, rye, pumpernickel, milk, malt, raisin, brown, cheese, orange, banana, nut, date and nut.

THE FILLING MAINSTAY

Sliced roast chicken or any other poultry; roast beef, lamb, veal, or pork; baked ham or meat loaf; hot or cold corned beef; cold tongue; sliced ready-cooked meats; tinned luncheon meat or chopped ham; tinned devilled ham or tongue; crisp bacon slices; sauteed minced beef; sauteed minced liver; hot or cold split frankfurts; cheese slices; hard-boiled egg slices; sardines, salmon, tuna, crab, lobster, prawns, ham or tongue salad; liverwurst.

FILLING ADDITIONS

Butter; mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing; chilli sauce; ketchup; mustard; anchovy paste; cottage cheese; relish—pickle or chutney; apple jelly; preserves; honey; peanut butter; cheese spreads (there are many to choose from); salt.

Wednesday

GARNISHES

Thin cucumber, tomato, or onion slices; green-pepper rings; lettuce or watercress; sliced sweet and dill pickles; ripe and stuffed olives; shallots; radishes; carrot strips and curls; celery; cauliflowerets; pickled beets; mushrooms; pickled peaches or onions; walnut, cashew nut, or peanut halves; raisins, dates, or figs.

CHEESEBURGER STACKS

One and a half pounds chuck steak (minced), 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 6 processed cheese slices, fat and salad oil, 6 tomato slices, 6 split hamburger rolls, soft butter, salt.

A few hours ahead: Mix beef with onion, salt, pepper. Shape into 12 thin patties, using about ¼ cup mixture for each patty. Put cheese slice between each 2 patties, pressing edges together to seal cheese inside.

At lunchtime: In small amount of hot fat in pan, cook cheeseburgers to desired rareness. Meanwhile sprinkle tomato slices with salt. Toast split rolls; spread with butter. Insert cheeseburger and tomato slice between each split roll. Serve with tossed greens and jug of milk. Makes 6 servings.

Thursday

"... out of the freezer"

IT'S an easy matter to keep frozen, hearty sandwiches on hand — the kind you'd serve at an outdoor picnic or supper.

Of course, they're fine for the lunchbox, too.

Sandwiches are easy to freeze. You can prepare them whenever you have the makings on hand, at any convenient time. They'll keep 2 or 3 weeks. All you have to do is:

1. Spread each bread slice with soft butter or cheese spread. (You can season butter with a little chilli sauce, mustard, horse-radish.) Avoid spreading with mayonnaise, salad dressing, or jelly—these soak into bread.

2. Now fill sandwiches with those leftover slices of roast beef, lamb, veal, chicken, rabbit, etc.; or use pantry-shelf items such as tinned meats, luncheon meat, or tongue; or make up favorite salad fillings with any of these meats or with tuna, salmon, prawns—just be sure to cut down on the mayonnaise. If egg-salad filling is your choice, leave out egg-whites.

3. Omit such items as lettuce, celery, carrots, tomatoes; they lose their crispness in freezing. Plan to add them just before eating.

4. If you're wrapping a variety of sandwiches, be sure to label each kind. For easy storage, pack a number together in a box. If you're freezing only a few, use one of your ice-cube trays.

5. For the rest of the story—the thawing and serving—see recipe for freezer ham and olive sandwich on page 40.

WAFFLED COTTAGE-CHEESE SANDWICHES

Make cottage-cheese sandwiches. Brush outsides with melted butter. Toast in waffle iron till golden. Wrap and freeze. When required, unwrap unthawed sandwiches. Bake 10 minutes, turning once. Or put in toaster and toast twice.

HAM-LOAF ROLLS

Four cups coarsely minced ham loaf, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, teaspoon ground cloves, 1½ cups fresh breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 8 hot frankfurt rolls, barbecue sauce.

Mix meat with brown sugar, mustard, salt, cloves. Toss breadcrumbs lightly with milk, egg. Add to meat mixture. Mix well. On oven tray, shape mixture to fit rolls, allowing about 1-3rd cup mixture for each roll. Wrap and freeze. When required place in shallow pan. Bake 15 to 20 minutes, basting with barbecue sauce. Serve on hot rolls. Makes 8 servings.

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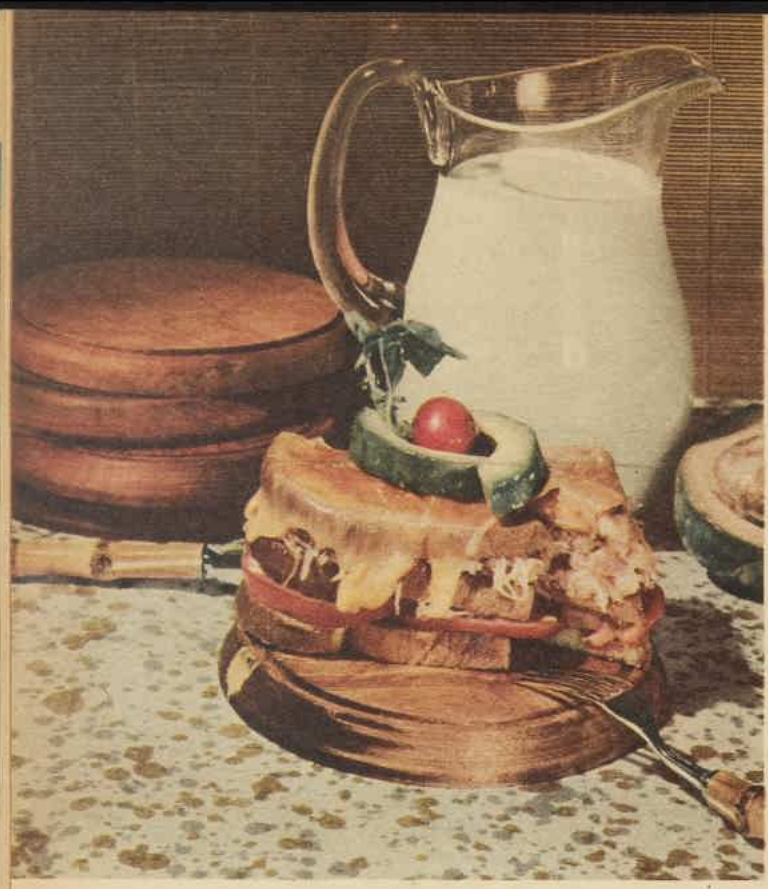
Continuing . . .

Big-Sandwich Cook Book

• Five of the most interesting of our big-sandwich recipes, ideal for informal parties, are chosen for illustration on these two pages.



Wednesday's sandwich—a two-decker pleaser. (Above.)

FROSTED CLUB

One cup crab meat, 2 diced, hard-boiled eggs, ¼ cup French dressing, ¼ cup sweet pickle relish, ¼ teaspoon salt, pepper, 6 thick tomato slices, 6 white-toast slices, mayonnaise, 4 slices processed cheese, 2 radishes, 4 avocado slices (optional).

Flake crab meat; mix with eggs, French dressing, pickle relish and salt. Sprinkle both sides of tomato slices with pepper and salt. Spread toast with mayonnaise. On wooden board or baking sheet, make two 2-decker sandwiches, using tomatoes for bottom layer, crab-meat mixture for second layer. Top each sandwich with 2 cheese slices; halve diagonally. Bake 7 to 10 minutes or until cheese is melted and sandwiches are golden brown. Garnish with radishes and avocado slices.

Nice with mugs of milk, tall glasses of iced coffee, iced tea, or lemon squash. Makes 2 servings.

If crabmeat is not available use shelled, chopped prawns, or flaked pink salmon (drained from liquor).

Thursday's sandwich comes out of the freezer. (Left.)

HAM AND OLIVE

Four cups minced ham sausage, 1 cup sliced stuffed olives, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing, ¼ cup prepared mustard, 24 slices bread, ½ cup soft butter.

Combine meat with ½ cup olives, Worcestershire sauce, mayonnaise, and mustard. Butter bread slices lightly. Then spread half of bread slices with meat mixture. Top with remaining olives, then remaining bread slices. Put into bags made from food-wrapping plastic, seal, label and freeze until required.

To thaw: Allow to stand at room temperature about 3 hours. Makes 12 sandwiches.

Lunch-box note: When packing lunch in morning, place sandwiches in lunch box right from freezer. By lunchtime, sandwiches will be thawed and ready to eat. Also into lunch box tuck crisp lettuce leaves, small tomato and carrot or cucumber sticks.

Friday's sandwich—assemble and bake it. (Above.)

CASSEROLETTE

Three eggs, 1½ pints milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 9 white-bread slices, 12 slices luncheon sausage, 2 sliced tomatoes, 1 cup grated processed cheese.

Beat eggs slightly; mix in milk, salt, mustard. Make three two-decker sandwiches, using luncheon sausage for first layer, tomato slices sprinkled with grated cheese for second layer. Halve each sandwich diagonally. Arrange in baking-dish with cut sides down. Pour milk mixture over all. Bake 1½ hours or until mixture is set in centre. Serve with relishes and tall glasses of iced tea. Makes 6 servings.

To make iced tea: Three-quarters pint boiling water, 1oz. tea leaves, crushed ice, lemon slices, sugar, mint sprigs.

Pour boiling water on to tea leaves, infuse 5 minutes. Strain over crushed ice (or crushed lemon ice cubes) in tall glasses. Sweeten with sugar and garnish with lemon and mint.

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Saturday's sandwich is just what you make it. (Above.)

SMORGASBORD

Here's an artful way to make sure that every member of the party gets just exactly the sandwich he wants. Arrange a choice of sandwich makings, smorgasbord style, and let each person combine his own favorites. The array pictured here is on the lavish side, but of course you can also serve a make-your-own-sandwich meal with a considerably smaller choice of delicacies.

Pictured here are: Sliced luncheon meat; sliced roast poultry; ham rolls; choice of ready-cooked meats; processed and block cheese slices; olives and pickles; assorted breads; ketchup; mustard; cottage cheese; jellied cranberry sauce; tuna salad; tomato and onion slices; sardines; onion rings; egg salad; soft butter; pickles; lettuce and water cress.

Here's an interesting spread to add to the smorgasbord tray.

Avocado spread: Press the pulp of 2 avocados through a sieve or wire strainer. Add salt, pepper, and then garlic vinegar to thin it down to the desired consistency. Do not add oil — the avocado provides its own. Place in a bowl to serve. A plate of potato crisps may be added and used to dip the mixture from the bowl.

And the sandwich you serve on Sunday night Is a scone, a pie, and a pure delight. (Right.)

SANDWICH-PIZZAS

Three-quarters pound chuck steak, minced, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ clove finely minced garlic, salt and pepper, ½lb. scone dough, ¼ cup ketchup, 5 large tomato slices, 5 large onion slices, melted butter, 4oz. processed cheese (coarsely grated), cress or parsley.

Mix meat, Worcestershire sauce, garlic, salt, and pepper, and cook over low heat, stirring frequently until meat changes color. Roll scone dough to good ¼in. thickness, cut into 2½in. rounds. Arrange on greased oven-tray. Spread the tops of half the number of rounds with ketchup, then top with meat mixture, tomato slice, then onion slice. Brush onion slice with melted butter. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes, then lift a plain scone on to each of the meat-topped scones and add a spoonful of grated cheese. Return to hot oven until cheese is melted and browned. Serve with a sprig of cress or parsley. Makes 5 servings.

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Your most economical desserts

A "QUICK TRICK" RECIPE

Quick Bananas

1 lemon or lime jelly crystal or tablet, 3 bananas.

Prepare jelly mixture according to directions. Leave until thickening. Peel and slice bananas; carefully stir through the jelly and place in a mould or serving bowl.

Cool . . . Sparkling . . .

JELLIES

. . . Set them for Summer!

INSERTED BY DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MANUFACTURERS OF AUSTRALIAN JELLIES

Don't let your hands say 'Housework'!

SOFTASILK PREVENTS

- Rough red hands.
- Dryness caused by harsh washing soaps.
- Wind and weather chapping.
- Coarse elbows.
- Hard skin on palms and fingers.

Your hands need the rich, protective oils that neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and the chapping caused by wind and weather.

Use fragrant creamy Softasilk after every household task and see how your hands stay soft as silk!

It's handier in a tube . . . keep it handy!

Small, Large, Economy Sizes.

HAND BEAUTY CREAM

BCH

Continued from page 41

Big-Sandwich Cook Book

Friday

MAKE these sandwiches early in the day, then bake just before serving.

TUNA BURGERS

Two cups tuna, ½ cup cooked salad dressing, ½ cup dried breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ cup chopped dill pickles, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, soft butter, 6 toasted, split hamburger rolls, 6 cheese slices, chilli sauce.

Several Hours Ahead: Mix tuna with salad dressing, ¼ cup breadcrumbs, onion, pickles, salts, pepper, lemon juice. Shape into 6 flat patties, coat with breadcrumbs. Place on oven tray. Chill.

About 40 Minutes Before Serving: Bake tuna burgers 20 minutes in hot oven, turning once. Butter rolls. Place 1 tuna burger on half of each roll; top with cheese slice. Bake until cheese is melted. Spread other half of each roll with chilli sauce; put halves together. Makes 6 servings.

"... assemble and bake it"

ISLAND SANDWICHES

Soft butter, 6 split hamburger rolls, 6 drained tinned pineapple slices, 6 chicken slices, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup finely chopped nuts.

Butter rolls. On oven tray arrange each hamburger roll with pineapple on bottom half and chicken on top half. Sprinkle chicken with grated cheese. Bake 10 to 15 minutes or until cheese and pineapple are nicely browned. Sprinkle pineapple with nuts. Serve with crisp celery. Makes 6 servings.

SARDINE-CHEESE ROLLS

Four ounces cubed cheese, 5 chopped hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup sardines, 1 dessertspoon minced green pepper, 2 dessertspoons minced onion, 3 dessertspoons chopped stuffed olives, 2 dessertspoons pickle relish, ½ cup mayonnaise, soft butter, 6 split hamburger rolls.

In Advance: Combine cheese, eggs, sardines, green pepper, onion, olives, pickle relish, mayonnaise. Butter rolls. Fill each split roll with cheese mixture; wrap in food-wrapping plastic. Refrigerate.

About 25 Minutes Before Serving: Bake rolls on greased oven trays (covered with greased paper) 15 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Tuna-cheese: Use 3 eggs. Substitute flaked tuna for sardines.

Salmon-cheese: Use 3 eggs. Substitute flaked salmon for sardines.

Chicken or Rabbit-cheese: Use 3 eggs. Substitute diced cooked chicken or rabbit meat for sardines.

"... just what you make it"

TRY these "Help Yourself Fillings" for the Smorgasbord pictured on page 41.

SALMON SALAD: One tin salmon, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup minced celery, ½ cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing, salt.

Several Hours Ahead: Drain salmon, then flake. Mix with rest of ingredients. Refrigerate. Makes 2½ to 3 cups.

EGG SALAD: Six chopped hard-boiled eggs, ¼ cup finely chopped ripe olives, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, ½ cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing.

Several Hours Ahead: Mix together all ingredients. Refrigerate. Makes about 2 cups filling.

CHICKEN-NUT: Two cups minced, cooked chicken, ½ cup minced celery, 1 cup finely chopped walnuts (or less), 1-3rd cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Several Hours Ahead: Mix together all ingredients. Refrigerate. Makes about 3½ cups filling.

ORANGE PEANUT BUTTER: Three-quarters cup peanut butter, ¼ cup chopped raisins, ½ cup orange juice.

Several Hours Ahead: Mix together all ingredients. Refrigerate. Makes 1¼ cups.

END OF ROAST: One lb. cold roast veal or pork (2 cups), ½ small onion, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 3 dessertspoons mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon celery salt, pinch cayenne pepper.

Several Hours Ahead: Put meat and onion through mincer. Mix in remaining ingredients. Refrigerate. Makes 1 1-3rd cups.

Saturday

HAM SALAD: Half-cup chopped ham or luncheon meat, 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon minced onion.

Several Hours Ahead: Mix together all ingredients. Refrigerate. Makes about ¾ cup.

HERRING SALAD: One tin herrings, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon ketchup, ¼ cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Several Hours Ahead: Thoroughly mix all ingredients. Refrigerate. Makes about 1 cup.

SWEET PEPPER HASH: One cup chopped green peppers, 1 cup chopped red peppers, 1 cup chopped onions, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 cup vinegar.

Day Before: In medium saucepan (not aluminium), mix green and red peppers, onions, sugar, salt, vinegar. Boil gently 20 to 30 minutes or until thick. Store in covered jar in refrigerator. Serve with Smorgasbord Help Yourself Fillings. Makes 2 cups.

Sunday

WE call these scones—but Americans call them "raised biscuits." For special occasions use tuna instead of salmon.

SALMON SCONE-PIE

One tin salmon, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1-3rd cup ketchup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½lb. cheese scone dough.

Mix drained, flaked salmon, onion, mustard, ketchup, lemon juice. Divide scone mixture into 2 portions. Roll one to fit 8in. tart-plate. Spread with salmon mixture. Drop remaining scone dough, by spoonfuls, on top, leaving centre uncovered. Bake 25 minutes or until browned in hot oven. Serve cut into wedges. Wonderful with lettuce hearts. Makes 4 generous servings.

PYRAMID

For each sandwich, cut thinly sliced white bread into 3 rounds, one 4in., one 2in., and one 1in. Cut raisin bread into 2 rounds, one 3in. and 1 1½in. Spread rounds with butter, then:

Spread 4in. round with mixture of chopped hard-boiled eggs, mayonnaise, and chopped ripe olives.

Top 3in. round with peanut butter mixed with ketchup; top 2in. round with drained tomato slice; top 1½in. round with prawn salad; top 1in. round with curried cottage cheese and radish rose.

Place rounds on top of each other to form pyramid. Eat layer by layer with fork.

"... a scone, a pie, and a pure delight"

CHICKEN AND SCONES

Arrange split hot scones in shallow baking-dish. Top each with creamed chicken, then with grated processed cheese. Grill till cheese melts. Serve with tomato slices and grilled bacon.

BAKED SALMON SANDWICHES

Half pound scone dough, 1 tin salmon, ½ cup diced cheese, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Roll scone dough and cut into rounds with 2in. cutter. Arrange half the rounds on greased oven-tray. Spread with salmon mixed with cheese and mayonnaise. Place remaining scones on top, pressing edges (lower edges moistened) lightly together. Brush tops with melted butter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Perfect for Sunday night supper with tomatoes and cucumbers. Makes 5 servings.

WAFFLEWICHES

Half pound minced cooked meat or ham sausage, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 6 small or 3 large waffles, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter.

Mix meat or ham sausage with prepared mustard. Spread mixture on waffles, pressing 2 together to make sandwich. Beat egg slightly, stir in milk. Dip waffle sandwiches into egg-milk mixture. In hot butter in pan, saute sandwiches until golden on both sides. Serve with fresh-fruit salad platter for Sunday night supper. A fork makes eating easier. Makes 3 servings.

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Mixmaster automatically does all the tiring, never-ending arm-work of mixing, beating, mashing, whipping, folding, blending, stirring, creaming, juicing . . . all completely, thoroughly and at scientifically determined speeds. Cooking failures are things of the past when Mixmaster does the mixing.

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Giving credit where it's due

Credit is due to the seven young grand-finalist Junior Farmers pictured on this page. One of them will be chosen this week as the star junior farmer of New South Wales.

BRIAN KEECH, Gwyn Lewis, and Graham Walker, junior farmers whose scientific farming projects help their land.

THESE seven young people, winnowed from 19 who faced judges in the semi-finals, will be brought to Sydney by the Rural Bank this week.

They were chosen as grand-finalists after gruelling tests, which allowed points for qualities of leadership, self-expression, practical work on the properties, ability, and achievements.

Further interviews and visits to the finalists on their farms will be made before the champion is decided upon. The winner will receive a twenty-guinea trophy, and each of the others will be given a district trophy valued at twelve guineas.

In New South Wales there are 9000 Junior Farmers who proudly wear the badge with its motto, "I achieve — I aspire."

There are over 300 clubs and 19 full-time supervisors. From 19 clubs the seven finalists were chosen. Alphabetically they are:

TOM BOYTON: Tom is 21 years old and is the president of Wallarobba Club, near Dungog. Talk to him and he'll go on and on about the subjects he knows — lucerne, pasture improvement, the ambition he has to own an irrigated dairy farm some day.

BRIAN KEECH: Brian, the only married man of the lot, came to Sydney for the Junior Farmers' semi-finals. Then he headed north with his bride, Marie, to spend a honeymoon at the Barrier Reef. Aged 21, a big, husky, fair-haired young man, Brian belongs to the Mudgee Club and share-farms with Edward Macarthur Onslow.

GWYN LEWIS: The only girl among the seven, Gwyn represents the 3000 girls who junior-farm throughout New South Wales. Gwyn, small, neat, and vivacious, lives at "Dutton," Berridale, and belongs to the Berridale Club. Because she is a keen horsewoman, enters local shows and goes mustering the sheep on horseback, Gwyn concentrated on horsemanship as one of the set projects. Her other was Home Science.

ARTHUR MARTIN: At 20 is the president of the Nimbin Club in the far north of New South Wales. He has been a junior farmer since the age of 11, and holds the Hawkesbury Diploma in Agriculture. For the past two years he has been building up a herd of polled Jersey cattle — the first on the North Coast.

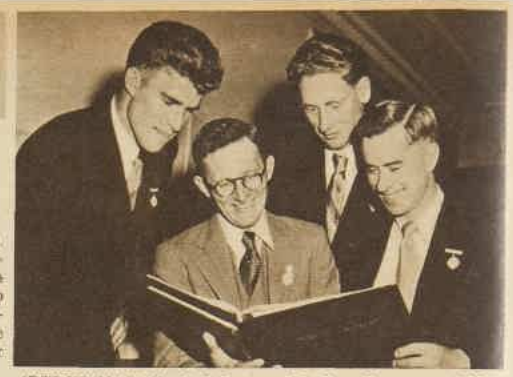
MATT SINGLETON: Aged 25, president of the Bon Glen Club, who lives at "Crossmaglen," in the Clarence River district, was the first to discover that the soil of the district was deficient in phosphorus.

No one had known this until Matt made exhaustive experiments, laying out a series of plots, with each alternate one containing all chemical elements, and with the intervening one having one element missed out. Once he discovered that phosphorus was missing, Matt added it, with startling results.

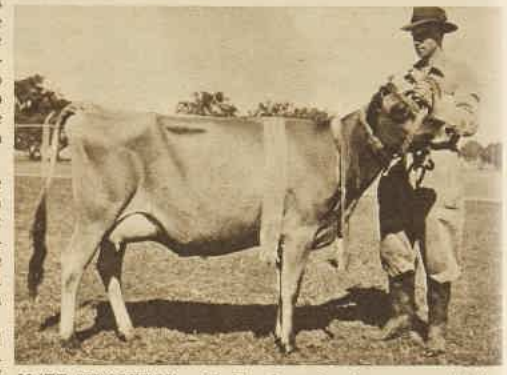
NEIL SOMMERLAD: Secretary of the Legume Club, is 21, and comes from Old Koreelah, via Kyogle. He has been highly successful with beef cattle and is the raiser of the highest priced fat bullock as a three-year-old ever sold in the Kyogle stockyards.

Concentrating on pasture improvement, Neil has seen his land changing within five years from a rabbit-infested area, and has seen lucernes and clovers replacing the native pastures. The property has been netted and subdivided.

GRAHAM WALKER: Twenty-year-old president of the Robertson Club, is a fair-haired young man who lives at 163-acres "Binnie Lodge" in the Southern Highlands. His project was the raising of cows and calves, and his ambition is to establish an Australian Illawarra Shorthorn stud.



ARTHUR MARTIN, Neil Sommerlad, Tom Boyton, and Matt Singleton, who with the people in the picture at left are the seven grand-finalists chosen from 19 semi-finalists, from whom the star Junior Farmer of N.S.W. will soon be chosen.



MATT SINGLETON, with his champion Jersey cow, "Aghadreena Sociable Souerette," at the Grafton, N.S.W., Show. Matt, who says Jersey cows are his one love, has 120 in his herd and has complete herd records for five generations.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE makes a simple luncheon savory dish this week. Once tried you will agree this dish has an appetising aroma and delicious flavor.

LUNCHEON SAVORY

Two cups diced tinned ham or beef loaf, 2 cups diced cooked potato, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons tomato juice (or 1 tablespoon tomato sauce and 3 tablespoons water), 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs.

1. Combine meat, potato, finely chopped onion, parsley, pepper, and tomato juice or tomato sauce and water.
2. Add 1 tablespoon of the melted butter or substitute and beaten egg and milk; mix well.
3. Fill into greased ovenware dish or loaf-tin.
4. Mix breadcrumbs with remaining butter or substitute and spread on top.
5. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve piping hot.

More men wear **Casben** Walk-Shorts than any other brand!

(RESULT OF INDEPENDENT SYDNEY SURVEY)

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KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

The most dramatic quarrels often seem very silly after some time has passed. Even a few weeks often puts their cause in the right perspective and lets you, perhaps, salvage some of the relationship that existed before the blow-up.

ON top of the mail this week is a letter from a girl who has been given a second chance. She is wondering how to retrieve a situation broken up by a quarrel a long time ago.

"WHEN I was 16 I went for several months with a boy three years my senior. We had an argument which was never made up. We attend the same church, and recently he has started taking me home from all church functions. I am still very attached to him, and he acts as though he is fond of me, yet he never takes me out. Could you advise me how to find out how far his affections go without causing embarrassment?"

M.B., Victoria.

Finding out how far his affections go is a campaign in itself, requiring time, skill, and patience. You will have to work round to that gradually.

But first of all, to clear the air, one of you should refer to the argument that caused all the trouble. I don't know what this was and it may have been about something important. However, after some time has passed, the causes of all arguments seem a bit silly.

Could you lead the conversation round to a similar topic and say, "I remember arguing with you about such-and-such once before. I can't imagine what made me so angry then." Or, out of the blue, "I was thinking the other day about that terrific argument we had about such-and-such. You know, you were right."

The latter is rather a crawl-down. Whether you like the boy well enough to make it is up to you.

Have you asked him in for a cup of tea or coffee after he has taken you home from a function? An invitation like this isn't much more than an acknowledgment of his courtesy and wouldn't cause you any loss of face. Besides, it sets the scene for a good talk.

He may refuse—more out of surprise than anything. But you could be gently insistent, saying something like, "I'm dying for a cup. Do come in and have it with me."

Even if he refuses then, it will percolate his consciousness that invitations are in order.

The only other invitation that you can offer with dignity is the old stand-by of the seats to a show that someone gave you and would he like to go with you?

"Whatever happened to the man who swept me off my feet a few short years ago?"

"AS an Englishman resident in Australia for the past three years, I cannot resist writing a retort to your contributor, John B. Moyle (October 20, 1954, "Aussie girls are much the best"). As regards personality, Australian women have none at all, and are generally bigoted, insular, and selfish, and to a large degree responsible for the vicious streaks which occasionally appear in their generally quite affable menfolk, who are controlled by their wives. My heart bleeds for the poor wretched bachelor migrant who hasn't got a chance with these cold, hard-hearted creatures, and may the day soon come when Australian women will begin to realise that they are not so good after all. For myself, I had to send home to England for a wife, and the same seems to be the case of the Dutch migrants."

Disillusioned Pom, Adelaide.

Sorry there wasn't room to print all your letter. As you say, Australian girls should give more credit for their good figures and dressing to the diet obtainable here and to the climate which enables them to shine in summer dresses.

I don't entirely agree with you that no lady would wear flowers or jewels before midday, but we could argue that forever and still end with our own opinions.

Many Australian women are all the nasty things you call them. Don't forget, though, that ever since you've been here you've been prejudiced. Maybe you didn't bring out the best in the girls you met simply because you weren't at your best with them, being preoccupied with thoughts of the one at home in England.

(I take it, you see, that when you "sent home" for a wife it was for a girl you already knew.)

Sometimes I think how wonderful it would be, both nationally and individually, if every eligible bachelor migrating here should straight away meet a really nice local girl. And here, I'll grant you, Australian insularity is very much at fault.

There's only one point on which I really disagree. The vicious streaks that occasionally show up in Australian men are not due to their womenfolk. Psychiatrists and other social behaviour experts attribute the streaks to a number of things, but sub-standard womenfolk isn't anywhere among them.

★ ★ ★

As I promised, here are some more pen-friend requests. Others will be published as space permits.

"COULD you get me pen-friends from Australia and any other country? I would like to correspond with a girl or a young man 17-20. My hobbies are swimming, dancing, cycling, reading, and letter-writing."

Patricia McAllery, 104 Elizabeth Street, Granville, N.S.W.

"I AM 14 and live in the country where I know no girls of my own age. Could you find me a pen-friend? My hobbies are reading, radio, swimming, and playing modern records."

June Humphries, Tangiers, East Gippsland, Victoria.

Joan of Brisbane: You forgot to let us have your full name and address. We can't publish your request for pen-friends until we receive this.

Weight-increasing remedy: "Below Average," Manly, N.S.W.; V. Alexander, Annerley, Queensland; Phil McLeod, Dee Why, N.S.W.; D. Wilson, Sydney, have asked for the weight - increasing remedy. "Here's your answer" of November 17, 1954, was written by a doctor who gave full directions on how to increase your weight.

DISC DIGEST

ALTHOUGH I was very disappointed with the 78 r.p.m. EP of four Jean Sablon songs, it is good to find that they have been improved in the transfer to microgroove, and CFR10353 turns out to be a pleasant album of French cabaret songs. Sablon, now appearing on the Tivoli circuit, waxed these several years ago for the American market. That is why he alternates between French and English in most numbers. Often it is quite amusing to discover how commonplace the lyrics sound when translated into English "as she is spoke" in Tin Pan Alley. The beguiling Jean sings "Symphony," "J'Attendrai," "Passe," "These Foolish Things," "La Chanson Des Rues," "Porque," "It Might As Well Be Spring," and "Quand L'Amour Meurt." The last-named was popularised in Europe by Dietrich in her legendary "Blue Angel" period, and is deserving of revival for its lovely melody.

Strange as it may seem, the theme music for the film "The Caine Mutiny" is "I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me," written by songwriter McHugh way back around 1941. It has been put out on DO70129, and is backed with "Magnificent Obsession," theme from the film of the same name. Tunes are played by Victor Young, and the disc should appeal to many film fans.—BERNARD FLETCHER

DISCARDED DISCS make effective frames for pin-ups. After the cut-outs are pasted on, cover with a coat of clear lacquer. Both sides of a record can be used and you can spin you favorite face out as the fancy takes you. To hang it, drill a hole in the edge of the record.

more than a soap

a traditional gift...

Roger & Gallet perfume soaps are made with finest imported oils . . . direct from Paris. Your choice of four superb fragrances . . . Carnation, Santal (Sandalwood), Jean Marie Farina Cologne, Violette. Gift box, three cakes, 11/6; single cakes, 3/10.

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with a Paris touch

Thrillingly gift-packed to please at first sight.

Another perfect present . . .

JEAN MARIE FARINA

the true EAU de COLOGNE

17 sizes from 5/- to 105/-

Made by ROGER & GALLET

AUST. AGENTS: CLEMENT BLACK PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

On the sticky, germ-laden legs of every fly which enters your home comes disease. Flies are a *menace*. They are filthy from birth. MORTEIN is the only insect spray which gives POSITIVE protection against disease-carrying flies. Mortein is FATAL to flies but entirely harmless to humans.

SAFEGUARD THE HEALTH OF YOUR FAMILY

Kill flies as soon as they appear with

Mortein

Most powerful insect spray in Australia — and the safest to use.

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Its flattery can't be copied!

Angel Face

by POND'S

THE LOVELY *Mirror Case*
—NOW BEAUTIFULLY BOXED
FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Angel Face Mirror Case—such a charming gift for someone you're fond of. It's a complete compact—large full-view mirror, soft velour puff, and your choice of five skin-flattering shades. **Ask to see the Christmas Angel Face** **12/6**

Compare it to greasy foundations. Angel Face never streaks or shines. It leaves your skin with a unique, soft-as-velvet look that *no other make-up has been able to duplicate.*

Compare it to ordinary face powders, loose or pressed. Pond's Angel Face is never spilly or "chalky", never drying to your skin. *Vaporised beauty oils* give it an incredible smoothness . . . it actually seems to become *one* with your skin.

Now! Pond's creamy-smooth powder and foundation in-one in its charming new *Mirror Case*

Tuck it in your handbag. Smooth on a "new complexion" in 5 seconds! You'll be proud to carry this lovely ivory and gold compact wherever you go.

Incomparable Angel Face also comes in the pocket-size ivory and gold case at . . . **4/11**
(Prices slightly higher in country areas.)

AM42

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4811581

Worth Reporting

PEDALLING her bicycle into Delft, Holland, to look for a few samples of the city's blue-and-white pottery, a Sydney girl, Miss Elwyn Exton, found herself in the middle of a Hollywood movie company "on location."

Jack-booted "Nazi soldiers" were strutting around the city square, and all the citizens of Delft were out watching for their favorite movie stars when she arrived in the centre of the town.

"I wondered what on earth was going on," she said. "I asked a few onlookers about it and they told me everyone was waiting to see Lana Turner.

"I think I must have been a bit excited myself, because I rushed off to a hotel, tidied up, and put on a pair of new shoes I'd been carrying around on my bike for some special occasion, and went out to see if I could get a job as an extra.

"I asked the director and he told me I could be Lana Turner's stand-in for a scene where she had to run round a corner.

"So that's what I did. I ran round that corner so many times that I lost count. I'd tear round for all I was worth, then go back and do it again, for about two hours.

"I thought all the time I was going to fall over and make a fool of myself. The shoes I had on were new and really too big for me. I kept tripping over everything, but the thought of the money I'd get for doing it kept me going.

"I was very short of funds at the time."

In addition to meeting Lana Turner, Miss Exton met Victor Mature and Clark Gable, the male stars of the film.

"They were awfully nice people," she said. "The director introduced me as some kind of mad Australian travelling round the Continent on a bicycle. All the Americans seemed to think that was very odd.

"I still don't know anything about the film, or why Lana Turner was supposed to run round the corner. Everyone was very secretive about the story, but I gathered it was something about the Dutch resistance movement."

He's out for your blood

THE Administrative Officer of the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, Colonel R. L. Bennett, is out for your blood, and he'll get it if he can.

"It would be the best Christmas present the service could receive," he said, "and it costs nothing in money or health to give.

"You see, although many people keep referring to the service as a blood bank, it's not a bank at all.

"Blood can't be stored away indefinitely. It lasts only ten days, and when you remember that every ten minutes one pint of blood is being transfused, you'll appreciate the need for more and more donors."

According to Colonel Bennett, commercial and clerical workers lead the list of donors, followed by members of the armed Services. Housewives are right at the end of the list. He thinks they could be near the top.

"We can't flourish without the help of the general public," added the colonel.

Male audience at fashion parade

THE most-stared-at people in Sydney, Council road repair men, lost the major part of their lunch-hour male audience the other day.

The men who usually spend their lunch hours peering with knowledgeable looks on their faces into road excavations spent a happy hour staring at pretty girls instead.

The girls were modelling bridal and evening clothes in the window of a city store to the strains of "Swan Lake" and "Coppelia."

A constant 50 per cent. of the changing crowd watching from the street were men, and their comments displayed keen observation, though not much fashion sense.

"Ye-e-s, that's all right, it's not bad, the—er—bustline's a bit—er—extreme. But maybe that's just the girl who's wearing it."

"M-m-m, it's a nice dress, but it wouldn't look like that on MY girl-friend."

★ ★ ★

WHEN a well-known American comedian was playing in England he travelled everywhere with his wife in a shiny Rolls-Royce.

As they drove from town to town she sat with a casket of jewels in her lap and he held a ventriloquist's doll on his knee.

On one occasion the driver tried to point out scenic spots, but the wife looked amazed. "I ain't interested," she said. "We got trees at home."

BOOK NEWS

By HELEN FRIZELL

THE next time Patricia Wentworth writes a thriller I recommend that the victim should be that boring female detective, Miss Maud Silver, that the weapon should be a mid-Victorian buttonhook, and that after the deed is done the murderer should cough twice before quoting Tennyson over the prostrate corpse.

Meanwhile, in "Ladies' Bane" Miss Silver pursues her way, wearing a bog-oak brooch pinned to the mouldering velvet coatee which tops her spinach-green art-silk dress.

When not looking intelligent and uttering cliches, Miss Silver coughs with a monotonous rapidity, matching the clacking of her knitting needles. Miss Silver, when not engaged in detection, is always busy with booties, stockings, and frocks for the children of her niece, Ethel Burkett.

Maud finishes her knitting, and finishes the case.

Primarily she determines whether a half-witted lump of a girl, Margot, fell or was caused to fall off a quarry. But Miss Wentworth also provides a drug addict, a drunken Scotsman, a romance, and a hideous house, complete with secret panelling, seven staircases, a bottomless well, and assorted dungeons.

Sprinkled generously throughout are excerpts from Tennyson, usually spoken by Maud Silver. I quote:

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

This time an adult joined in the crying.

Published by Hodder and Stoughton. Our copy from the publishers.

Cooking—the quick and easy way

AUSTRALIAN food technologist Mr. Alan T. Roche dropped in last week to tell us that he'd seen Swedish housewives buying quick-frozen goods when snow was falling out of doors.

Just back after a tour, for part of which he acted as Australian delegate to the Los Angeles conference of the Institute of Food Technologists, Mr. Roche is keenly interested in dehydration, quick-freezing, scientific methods of producing food, and in time and labor saving methods.

In America, Canada, Britain, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, Mr. Roche sampled every kind of meal from the chilli-con-carne of California to the rice dishes of Italy.

In America he tasted cakes, scones, waffles, pancakes, and doughnuts which were bought ready mixed and then prepared for eating.

He enjoyed the special mushroom, meat, and chilli-flavored sauces on sale and tried a wide variety of soups which five minutes earlier had been packet-wrapped.

"As one in three women in America go to work," he said, "it suits them to buy prepared food which they can store.

"Even in Italy, packaged soups and cakes are selling well."

Mr. Roche brought his wife a series of recipes from overseas, which she will make the quick and easy way in their own kitchen.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *BY RUD*

ALMOST EVERYONE NEEDS A GENTLE TONIC LAXATIVE

Do *you* take a glass of Andrews in the morning? This bracing, bubbling drink makes you feel "just fine" . . . **And here's how Andrews lively sparkle contributes to your health:** Andrews insures your INNER cleanliness! You can actually feel it refresh your mouth and tongue and, as effervescent **Andrews is antacid,** it soothes your stomach, corrects digestive upsets, and relieves the pain and oppression of acid indigestion. And that's not all! **Andrews tones up your liver, too,** and checks any tendency to biliousness. Then Andrews gently and safely cleanses your system of harmful, blood-heating impurities. **So why not help health with Andrews?**

BIG VALUE FOR HEALTH
½ lb. FAMILY SIZE, 4/3
¼ lb. Handy Size, 2/9

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LIVER SALT
the TONIC LAXATIVE

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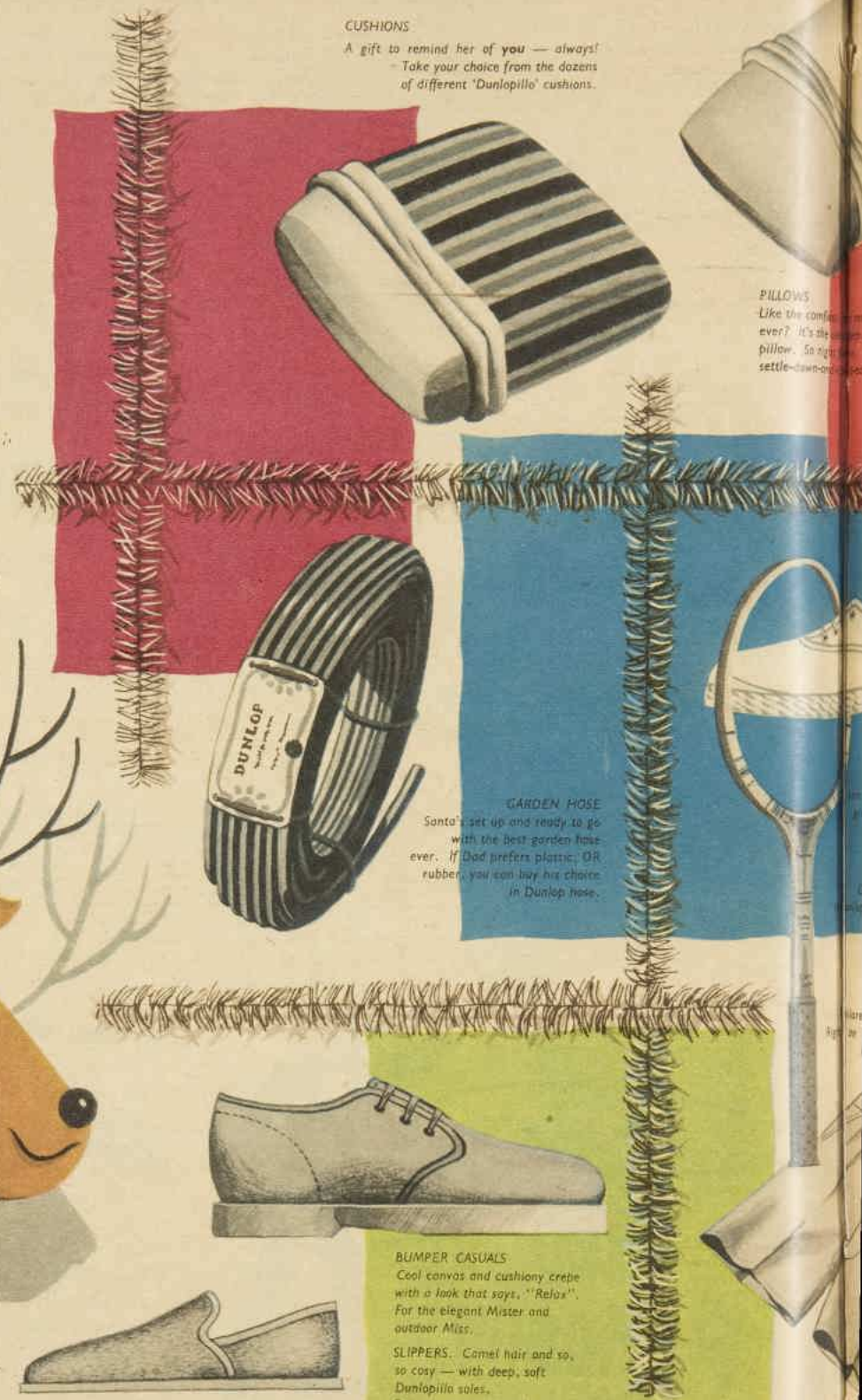
'Twas the night before Christmas,
And good Santa's sleigh
Was packed to the brim
For that wonderful day —

With presents by DUNLOP
For tiny tots all,
For Mother and Father
And friends big and small.

Now Comet and Cupid
Were pulling as one —
Eight tiny reindeer
With a sleigh full of fun.

Soon Santa was winging
His way overhead,
Soon presents by DUNLOP
Were at every bed.

And soon they were saying
From one very dear,
"Merry Christmas to you —
And a happy New Year!"



CUSHIONS
*A gift to remind her of **you** — always! Take your choice from the dozens of different 'Dunlopillo' cushions.*

PILLOWS
Like the comfi[illegible] ever? It's the [illegible] pillow. So sig[illegible] settle-down-and-[illegible]

GARDEN HOSE
Santa's set up and ready to go with the best garden hose ever. If Dad prefers plastic, OR rubber, you can buy his choice in Dunlop hose.

BUMPER CASUALS
Cool canvas and cushiony crepe with a look that says, "Relax". For the elegant Mister and outdoor Miss.

SLIPPERS. *Camel hair and so, so cosy — with deep, soft Dunlopillo soles. For men, women, youths.*

Say Happy Christmas with

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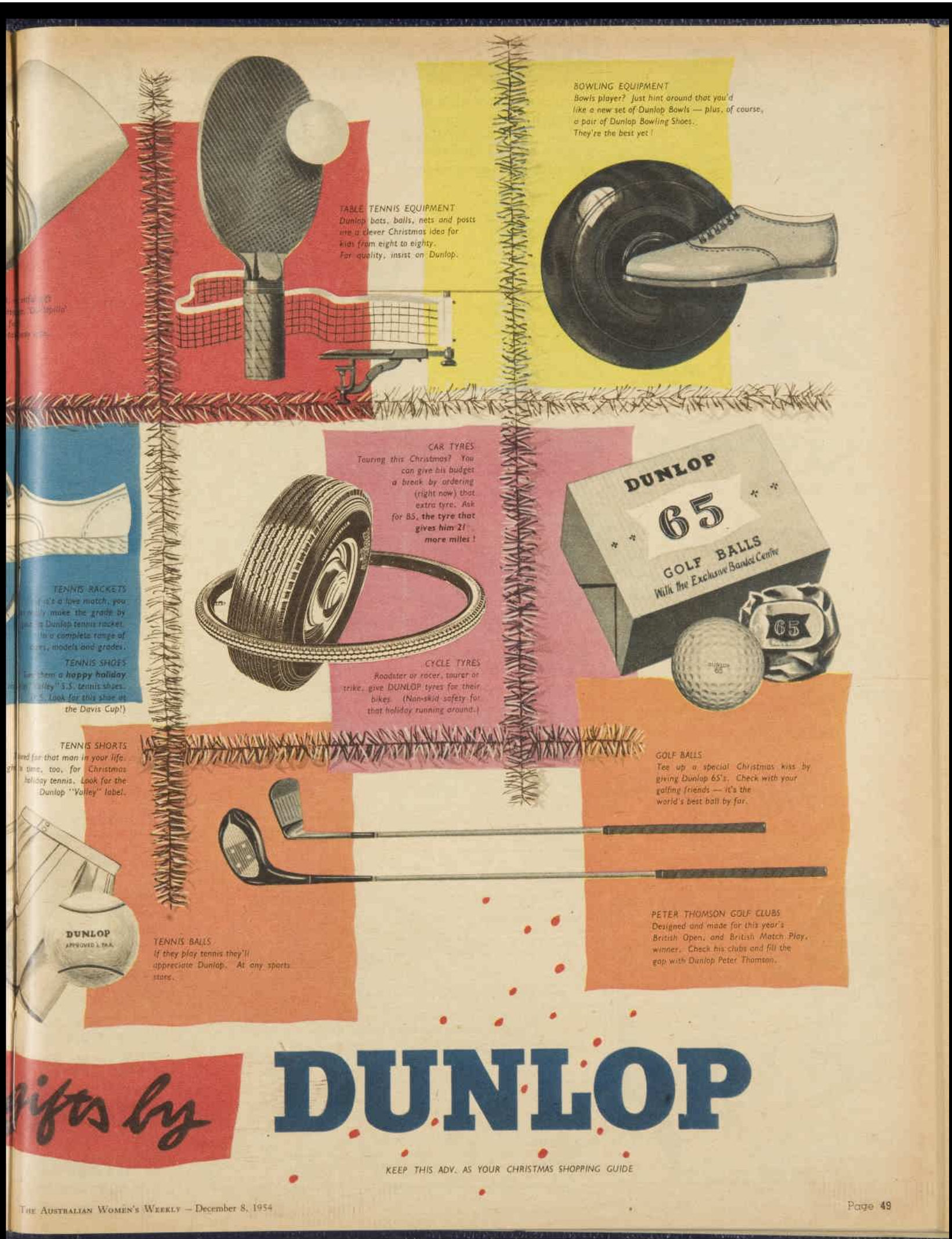

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It's kisses for misses

. . . who give

KLIPPER (REGD.)

WASHABLE, UNCRUSHABLE WOOL TIES . . . THIS XMAS

"Always fit to be tied"

Brighten his Xmas—and all the year—with Klipper ties, the gift that will stamp him as a man of fine taste. You can choose from a smart range of checks, stripes or plain colours. Priced from 7/6 to 12/6.

A KLIPPER SHEDS WRINKLES OVERNIGHT

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Morny

OF REGENT ST · LONDON

FINE ENGLISH SOAPS & BATH LUXURIES

ALSO AVAILABLE IN FRENCH FERN AND A VARIETY OF DELIGHTFUL FLORAL FRAGRANCES

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

The dress with a built-in, ruffled hemline flounce is a new and outstanding fashion for late afternoon and informal evening wear.

I HAVE chosen this design for a cocktail-on-to-dinner dress. It is illustrated at right, and it answers a reader's problem.

She writes:

"I WOULD like a style for a holiday cotton frock I could wear to cocktails, dinners, and informal parties. I am aged 26 and definitely not the teenage type. I like my clothes smart with some sophisticated touch. Please suggest color and material for frock."

The design I have chosen for your cocktail-on-to-dinner dress is made in black-and-white checked gingham; if you prefer, it could be black-and-white checked taffeta. The silhouette of the dress is figure-moulding and finished with a rounded-out neckline. A hemline flounce of tiny box pleats in white organdie and a braid trim are added for a sophisticated touch.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch give further details and tell how to order.

"CIRCUMSTANCES make it necessary for me to send for my bras by post, and I feel I am not ordering correctly, as I find I have bulges under my arms. How will I know my right fitting?"

A bra is the correct fitting if you can move comfortably and take a deep breath; if there are no bulges of flesh under the arms and at the back, and if there are no wrinkles in the "cups." If the brand of bra you wear is finished with a band, the band should fit snugly but not too tightly.

"COULD you give me an idea to make up some cotton brocade into a late afternoon frock?"

My suggestion is a dress with a moulded bodice finished with a pretty, pleated decollete folding back to uncover the shoulders. Have the skirt bell-shaped, spreading out to a wide hemline.

"WOULD you please let me have the following information about beach clothes?

D.S. 118. — One-piece dress obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾ yds. 36in. material, 4yds. braid, plus ½yd. 36in. organdie. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

What is new in materials for shorts and beach wraps? I would also like to know the latest styles being featured abroad."

Stripes are new and important for cotton play-clothes. The stripes are usually treated vertically for shorts to give a slim effect. A thigh-length jacket designed with a large collar and tiny sleeves or one with a tiny collar and important sleeves is favored by the French.

Shorts vary in length. Tapered long shorts reaching to the knee are worn by lots of American women in their own country and on the French Riviera. Often the shorts are teamed with a camisole top. One of the most popular garments on the Riviera this season was a mannish shirt, slit at the sides and slightly longer at the back, worn over very short shorts.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF:

Make-up mistakes

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Does your make-up look flawless one day and mediocre the next? Does it stay put some evenings and fade away like Cinderella's glamor at other times? If so, you may, without realising it, be making one of these make-up mistakes.

THE misuse of lipstick and cream rouge and liquid rouge is a common cause of bother. Women who dip a lipstick brush in liquid rouge and apply it to their lips or spread lipstick on their cheekbones and cream rouge on their lips are not giving any one cosmetic a chance to do its job.

Liquid rouge is made expressly for cheek decoration; it spreads evenly there, holds its color all day, and is easily removed with cleansing cream. But when applied to the lips it appears flat and quickly loses its color.

Cream rouge used as lipstick is also wrong in consistency and color. Conversely, lipstick is difficult to apply on the cheeks and never looks right, for the simple reason that it is meant for the lips only.

Expecting cleansing cream to double as a make-up foundation is another common mistake. Cleansers are created to dissolve and remove old make-up and soil from the skin; foundations remain on top of the skin to protect it and act as a base for other cosmetics.

What happens when other cometics are applied over cleansing cream? Nothing much at first, but once the dissolving process begins the make-up soon turns oily

for colours

for smartness

for price

insist on

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15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated *Curlypet*—squeeze *Curlypet* into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated *Curlypet* for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

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Stay as sweet as you are with

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Christmas slippers

all at the same wonderful gift price

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and all pure wool felt

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BUY NOW

For all enquiries concerning Knight Slippers, write or phone
KNIGHT FOOTWEAR, C/- GOLDBERG FOOTWEAR AGENCY
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Make sure you get the genuine Knight slipper. Look for the name "Knight" on both inside and outside sole.

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Cesarine

"THE WONDER CLOTH OF A THOUSAND USES"

Cesarine is the best cloth of its kind. Others may look like Cesarine, but only Cesarine has so many qualities. It cannot be made better.

IT'S DURABLE.
It's a square-weave headcloth; sturdy, tough, hard wearing. Wears and wears for years and years.

IT'S EASY TO CUT.
A boon to the home dressmaker. Because of its weave it cuts without drag. Never loses its shape.

IT'S FAST TO LIGHT.
Even our Australian sunlight will not fade it! That makes it so safe for your curtains and furnishings. Replaced if colour fades.

IT'S FAST TO BOILING
and stands up to all the rough and tumble of tubbing. Its colours never run, never look shabby.

IT'S COLOURFUL
Fifty and more colours and shades to choose from, all bright, fast and fadeless!

IT'S PRE-SHRUNK
by the Caesar Fabrics "Cesarised - shrunk" process which preserves shape and fit permanently.

IT'S COTTON-CRISP,
yet supple, with good hang. Renowned for its fresh, cool look.

IT'S MORE ECONOMICAL
It pays to buy the best. Because it lasts you longer, it costs you less.

MAKE SURE OF THE NAME! *The ONLY Genuine CESARINE is a Caesar Fabric. And, when buying a Cesarine garment off the peg, look for the label.*

EVERY GENUINE
CESARINE GARMENT
SHOULD CARRY THIS LABEL

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

By Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C.

The Gloucestershire Regiment, terrifically outnumbered, went under to the Chinese at the Battle of the Imjin. The author's story of that battle, of the captivity, escapes, recaptures, and tortures which followed, is vivid, realistic, and dramatic.

Price 15/6
From all Booksellers

Candy Hardy FROCK SERVICE

READY MADE OR CUT OUT READY TO SEW

● Such keen interest has been shown in these four of the Candy Hardy frocks, shown in color in a recent issue, that we are featuring them again for the convenience of readers who wish to order them.

Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. Please make a second color choice.

"LOIS"

"LOIS." — One-piece frock (left) has cool, low-cut neckline, and is made in crease-resisting Irish rayon linen. The color range includes sky-blue, buttercup, apple-green, rose-pink, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 84/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 87/9. Postage, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 67/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/11. Postage, 2/9 extra.

"SUSAN"

"SUSAN."—Smart coat-frock (right) is made in printed polished cotton. The color range includes pale blue, mid-blue, and white; grey, white, and red; grey, white, and green; and grey, white, and lemon.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 83/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 63/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"BETH"

"BETH."—Attractively styled sunfrock and matching bolero (left) are made in candy-striped haircord. The color range includes red and white, saxe-blue and white, and green and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 85/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 89/11. Postage, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage, 2/9 extra.

"MARGOT"

"MARGOT."—Cool, front-buttoned frock (right) made in printed British cotton. The color range includes red, pale blue, buttercup, and green, all printed with black lines on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 82/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 60/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 62/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down — that dull, listless feeling, that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood — lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get Doan's without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

THE WILD PLACE

By Kathryn Hulme

The Deputy-Director of an U.N.R.R.A. camp in Bavaria makes an appealing and notable story from her experiences. Comedy, tragedy, initiative, and courage are prominent human characteristics which appear constantly in this striking record of a novel and difficult assignment.

Price 15/6
From All Booksellers

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there wasn't a lot to choose from, either way. While he was in town, we'd go out to supper at the place of some friend of his, or some friend of his would come to our flat to eat. Either way, it was the same difference.

"The friends he had all lived in the identical kind of six-flat walk-up, and whether it was in their place or in ours, there'd be drinks before, and during, and after supper. That was a good thing, in a way, because, if I had been sober while I listened to those same stories about the old maid in the upper berth over and over again, there's no saying what I might have done. It was bad enough even when I was drunk.

"Those were the times I'd think about Sam and the farm, and the quiet evenings, with the baby asleep in his crib. I'd be sitting by the table lamp, and like as not mending one of Sam's blue work shirts, and he would read out loud to me from the county paper about who was visiting which kinfolks, or maybe about somebody we knew taking a trip to Omaha.

"I remember how tickled to death Sam sounded when he read about the stork bringing us a baby boy. That was the way the paper wrote it up. Sam placed the clipping in our baby book and said the rest of the page would be left blank for the clipping giving the election returns when our boy became President.

"Mornings everything was quiet, too, except for maybe just a bird starting to sing. Sam would be up a long while by the time I woke, he having the cows to milk and such as that. Then, while I was fixing our breakfast of sausage or side meat and pancakes and eggs and so on, he'd finish with the chores.

"What kept reminding me of that, I guess, was on account of being married to Herb was so different. Every morning I'd wake up with a horrible slimy taste in my mouth from the drinks the night before, and just the bare idea of food made me sicker and sicker. So did the sight of Herb, sleeping with his mouth open, and his hair pushed around to where the baldness showed

Continuing . . . . The Royal Box

from page 10

plainer than big print, and those grey-brown bristles sticking out of his creased jowl! Unless I got a quick nip to pick me up, it would have been just too bad.

"Fortunately, I was never so bad the night before that I forgot to leave some whisky in a bottle by my side of the bed. It would take about three good jolts to clear the taste off my tongue; even then, the first thing I noticed each morning wasn't the birds beginning to sing but the bricks in the wall on the other side of our air shaft; bricks that looked like they had been streaked with soot and grime before they were even built into a new wall.

"I used to enjoy fixing meals when I was on the farm, and cleaning up in the big kitchen afterward. We had nice fresh garden stuff all summer long, and a root cellar full of potatoes and beets and things like that in the winters. But in town, especially in that walk-up of Herb's, I hated it worse than the devil hates Holy water. We always had the same old pot roast and mashed potatoes and canned peas and store-bought apple pie; that was all Herb cared about having, and it was the least trouble to fix. And there was always that business of squeezing past the china cabinet on one side and the sideboard on the other, to put things on the table.

"Anyway, after a while I got to sending out to the delicatessen for everything, when we were having company. That would still leave the greasy dishes and smeared glasses to wash up the next day, but at least I wouldn't have the pots and so on to scour.

"Now and then I'd try to cut down on my liquor, but somehow I just couldn't. I'd tell myself that I was heading for a real crack-up, and all it would take was will power—and not even much of that—to cut down a little. I'd try to drink less often, but that wouldn't work at all. I'd get so nervous just thinking about not taking a drink until two hours had gone by that I'd want it more than ever.

"Then I'd try making each drink about half the regular size, and drinking as often as before, but that wouldn't begin to take the slimy taste out of my mouth or the knots out of my body where I was all tightened up and tense.

"Things kept getting worse and worse. The more I drank, the less I ate, and the sicker I was in the mornings. It got so I'd wake up in the night, once or twice, and have to take a drink before I could get back to sleep. I used to think, along at first, that when Herb was out on the road, I could have a chance to straighten up. But it didn't work out that way. Sitting in the dump all by myself, I'd feel like I was getting ready to have the screaming meemies, as the drinks died on me, and I'd be scared, knowing there was no one around to help me if I ever let myself go."

AGAIN Cornelia had paused before she continued with a sigh, "I'd try to keep busy. I'd go window-shopping along 63rd Street, or even down on State Street, but it didn't take my mind off wanting a drink. I'd begin to jitter, and then I'd hurry home, saying I'd take just one quickie to steady my nerves, and that is the way it would go, no matter what I tried. Like embroidery. I figured give me something that I'd have to keep my mind on and my hands busy with—and staying at home. But my fingers would get too twitchy, and my eyes, too, and I'd say to myself, well, just a short one so you can keep on working . . . and the next thing I'd know it would be morning, and I'd be fumbling for the bottle on the floor by my bedside.

"I don't know whether this is anything to be proud of, but, for whatever it's worth, the one thing I could never have brought myself to do was what the wives of some of the other travelling men did when their husbands were out on the road. Oh, it wasn't any thought of Herb or what he had coming to him that kept me from being a little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour. I knew he wasn't spending any lonely nights.

"No, it wasn't the thought of Herb that held me back, but it might have been the thought of Sam. Somewhere, deep down, I must have had the notion that if Sam and I ever did make up, I could go back to him if I'd been no worse than a mixed-up gal who'd pulled one chump mistake because she couldn't let liquor alone. But I could never go back to Sam and my baby, no matter what happened, if I'd just been a push-over for any guy walking along Clark Street.

"Anyway, it wasn't any of those ideas or anything else I tried on my own that finally pulled me up short. It was just plain getting too sick to go on. This was about three weeks after Herb had been fired for padding his expense account to make up for the commissions he didn't seem to be earning any more. While he was out of a job he kept hanging around the house, griping because I wouldn't cook for him. That was because the sight and the smell of food made me too sick. But so did his whining about being a misunderstood, hard-working guy, trying to make a living for his family, and not being able to come home to a decent meal after all the grease burners where he had been eating while he was out on the road.

"Finally he took to going out and looking for a job, and coming home with a bigger grouch than ever. But I will say this for him. He cut out all drinking for himself—I envied him and tried to do it, too, but it was no go for me—and he lost that bleary look under his eyes and at the corners of his nostrils. He was a sharp number when he put his mind to it—shoes you could see to shave in and a trouser crease you could use for a razor. Handsome was the word for Herbie, all right.

"After about a week of looking, he come busting into the apartment one afternoon yelling like a Comanche, and grinning, and headed straight for the sideboard to take a hooker of bourbon out of a cut-glass decanter he was awfully proud of. He had a new suitcase, and packages with new shirts, and ties and things, and while he's packing he tells me he's landed a wonderful job with a new radio manufacturing house. He'll only have to make the big towns to contact jobbers, and no more hick storekeepers and hamburger stands for grub.

"This was the kind of break all his life he had been looking for . . . just watch him burn up those old sales charts with new records! It wouldn't be long before we would move to a new apartment, either. Something with class, up on the North Side, Sheridan Road or any place I wanted. So step on it, honeybunch, and help him get going on account of he had to catch the train for Peoria right now.

"I helped him all I could. It was such a relief to know he wasn't going to be grumping around the apartment about how he was misunderstood and abused by everybody, getting fired for a little nothing that everybody else expected a travelling man to do, and after all those years of piling up sales for them. He gave me some money before he left—saying they'd come up with a nice advance on his drawing account. He was never chinchy, I'm bound to say that for him.

"There was enough in the roll he handed me to keep me going for a long while, especially as I wasn't going to spend a cent of it for liquor. No, siree, I was through with that stuff for keeps. No more half-way deals like trying to cut down. I was taking the pledge, but for life. That is, after tonight. I felt that I owed myself one good farewell party, especially after those last three weeks . . .

"I woke up in the hospital. The cleaning woman — who came in two days after Herb left—found me. I'd passed out cold as a mackerel fillet.

"By the time I really woke up in the hospital, I hadn't had a drink in must have been five days. The doctors and nurses had kept me on some sort of sleepy dope while they got my system cleaned out or whatever it is they do. It was like being born again not to wake up with that foul, slimy sensation in your mouth, and have an appetite, and feel myself getting clean and strong.

"I had plenty of time to think, and for once a clear head to think with. So I could make up my mind about what would come next. I mean about what I was going to do. Herb was on his feet with a good job, so there was no need for me to go back to that kind of life on his account. Nobody could say I was quitting him when he was down and out, after sticking around like a leech while he was in the chips.

"After they discharged me, I took what money was left and what clothes I had and moved to a furnished room. I didn't have any kind of training; the only thing I knew how to do was cook, aside from being a walk-on in a chorus line. So I got a job as waitress in a drive-in at night and hit the theatrical agencies in the daytime. After all, I still had everything a gal in the chorus line needs. So that's how I got on with a road company of 'Rose Marie,' when one of their girls quit while they were in Chicago.

"It wasn't a bad troupe, either, and we wound up back in little old New York with nobody having to walk home from Weehawken; and, before the show closed, I had got a job modelling in the Salon Superbe at Haas and Hector.

"Herb didn't make any beef about letting me divorce him. I've a hunch he was kind of glad to get rid of me. So far as he knew, I'd never be anything but a liquorhead. But I stayed sober. I mean I didn't so much as sniff the cork of a bottle of anything that had alky in it. I was scared, but really scared, when I came out of the fog in that hospital. My mind was a total blank on what had happened to get me there.

"It suddenly came to me that when I was like that I might maybe do anything. I

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A white soap has NOTHING to hide—

Bedtime for baby Vittoria, pictured above with lovely mother SHELLEY WINTERS. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap" says Shelley, "it leaves my skin so smooth and soft. You'll find that pure white Lux Toilet Soap will make you lovelier." *Shelley stars in Universal International's "Saskatchewan".*

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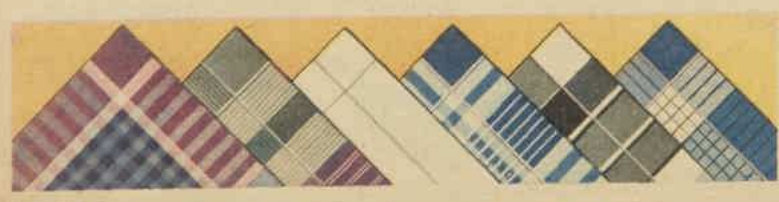

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wouldn't know what I was doing while it was going on, and I wouldn't remember what I'd done after I came out of it. That was just too big a risk for the sake of something I couldn't stand the taste of any more.

"I wrote to Sam, too, to tell him what had happened. But Sam wouldn't answer my letters, and I can't say I really blame him, and after a while I got my second chance — not with Sam, like I'd kept on hoping against hope, but with Baldwin Castle, of all people.

"The first time I met him he came to the Salon Superbe with his wife—her that had been Minnie Brown. But it wasn't until after she died that he gave me this chance. In fact, she'd died quite a while back. She'd been a good wife and, as far as I know, he'd been a good husband. Just the same, I'd been one of those marriages that hadn't quite come off, if you know what I mean. She'd gone along serving on school boards and library committees and she'd given lots of money—Baldwin's money—to good causes, so her name was in the paper all the time. But when it came to throwing dinners for the big shots in the oil business, or getting up week-end parties out in the country, I guess she wasn't so hot.

"Even the Salon Superbe couldn't do anything for her and, when it comes to that, I don't think Balenciaga or Schiaparelli could, either. She always looked sort of dowdy, no matter what she wore; and that was always the same kind of a hat, like Queen Mary, only she couldn't get away with it and still look important. Besides, her skirts were never the same lengths as other women's and her fur pieces were always crooked—well, I guess you get the general idea.

"What was a lot worse than her clothes, she'd never had any children. She wanted them all right—Baldy told me she did. In fact, they both did. But her only surviving baby was a blue one that lived just a few hours.

"Baldy told me about this himself, like I said. He did it in a nice way. He never said a single word against Minnie and I admired him for that. In fact, he told me that what he first liked about her was that she listened with so much interest and intelligence to everything he tried to say about oil in Aristan, the first time he came back from there, and that she continued to be a good listener as long as she lived. He made such a point of this that it wasn't hard to guess that some women to whom he'd tried to talk hadn't been good listeners, and that her interest and intelligence meant a lot to him.

"Just the same, I could tell his wife had been a big disappointment. And I could see him looking me over. I don't mean mentally undressing me, the way some men do, but saying to himself, 'That dame's mighty good looking and she's healthy looking, too. I shouldn't wonder . . .' You probably wouldn't believe it, seeing me just tonight, Judith, but everyone did call me a beauty, when I was a girl; and even if I'd put on a little too much weight and begun to touch up my hair, people did still turn around and look at me, men especially. I had a nice soft skin and good natural color still; I really didn't need any make-up; and I carried myself well. I'd learned to do that on the stage and modelling had helped, too. And I was healthy. I was never sick—I never even got tired, once I got the liquor cleaned out of my system.

"I didn't have an off moment until the Atlantic Ocean got me down—I'll tell the world that's some different in October from the Pacific in August! And I—well, I may as well tell you this, I've told you everything else: I was crazy to have another kid.

Continuing . . . . The Royal Box

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"I'd never got over having to give up my baby, and I'd always been sorry Herb and I hadn't had one, though in one way it was a mercy, because if we had I'd have been tied to him for life maybe. Be that as it may, there wasn't any such kid, but here were Baldwin Castle and I both thinking of the same thing, him from his point of view and me from mine.

"But don't get me wrong. I wanted another kid, I was thrilled at the idea of being rich for the first time and, well, respectable again, too. But I wasn't just selfish about it or grasping. I liked Baldwin, I liked him a lot. I didn't love him the way I had Sam, but that was because I was older, maybe, or maybe because you don't love but one man that way, ever . . ."

At last Cornelia had finished telling her story to Judith. And now the Inspector was talking to her again, gently.

"I can understand that it would be very trying—very hard—for you to tell me everything you have already told Mrs. Racina," Inspector Kirtland said. "It will be quite satisfactory if she will give me the gist of your remarks in this instance, also, Mrs. Castle. So suppose we go back to the point where you told me you had been married twice before. Did either of your previous husbands give you alimony?"

"No."

"Not any sort of an allowance?"

"No."

"Isn't that also unusual in the States?"

"If I'd had a child to support and couldn't have done it myself, I guess most courts would have given me some kind of an allowance."

"But you didn't have a child."

"Yes, I did. I had a beautiful baby boy. But my husband kept him. That—that was my first husband's child. He had a right to the baby. I didn't have a child by my second husband, and I wouldn't have asked a man I'd gone off and left for alimony or any sort of an allowance, as long as I had my health. I don't know as I would have, anyway."

"I understand. Then I gather that when you met Mr. Castle, you were not a wealthy woman?"

"No."

"Not even comfortably off, as the saying is?"

"Well, I wasn't too bad off. I had enough for that nice little room and a half apartment I told you about, and I got a rake-off from the Salon Superbe on my clothes, so I could be well dressed. And I was putting something by. I knew I couldn't go on being a model for ever—not more than five or six years probably, at the most. But I'd have found something after that. I could always cook and, believe me, cooks earn good money these days in America."

"Yes, I've heard that the wages are almost fantastic, as one might say. But though the modelling and—ah—cooking would have assured you of a competence, so to speak, they wouldn't have done more than that, now, would they?"

"No, I don't suppose so."

"But in marrying Mr. Castle you became, potentially, a very rich woman."

"I don't believe I know just what you mean by 'potentially,' Inspector."

"Well, even if there were no marriage settlements——"

"I'm not sure just what those are, either. But there couldn't have been any, or I would have known."

"Mrs. Racina has already told me that they are not as customary in the United States as they are in other countries. But you must have had some sort of financial arrangement with your husband for spending money and other necessary expenses."

"Sure, I had charge accounts, as many as I wanted. And there wasn't any limit put on the bills I could run up. Of course Baldy ran up bills, too, for things he thought I needed and wanted and that he liked to give me for presents. And every few days he would hand me a big wad of bank-notes and say, 'I suppose you'll be needing some petty cash.' But there wasn't any system to it. I suppose there would have been later on, after we got settled down. But I didn't like to ask him. As a matter of fact, I didn't think I needed to ask him. I'd never heard anything or seen anything to make me feel afraid he was close."

"He never mentioned — life insurance, for instance?"

"Why, yes, he did! He told me he'd taken out two policies —with different companies."

"So you did know that, in the event of his death, you would be an extremely wealthy woman?"

"I—yes, I did."

"I'm sorry to ask you these next questions, Mrs. Castle, but I feel I must. I understand both from Mrs. Racina and Colonel de Valcourt that you've expressed great interest in the latter's experiments with—well, with coating cyanide. Don't misunderstand me. Mrs. Racina has spoken of you only in the kindest way; the information I speak of was quite incidental, and no stress was laid on it at all. I think I may go so far as to say that she feels not only sympathy for you, but affection and—confidence."

"But that Frenchman—what did he tell you?"

"He told me something Mrs. Racina had not mentioned: that during the second interval you asked him for a coated tablet—an aspirin tablet, of course —and that he believed afterward you went—or rather, that you might have absented yourself—that was the expression he used—a few minutes, ostensibly for—ah—natural reasons."

Up to this point, Cornelia had answered the Inspector with the utmost gravity and earnestness. Now, to his surprise, she laughed. The laugh was scornful, rather than hearty, but there was nothing about it that suggested either insincerity or bravado.

"I suppose he didn't mention that Judith couldn't have told you about me asking for the aspirin tablet for the simple reason that she couldn't possibly have heard me do it?" Cornelia inquired, almost mockingly. "He didn't tell you that she and Joe never came to the box during the second entr'acte at all, that they just stayed in their orchestra—I mean their stall—seats?"

"No, he didn't tell me that."

"Well, he could have. And Lady Laura could tell you, if you asked her, that I didn't 'absent' myself at all. I sat in the box with her all through the second entr'acte. I didn't go to the lavatory at all. De Valcourt sent an usher — I mean an attendant—to us with water when he found there weren't any glasses in the lavatory. Lady Laura wanted some water, too. De Valcourt gave her an aspirin tablet the same time he gave me one. The same kind, too. I suppose he didn't tell you that, either."

"No, he didn't."

"It looks to me like he left out most of what he might have said," Cornelia went on, still scornfully. "But I'll say this for him: he gave me credit for being a lot smarter than I am, if he thought I could fancy-up an aspirin tablet with cyanide between two acts of a play — always supposing I was smart enough to have latched on to the cyanide to start with."

"He admitted the improbability of the situation, Mrs. Castle. He presented it only as a possibility."

"Well, if you thought you'd hurt my feelings by asking a fool question like that one, you've got another guess coming, Inspector, that's all I can say."

For an instant Kirtland had the uncomfortable feeling that they had changed roles, and that Cornelia was now the accuser instead of the potentially accused. Her voice had become more and more scornful as she rose, as if taking it for granted that the interview was now at an end, that it would be merely a waste of time to prolong it. He raised a warning hand.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Castle. I'm afraid I have to ask you one more question. Didn't it ever occur to you that if you were wealthy and independent you might be able to do certain things that you hadn't been able to do in your husband's lifetime, not even when you had all the charge accounts that you wanted and all the petty cash you could possibly use? Things that you'd wanted to do more than you'd ever wanted to do anything else in this world?"

There was a long pause. Cornelia seated herself again and bowed her head. When she looked up again, Kirtland saw that the scorn was gone from her face, that her eyes were brimming and her lips trembling so that she could hardly frame the words.

"I guess I've got to come clean," she said at last. "Yes, it did."

The uncomfortable feeling which Cornelia had evoked a few minutes earlier returned in full force as Kirtland watched her leave the room. Not that the source of this feeling was still the same: he no longer had the vague impression that they had changed roles, that she was the accuser and he the accused. But he knew that he should keep his mental attitude no less than his spoken inquiries entirely objective; and somehow he could not suppress a pang of pity for this vulgar, dishevelled woman who was obviously the most ignorant among the suspects he had questioned, who, indeed, could not claim even the rudiments of refinement and culture which formed an integral part in the very birthright of all the others.

He sighed, and picked up the cigarette which had lain untouched beside him ever since De Valcourt's departure; but instead of smoking it reflectively, as he had intended, he tossed it aside and spoke with more curtness than was his habit when addressing his sergeant.

"We've got to get this business over sometime. Ask Miss Lester to come in here, will you?"

Nothing could have been more striking than the entrance of Janice. She had already gone to bed when she received Joe's summons, and her stage make-up had been carefully removed. She had not replaced it in any way, but, unlike poor Cornelia, she was even more attractive without it, and her arrival had all the quality of her stage entrance.

Her splendid eyes needed no mascara to magnify them, her mouth no lipstick to change its shape; there were no blemishes and no roughness in her skin to smooth out with powder, and its becoming pallor was tinged with natural rose. Her glorious hair had been quickly and deftly wound into a chignon at the nape of her neck. She was wearing black velvet, cut

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Continuing . . . The Royal Box

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ing and straight and following the lines of her figure closely, it was finished at the throat and wrists with lace.

Actually, it was the sort of robe into which any experienced woman could slip at a moment's notice; but, worn by me with the face and figure of Janice, it gave the effect of regality—regality in its more intimate moments, but still regality. She wore one magnificent ring on each hand.

Kirtland was not a learned man or one who would have ably used the term femme fatale, but he had long experience in his profession and a natural proclivity for delving into history; while the superior education which he was stinting himself to give his sons had acquainted him with some of the world's best art and literature. The woman who now stood before him embodied his conception of a great princess of the Renaissance—a princess who might herself become a murderess upon occasion, but who was far more frequently provocative of murder, either her own or that of one lover too many.

Again, he found it hard to speak or even think objectively; but he addressed her with admirable self-control.

"Miss Lester?"

"Yes."

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

"I believe you are now appearing in a play entitled 'Gold of Pleasure' at the Terry Theatre."

"Yes."

"As a star?"

"Yes."

"And in your professional capacity you use your maiden name?"

"Yes."

"But you are married?"

"Yes."

"And your husband's name is——"

"Hugo Alban."

"Quite so. And is he also an actor?"

"No. He is my manager."

"He was never an actor?"

"No. He began his professional career as a magician. But that was before I knew him."

"I see. So there is no member of your family in the cast?"

"Yes, there's a young relative my husband and I adopted. Our own marriage has been childless."

"And the name of this young relative is——"

"Evan Neville. He plays the juvenile lead."

"You're being very helpful, Miss Lester, by answering my questions so clearly and briefly. Now I already know that you and Mr. Racina are old friends, because he told me so himself, and because of his good offices in making all this sad and troublesome business as painless as he could. If I understood him correctly, he told me he thought that you and Mr. Castle were also old friends. Is that correct?"

"I knew Mr. Castle a long time ago, when I was very young. I hadn't seen him, or heard from him, in over twenty years, until tonight. I didn't think of him as an old friend. I'd practically forgotten him."

"But you and he were good friends once?"

"Yes."

"Where did you first meet him?"

"In New York."

"Under what circumstances?"

"At the theatre."

"You mean you were members of the same theatre party? Or that he saw you on the stage, admired your performance, and sought your acquaintance?"

"Neither. We met at a moving picture show. Nobody introduced us. We were sitting side by side, quite by chance. And I was so struck—so excited — by a little detail of Dietrich's acting that I turned to the man beside me and exclaimed, 'Did you see how she moved her hands just then? Did you? Did you? Did it mean anything special to you?' I didn't realise until afterward that I'd hurled these questions at a total stranger. But after my outburst, we fell into conversation. I don't remember just how, but I do remember that it seemed entirely natural."

"And then it seemed entirely natural to continue this chance acquaintance?"

"Yes, entirely natural."

She answered simply. But it's true, she told herself. It seemed entirely natural that we should leave the motion picture show together. It seemed entirely natural that Win should suggest we might take a taxi to Columbus Circle, and then walk around in the park for a while, and by and by have dinner at a little place he'd just found the night before. Of course, I had to tell him that I couldn't, that I had to hurry off because I was lucky enough to have a bit part in "Dusk in December," and I had barely time to get to the theatre; but it seemed entirely natural for me to suggest that, if he wanted to wait for me at the stage door after the play, I'd go out to supper with him. And then it seemed entirely natural that he'd see me home and that he'd want to come in for a while.

Of course, I had to tell him that he couldn't, because of my landlady, who was a regular dragon when it came to that sort of thing. But I didn't make any fuss when he tried to kiss me good-night. In fact, I kissed back. For a wonder, there wasn't anyone else in sight, but I don't know that it would have made any difference if there had been. It was a good, long kiss, and that seemed entirely natural, too . . .

"You saw Mr. Castle frequently after that?"

"Yes."

"Quite frequently perhaps?"

"Yes."

"One might almost say — constantly?"

"Yes."

"For how long a period?"

"For about two months — perhaps a little more."

Of course, I knew Win wouldn't be willing to let well enough alone after that kiss, she was thinking now. I don't know that I would have, either. He was the best-looking man I've ever seen, before or since —big and blond—but not too big and blond. That is, he didn't have an ounce of fat on him, and there were red lights in his hair, and his eyelashes and eyebrows were darker and very thick. His skin wasn't pink and white, but tanned, with a sort of glow showing through, just on his cheeks, and when I put my hand on his face it felt the least bit rough, even though he looked so clean shaven.

When he put his arms around me, they felt hard, and so did his chest; and when he kissed me the kiss was hard, too. I don't believe there ever was anyone who could pack as much into just one kiss as Win.

Anyhow, I was a lot more pleased than surprised when he turned up the next day and said he'd come to take me out to lunch, and afterward, what about that walk in the park? I said, well, what about the Persian Room at the Plaza then, and afterward, instead of a walk, a ride in one of those old victorias ranged along outside?

He thought that was a still better idea, and we had a wonderful lunch, and then we rode around the whole afternoon, until it was time for me to go back to the theatre. We even forgot to go out to supper. It got dark early, so we had our arms around each other again, all through the latter part of the ride; and I was so afraid Win wouldn't be waiting for me again after the play that I almost forgot my lines—almost, but not quite. Then I was so relieved because he was at the stage door, that when he said this was the last time he was going to stop with a kiss, I didn't tell him he'd have to.

I said well, we'd take a chance on the landlady. And, he said, what would it matter if she did put me out the next morning, because, while I was still asleep, he was going to be looking around for an apartment, and that was where we'd both be the next night . . .

He found a little apartment on Fourteenth Street, the sort I'd dreamed about, but that I'd never seen before and never expected to see. (The regular tenants were in Europe.) There was a living-room with family portraits—good-looking people, too—and built-in bookcases crammed full of books, and an open fireplace with big easy-chairs drawn up close to it. Win always lighted the fire before he went to get me at the theatre, so the room was all warm and cosy when we came back to it together. Then, while I got out of my street clothes and into a dressing-gown, he'd fix highballs for us, and I'd sit on his lap, in front of the fire, while we drank them.

We wouldn't have any other light in the room, and sometimes I was so sleepy by the time we'd finished our drinks that Win would have to carry me to bed. Of course, he didn't have to, really; but he liked to and I liked to have him.

We had a great big beautiful bed with high carved posts and a pink canopy that matched the spread. Of course, we ought to have taken the spread off, and folded it up carefully, every night; we used to tell each other so, and laugh and say, well, tomorrow night. But somehow we never did. We just threw it back.

Win offered to get a maid for me, but I wouldn't let him. I said she'd just be in the way, that I could do all the work in that little apartment with one hand tied behind me, everything was so convenient. The kitchen was as beautiful in its way as the bedroom and living-room were in theirs, and I loved cooking in it. Generally, Win made the morning coffee while I was still asleep and I drank mine in bed. Sometimes Win came back to bed and drank his there, too, and sometimes he fixed up a little table beside the bed and drank it there.

I didn't have to rush about dressing and moving around; but by and by I got up and straightened things out — neither of us liked to have that lovely little place untidy—and cooked lunch, if we were staying in.

The days I had no matinees we went to others and Win took me to the Plaza or the Ritz or some smart restaurant like Twenty One beforehand. We saw every play in town, good, bad, and indifferent—not just because we both loved the theatre, but because Win knew I wanted to learn everything about acting that I possibly could, and that one of the best ways to do that was to watch other actors and see how they handled themselves on the stage.

Sundays, when there weren't any plays on, we generally went to the movies in the evening, but in the daytime we went sightseeing. I'd never seen many sights before I went to New York, just the sand dunes on the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan and things like that. Win had never spent much time in New York, and he was keen on seeing everything he could —all kinds of things interested him, and they all interested me, as long as I could see them with him.

We went to Coney Island and the Statue of Liberty and the Aquarium and the Zoo and the Metropolitan Museum and the Asia Institute and the Public Library. We went down to Trinity Churchyard and out to Grant's Tomb, and up to the top of the Woolworth Building. We rode on the Staten Island ferry, and to the end of every bus line. It was fun sitting up high on those top-heavy old buses, not missing anything there was to see, but holding hands all the time, too. Everything was fun.

We did the marketing together, and Win taught me how to cook lamb and rice and other things the way it is done in Aristan, because he had learned to like it that way. I was terribly intrigued by all those weird dishes, quite aside from wanting very much to please him, and he said I caught on very quickly. He liked his tea made a special way, too, and he wanted afternoon tea every day, and lots of good things like English muffins and Scotch scones to eat with it. He always had that at home, in front of the fire.

He had very lavish ideas about what it was all right to

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Continuing . . . The Royal Box

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change for me from the penny pinching I'd always had to do before then. The same way with clothes. He told me I didn't have any, not what you could really call clothes, and he went with me to the very best shops until I learned my way around and also learned the kind of clothes he liked. He wasn't the least bored, or embarrassed, going shopping with me—in fact, he told me that in Europe it was quite the usual thing for a man to go shopping with a girl, that is, if he were interested in her and in her clothes. He kept me gasping at first—he thought nothing of paying hundreds of dollars for a fur coat, or picking up a chiffon nightgown from a counter and draping it over me, right in the aisle, to see if he thought it would be becoming to me when I was in bed. He made me buy lingerie and silk stockings—and dresses and tailored suits with blouses to match and a pink neckpiece.

Of course, I didn't have much use for evening dresses, because I was acting every night, but he said every girl ought to have at least two, and one evening wrap, just for her own satisfaction, even if she kept them hanging up in the closet. He bought me those, too. The wrap was black velvet trimmed with ermine, and lined with white brocade; one dress was white brocade, to match the lining of the wrap, and the other was black velvet, trimmed with ermine, to match the wrap itself.

He gave me jewellery, too. First, two rings—a square-cut emerald and a diamond circlet. The little velvet boxes were on my breakfast tray the morning after we moved into the apartment. I thought when I saw them that the emerald was a sort of engagement ring, and that the diamond circlet was going to be a wedding ring. But, fortunately, I didn't say anything before Win slipped the emerald on my finger and said it was one that had been given him in Aristan, and that he'd had it set at the same time he bought the circlet and was giving it to me to show me how pleased he was because I'd taken a chance on the landlady and let him spend the night.

Then he added that the diamond circlet was a guard, that the emerald was pretty valuable and that I mustn't take any risks about losing it. He showed me how to put the circlet on, and I found out it was meant to wear over the other and not under it, like a wedding ring. Of course, I was a little disappointed; but how can a girl tell a man she's disappointed when he's given her a couple of beautiful rings along with her morning coffee?

Afterwards, he gave me a diamond wrist watch so that I'd never be late to the theatre, and, for Christmas, a ruby brooch. (The rubies came from Aristan, too—they must throw precious stones around like pebbles in that country.) None of the jewellery that's been given me since has meant as much to me as that did, even though much of it's been a great deal more valuable—my pearls, for instance.

Perhaps that's because a girl gets more of a thrill out of the first jewellery any man ever gives her, it's such a new experience, especially if she's been poor like I was, than she ever does out of any other; and perhaps the first man himself means more to her than any other, whatever he gives her or even if he never gives her anything. After all, there's nothing like first love, whatever the cynics say. I don't know. It doesn't matter, anyhow.

Win kept right on giving me presents, but he never gave me any money, except just what I'd need to shop with, or, rather, what he thought I'd need to shop with, and that was a good deal more than plenty. He knew I wouldn't have liked it if he had. He never did anything to make me feel I was bought and paid for. He just made me feel that I was a grand girl, and that he meant me to have everything in this world any girl could possibly want. He never said how long he intended to keep on giving me all those things. I never asked him. I never thought about it at all. I suppose it was stupid of me. But I was so crazy about him, I was so terribly happy . . .

"Now tell me, Miss Lester, did you stop seeing Mr. Castle at his suggestion or at yours?"

"He never put it that way and neither did I. He felt he ought to get back to work. He'd telephoned his father when he first got to New York, to ask if it would be all right to stay there a while, and his father said sure, he had a fling coming to him before he settled down. But after a while his father started telephoning him, asking what about it, and the time came when Win couldn't stall any longer. He'd just come from London on his way home from the Near East, where he'd been representing the Perisphere Petroleum Corporation—one of his father's companies. He'd been recalled to the main office—the one in Oklahoma City—after pulling off some sort of a brilliant coup in Aristan. I never understood just what. Not that he wouldn't have been willing to tell me. But I couldn't seem to grasp what he was talking about."

He really did try to explain to me. He tried hard. But it was all Greek to me—or, rather, it was all just that much Aristani. So at last he gave up. He wasn't disagreeable about it. He only said, "I don't see why it's so hard for a girl to understand what I'm talking about when I try to explain this situation—I mean a reasonably intelligent girl. I understand all right when you talk to me about the theatre. And I've understood all right when other girls have talked to me about their interests. But you're the second I've talked to, without getting anywhere. I guess I might as well give up."

I knew he hadn't seen any girls besides me since he'd been in New York, because he'd been with me night and day—in fact, neither of us had seen anyone else, male or female. We'd been too well satisfied with each other's company. So naturally I asked him, "Who was the first one?" and he said, "Oh, a girl I knew in England." Before I thought, I said, "You must have known her pretty well, to talk with her about your private affairs like that." I wasn't jealous, not really. I was just taken by surprise. But the first thing I knew I was crying and Win was swearing, and we were both so angry we couldn't see straight.

Of course we patched it up. He even told me a little more about this English girl, and though he didn't say so, it was easy enough to guess that he'd been very hard hit, so hard that he'd asked her to marry him. I thought that, perhaps, he'd expected she would marry him and that it had been a big blow to him when he'd found he was mistaken or that she'd changed her mind or something. Anyhow, he'd left London sooner than he'd planned, feeling pretty sore, and then he'd had a very dull crossing. So when his father told him he didn't need to hurry back to Oklahoma he decided to stay in New York a week or so and whoop it up before he went on home. And then, just a few days after he'd got there, he met me. So he stayed longer than he first intended.

"But, after all, Mr. Castle's stay in New York was really in the nature of a well-earned holiday?"

"Exactly. On the other hand, New York was my normal working centre. I'd just scored my first real hit. I wasn't a star then, of course, or even a leading lady; but I'd already gone from my bit part to a supporting role, and nearly all the critics had praised my interpretation of a rather difficult character. One of the critics had even hinted that some day I might be a star. I couldn't have been if I'd left New York then to go anywhere."

"So it was quite logical that your friendship with Mr. Castle should be interrupted at this point?"

"Doesn't it seem so to you?" Without wishing to be discourteous, I may perhaps remind you that, just now, it seems to be indicated that I should do the questioning."

"Of course. Yes, it seems to me that it was quite logical."

"It seems to you or it seemed to you?"

"It seems so now. I suppose it didn't then. I've told you I was very young. Young girls aren't especially good at logic. Naturally, I felt badly to have Baldwin Castle leave New York for Oklahoma City. We'd had a very good time together, and I was sorry to have it come to an end."

He'd have left me sooner or later; of course it didn't take me long to realise that; but I don't believe he'd have left me so soon, or so casually, if we hadn't started talking about that English girl, let alone started quarrelling. After that, he began thinking about her again—he didn't tell me so, but I knew it—and making comparisons between her and me, to my disadvantage. She'd gone back on him, and I'd have stood by him through thick and thin, not because he was rich, but because I loved him. He didn't think of that; all he could think of was that the was a lady and I was a tramp. And I guess he thought he was telling the truth when he said that he and I were too big for each other, that neither of us would be content in each other's shadow, that I would no more find my goal if I were Mrs. Baldwin Castle than he would find his as a sort of Mr. Janice Lester.

He honestly didn't know I'd rather have been Mrs. Baldwin Castle than a second Sarah Bernhardt. He wasn't just talking either when he said he was sure that pretty soon I'd get a part that would kindle instant recognition of my great talents. I can be fair about that now, I can admit it. I can be fair, too, about the arrangements he made—telling me the apartment was paid for through that month, and that I could send any unpaid bills on to him in care of the Perisphere Petroleum Corporation, Oklahoma City. He must have known I never would, that I really didn't nothing the matter with the I was getting, now that I a supporting role.

He didn't even mention clothes or the jewellery, neither did I—not just bec I knew he'd never miss he'd spent on them and time might come when I'd cash more than emeralds rubies, but because I kne was welcome to them, that really meant what he'd when he told me I was a girl, and that he'd wanted to have them. He didn't leav sheaf of banknotes in an velope on my desk either. I grateful for that. He thank me for being such a good panion, in a nice way, and it was too bad that busi had to interfere with pleasu

Then he kissed me on cheek and picked up his and went off to catch his tra I felt that wonderful roughness his face had, there wasn't any pressure in last kiss. It wasn't that at all.

After he'd gone, I saw the fire was beginning to down and I didn't put more wood on it The tea thing were still on the table, took them into the kitchen washed them and put them neatly away. Then I started packing. I couldn't finish, part because I didn't have enough bags and trunks to put all beautiful clothes in, and part because I didn't have time had to get on to the theatre But I left everything in order so that I could come back and finish in the morning, after I'd bought the baggage I needed Then I called up the Commodore and found I could get a room there.

I didn't want to go to any of those places where Win and I had lunched together so often and I was glad a big, impersonal hotel like the Commodore could swallow me up until I could look around for another place to stay. I'm glad I didn't try to be big and brave about it all, because that would have been a dismal failure. But as it turned out, I didn't sleep that night, anyway. I was too excited about something else That evening, after the show,

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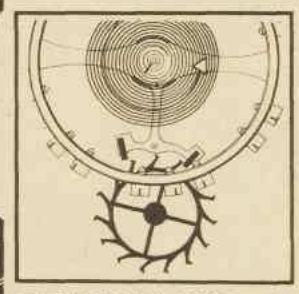

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THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

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Continuing . . . .

The Royal Box

from page 58

Hugo Alban, the star's manager, came and told me she wanted them to try me out for her understudy.

"But you never tried to persuade Mr. Castle to come back to New York?"

"No, never. Very shortly after that I married. And I did become a star. I've been very happy and very successful."

"You never wrote to Mr. Castle at all?"

"No."

"And he never wrote to you?"

"No."

"And I did understand you to say, didn't I, that until tonight you'd never seen Mr. Castle again?"

"That is correct."

"And you saw him then in the presence of several other persons?"

"Yes, in the Royal Retiring Room."

"And nowhere else?"

"Yes, I also saw him afterward—at his request—in my dressing-room backstage."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"Likewise at his request?"

"He didn't, in so many words, ask to see me alone. But I understood that was what he wanted. Hugo and Evan understood, too. Both of them came in, while he was there, for the sake of politeness—or for the sake of appearances, if you'd rather I put it that way. But neither of them stayed more than a minute."

"And the meeting was wholly amicable, I suppose?"

"Wholly. Mr. Castle and I talked about old times, but very briefly. This was during the second interval and that's a short one."

"You talked about nothing except old times?"

"Mr. Castle told me he'd like to see me again, and I said I'd let him know. I didn't feel too sure I wanted to, and on the other hand I felt perhaps it would be rather amusing. I wanted to think it over. He seemed perfectly satisfied to leave it at that."

"You didn't have anything to eat or drink, I suppose, during this brief period?"

"We'd just had a lot of champagne and lobster—during the first interval. Neither of us was hungry or thirsty."

"I'm sorry, but that doesn't answer my question, Miss Lester."

"Now that you speak of it, I think Mr. Castle drank a glass of water as he was leaving my dressing-room. I keep a vacuum bottle on a little table near the door."

"A vacuum bottle? Then it contains ordinary drinking water? Not mineral water?"

"No, just water from the faucet—I mean tap water, with small pieces of ice in it. Like most Americans, I like my drinking water very cold."

"You didn't take a drink at the same time?"

"No. I've told you neither of us was hungry or thirsty. I think Mr. Castle took a drink absent-mindedly, almost subconsciously. Americans often do that, too. I didn't notice that either Hugo or Evan took a drink as he went out, because I was talking to Mr. Castle at the time, but it's quite possible that one or both may have done so—just from force of habit, as I said."

"And you have no reason to suppose that anyone could have tampered with your ice water?"

"Certainly not. It's always put there for me by my personal maid. I've had the same one for years. If she'd wanted to poison me, she could have done it long ago."

"I quite see your point. I may want to question her later, however—though I doubt very much that this will be necessary. Thank you very much, Miss Lester. When you have read and signed Sergeant Griffin's notes that will be all for the present. But I hope you won't leave the suite without giving me a chance to talk with you again if I feel that's indicated. Meanwhile, I should like to talk with your husband."

. . . . .

As Hugo Alban entered the sitting-room, Inspector Kirtland looked up from the sheaf of notes he was shuffling almost as though arranging a newly dealt canasta hand. His swift appraisal took in the newcomer's stocky torso, the large nose and receding chin above a thick muscular neck, the sleek scanty locks brushed back from a high forehead.

"Please take a seat, Mr. Alban," he said pleasantly. "And just to put myself on record with you, as I have with all the others, let me say that you are under no compulsion to answer my questions. I have no authority to detain you. But you, like the others, did volunteer to help us get to the bottom of this very distressing occurrence. That is correct, isn't it?"

"Absolutely. I'll do anything I can to be of service. That's what I'm here for."

"You're Miss Lester's manager?"

"That's right."

"You and she have been associated how long?"

"Well now, about that 'associated.' We're married, you know."

Alban smiled, showing strong yellow teeth, and the smile was so wide and so curving that it completely transformed his face; it was not attractive, but it was persuasive — indeed, compelling. Kirtland noticed the change, in the same swift way that he had noticed the other details of the man's appearance.

"Oh, quite," he said easily.

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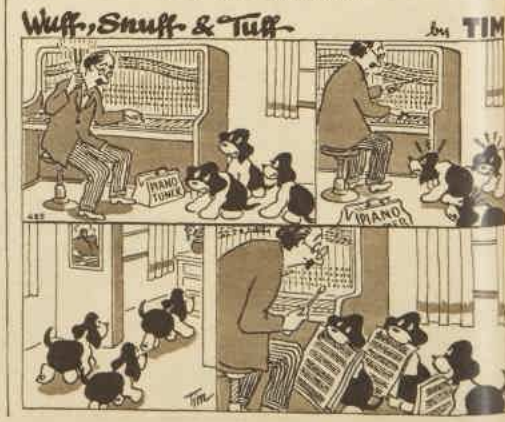
FOR THE CHILDREN



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"If you'd rather not say how long you've been married—"

"Well, in confidence, you understand. In confidence. I mean an actress—a great star like Miss Lester—has to consider her position with the public. And the public's funny. Once they get the idea a star's too old for romantic parts, school's out."

The lips behind Kirtland's scrubby ginger moustache twitched slightly. "In confidence, of course," he agreed.

"Twenty-three years."

"And you were fellow actors when you met?"

"No, I was never what you'd call an actor. Sleight of hand stuff for a while, club dates, a few vaudeville spots. But managing was really my line. I was Maryse Verlaine's manager when I met Miss Lester. I know how to deal with producers, how to get decent billing and things like that. I have a knack for it. Miss Lester got a bit part in 'Dusk in December' when someone in the cast ran off and got married—or something. Anyway, she ran off and they needed somebody for her spot. Miss Lester had been looking around for a chance, and this happened to be it—they took her on."

You were a trouper right from the start. And right from the start, I could see you had a go to get your name up all the lights there were. It's something a person can feel in show business, when a beginner is headed for Dressing-Room A. You had it, whatever it is. One look, and I knew like that.

I waited a while, a couple of months or maybe three, just to make sure I hadn't flipped my wig. But meanwhile, you'd gone from the bit part to a supporting role, and I was more than ever that I was right. Then I put a bug in Chet Dalton's ear, to try you out as Verlaine's understudy. He said I was nuts, and asked if I thought he'd got to be director by following wild hunches. I let it go at that. If he wanted you to be his discovery, that was okay by me. So in about a week he called you in for a reading. Remember? Well, I do. I remember that look in your eyes, half shining like glory hallelujah, and at the same time half scared.

That look had me stopped for a minute. I'd have understood fast enough if you'd looked scared in the beginning, but by then you had a right not to be scared. You walked straight past me without seeing me until I spoke. That was the first time you ever really saw me, to count; and for just one second the look was all scare. So I told you to stick your chin up, you were in like Flynn, nothing to worry about now. And you said wasn't it all too wonderful? But that scared look still didn't go clean away from those big eyes. It had me puzzled, for fair.

So then I got to giving you a little pep talk once in a while; and the few times we'd go out to supper between the matt and the night show, I'd tell you how Verlaine did this bit or that, or why she made one particular cross at a certain point, like she hated to go open the door where the baby was going to be found on the step and yet hated worse not to do it. I knew Verlaine was getting ready to quit the stage. I admit I was looking around for another star or coming star to manage when you showed up, and the minute I saw you, I knew that was it.

"Were you and Miss Lester married before or after you became her manager?" the Inspector inquired.

"Quite a while after. Eight—nine months, at least; maybe a year."

"But you had known her even before?"

"Not to say know. I could call her name and I would give her the big hello once in a while, or something of the sort. But that was the crop."

The Inspector paused and rubbed the knuckle of his right forefinger back and forth across his moustache. Finally he shot Alban a look that had in it something akin to embarrassment.

"You realise it is sometimes necessary to ask questions one would a great deal rather not," he said at length. "And, of course, there's no need to answer if you don't choose. But after all, when one is investigating the death of—"

"If what you're getting at is had I ever in those days seen her with that no-good so-and-so Castle, the answer is yes," interrupted Alban in level tones. "I did. Almost every night for a month. Maybe two months."

"From the fact that you speak of him in such a way, even knowing that he is dead, I take it your feeling toward him was one of extreme dislike."

"Was and still is. When he was alive, he was a living no-good so-and-so; when he was sick, he was a sick one; and now he's dead, he's a dead one. That's all she wrote."

"'All she wrote.' All who wrote?"

"Nobody. That's just a way we have of saying that's the long and short of it—that's all there is, there isn't any more."

Of course, it wasn't until quite a while after I stopped seeing the swine waiting at the stage door for you every night of the world that I got a sneaking hunch what that scared look in your eyes meant. Then I quit worrying about your future on the stage—I knew that wasn't what had you terrified. But I was all the more worried about you as a person—a lonely little mixed-up kid with nobody to turn to, not even me . . .

Sure I had you under my skin by then, and what a torch I was carrying! I'd have sawed off one arm and beat Castle to death using it for a club, if that would have done you any good. But how could I so much as offer to help, when I had to make out I wasn't even about to guess anything was wrong? That was a sweet spot to be in, wasn't it?

But finally, somehow or other, you tumbled to how things stood The night I took you to dinner at that little spot in the village, the one with candles stuck in bottles and red ink in the coffee cups, you blurted out that you'd have to leave the company; and when I said why didn't you leave everything to me, you asked what did I mean, and everything got itself told across both sides of that rickety little table. Everything, except that I loved you . . .

First off, I became your manager. Then I told Chet Dalton I was taking over your affairs, because Verlaine was fare-thee-welling, anyway. He got kind of a funny look on his face, and I asked him would he maybe want a kick in the teeth, because if so, he could get service; it was no trouble to show samples. He didn't make with any more funny looks after that; in fact, he was a very good doggie. When I offered to bet that within less than two years your name would be a bigger draw than Maryse Verlaine's ever had been, he looked real interested, and said something about you, as understudy, jumping right into the part when Verlaine left.

I told him nothing doing, that I was sending you off for a complete physical check-up first, on account of I had heard you make with a couple of bad coughing spells, and I wasn't about to risk what could turn out to be the best property I'd ever managed. If the vet prescribed a rest in some sanatorium, that's where you'd go

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until you get the green light to come back. Meanwhile, he could find himself another girl. I even suggested Paula Standish.

After that, I found a nice place for you to stay, just off the Morristown road in Jersey, and asked you to marry me, so we could both stay there. I said I would never bother you, but you gave me the great big no, and said marriage without love was even worse than love without marriage, and you didn't propose to have both of them on your conscience. You didn't know that for me it wouldn't have been without love. There was never anyone else for me but you, and I didn't give a hoot about the past; it was the future.

When I tried to sell you that idea, you said I was just the kindest person in the whole world to lie like that, but I couldn't really be fond of any girl who had just gone off the deep end for another man. What's more, you wouldn't let me put up one copper cent for you. So maybe it was a good thing that swine had tossed all those furs and bracelets at you. They paid for everything.

Anybody'd have thought I was Chet's favorite rich uncle, the way he took on when I told him you were okay again. Of course, I knew the Standish chick didn't have what it takes, only just enough to get by with a total of nothing to spare. So when I told him you'd be coming back in a week or so, he did everything but kiss me. People were beginning to stay home from "Dusk in December" in bunches, and those that came were sitting on their hands after they got there.

INSPECTOR KIRTLAND inquired pleasantly, "Was it immediately after you became her manager that Miss Lester began to rise to her present eminence?"

"No, I can't say that began right off. She'd gone from her bit part to a supporting role and then to understudy for the star before I took over. Then, just when she had a chance to step into the star's place for good, she had a breakdown and another girl filled in. If she'd been any good, Janice would have been out of luck, but she wasn't and the show was fast going on the rocks when Janice came back from her sanatorium, looking in the pink again.

"She was hustled right into the star's part and she was better from the beginning than the cluck that had been playing it—there never was a day when Janice Lester would give a really poor performance. But 'Dusk in December' needed something more than a performance that wasn't bad, and by and by the director got to talking with the owner about maybe carting the scenery off to Cain's and calling it no contest. And then, something gave her a lift and she was off."

That was where I stepped in again, because I knew the answer. That doll they were using as the foundling on the doorstep for an Act I curtain didn't mean a thing to you, not when you had your heart set on getting back to your own baby. Your heart, I said. Not your mind. Your mind was on the stage all right, and giving a letter-perfect reading. But in show business mind alone won't do. You've got to have your heart there, too.

So it was on that account that I had the fake telegram sent to you from Toledo. Of course, I said I was just trying to protect my meal ticket, because you still wouldn't believe me when I made another try to sell you the idea that for me all dames were divided into two classes—you in one and the rest of them in another. This you wouldn't believe; but that I was out to see nothing happened to my meal ticket—that you went for hook, line, and sinker.

So you got a telegram from Toledo, or wherever it was, saying that your cousin and her husband and their new baby had been in an auto when a train hit it at a grade crossing, and that the husband was killed instantly, but that your cousin had lived long enough to beg you to send for her baby and bring it up yourself, not put it in any asylum. And I made a pitch to Chet Dalton to use that baby instead of a doll in the foundling scene.

I'll break down and admit it was me tipped off Winchell to catch a piece of "Dusk in December" the first night it was your own baby you found on the doorstep, after making that slow cross just before the Act I curtain. But the rave he put in his column next day, all about a new star in the sky, and how anybody that missed you in "Dusk in December" would pass up a chance to buy ten-dollar bills at three for a quarter—that was his idea. And instead of closing, "Dusk in December" ran to standees all the rest of the season, until the marquee went dark for the summer. By that time Janice Lester was in.

"And do I understand that after that brief period in which you saw Miss Lester and Mr. Castle so constantly together you never saw him again until last night?"

"That's right."

"But you have just spoken of him in terms that signify great hatred."

"That's right, too. I hated his very hide."

"I'm not referring to the way you felt about him twenty-odd years ago. I'm referring now to the way you felt about him as recently as a few hours ago."

"I hated him then, too. I told you that before—when you said that even though he was dead it was evident from the way I talked that my feeling for him was one of 'extreme dislike.' Extreme dislike, that's putting it mildly. When he was alive, he was a living, no-good—"

"Yes, yes, I recall . . . And on the other hand, I take it that you are devotedly attached to your wife?"

"You can put it that way if you want to. I'd say it was the under-statement of the year."

Even after that marquee went down, you wouldn't believe I really thought about you as anything more than the answer to a manager's prayer. I tried to tell you. But it wasn't until I said that if we were married we could legally adopt the baby, and after that nothing could ever take him away from you, that you agreed. You married me, not because you thought I loved you, or because you loved me, which you didn't, but because you loved your baby. And after that, I was carrying a bigger torch than ever—carrying a torch for my wife!

I kept my word, though. I didn't bother you, even if sometimes I wanted to rip out a piece of the wall between our rooms with my bare hands. And then that summer night in Provincetown, where you'd gone to play in a straw hat barn, and we'd left the baby and the nurse in Boston, and the moonlight was pouring down on the sea, and the surf was like a pulse beating and beating, it was you came to me, and that was when you knew it wasn't any meal ticket I had been trying to win, but just my own true love.

"Mr. Alban, I think you will admit that, knowing how you feel, it wouldn't be too far-fetched a supposition for someone to suspect that—well, that you might have had—mind, I don't say that you did have—a hand in doing away with Mr. Castle. You are devotedly attached to your wife and you have nurtured a hatred against an admirer of hers for more than twenty years. Inevitably it appears, on the face of things, as if there might be—well, some connection between the two feelings. Especially as you've spoken of him, repeatedly, in terms which show your hatred might be one of the most compelling motives for murder."

"All right, I had a motive. So what?"

"Well, you apparently also had an opportunity."

"I've followed you all right, chief, so far. Now I don't seem to."

"You were once a conjurer, and, though you have not engaged in sleight of hand, professionally, for many years, I understand you have continued to give exhibitions of it for the entertainment of your family and friends. I have been informed that you gave such an exhibition last evening."

Alban threw back his head and laughed. He was still smiling, and his yellow teeth seemed more prominent than ever, when he replied.

"You mean the trick with the champagne glass?" he asked, chuckling. "You think I slipped a poison pill into the fizz? I could have, easy as shooting fish in a barrel—granted I'd had the poison, of course. But I'd never have poisoned the guy. Never in this world. Let him die without even knowing who did it to him or why? That wouldn't be my style." Alban, the smile gone, looked down at the hands he was flexing, so that the tendons and veins stood out from their backs.

"Get my fingers around his throat when I could see the scare come into his eyes until they blanked out—that I could have done. I'll go far enough to say that many's the time I've thought about doing it. Bot slip the guy a pill so that he passes out without knowing who hit him, or what, or why . . . Where'd be the percentage in that, Chief?"

"I was merely speaking of motives," the Inspector replied without answering the question. "As long as the motive is there and the opportunity is there—"

"All right, then. Here's your answer, and it covers all three of us."

"All three of you?"

"Yes. Janice and Evan and me."

"Oh, I see. Mr. Neville is your adopted son, I believe?"

"That's right. His mother was my wife's cousin. That makes him a first cousin, once removed, to my wife. He isn't actually related to me at all."

"And I take it his own mother is no longer living?"

"No. She and her husband were both fatally injured in an automobile accident. Janice wanted to adopt their baby, and I was glad enough to have her. Out of charity, I mean, at first. We've been mighty glad for practical reasons, too, ever since. Talk about born actors. Evan's been a hit from the time he played the foundling in the basket at the end of Act I in 'Dusk in December.' He's been in all Janice's plays and he's never once let us down. Of course, he's 'devotedly attached' to her, too, and he and I get along all right, though sometimes he's complained that I've kept his nose too close to the grindstone. He got exhausted a couple of years back, near the end of a run, and it was all he could do to go on the last few nights. Each time, he'd say he didn't think he could last through the third act. But he did. After we had closed, though, he'd slouch way down in the biggest chair he could find, and mope. He couldn't sleep or eat except at some odd hour.

"Janice and I were as patient with him as we knew how—it was hard when we were working on the next show—but just when we began to wonder

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passed off for more than twenty years as your cousin. Even your son himself didn't know his true relationship to you until ten days ago. He wouldn't know it even now, if it hadn't been for what happened after that last curtain call.

"But since your stage name has seemed like your own for so long, doubtless you prefer that I should address you as Mr. Neville rather than as Mr. Alban."

"I sure do."

"That will be quite agreeable to me . . . Won't you sit down, Mr. Neville?"

"Thanks. If it's up to me, I'd rather stand."

"Just as you wish. It should not be necessary to trouble you long in any case."

"Good deal!"

"Oh, no! Quite the contrary. Not a good deal at all. Just a little while."

"That's what I was getting at. Good deal with us means that the deal is good. What you'd call tophole, I expect."

"Oh, quite. I understand now . . . It's the time element that interests me most at the moment, Mr. Neville. As I understand it, you had never met Mr. Castle until last night."

"That's correct."

"But you knew him, no doubt, by reputation?"

EVAN failed to answer. By reputation! he was thinking. If I had, I'd have known he was a scoundrel. Or maybe not. Maybe it's less a case of having a scoundrel for a father than a fool for a mother. The more I mull it over, the more I'm inclined to believe it is. You could have written to him, you know, Janice. You had his business address—he'd told you that you could send him any unpaid bills. He hadn't asked you to write to him, but he hadn't told you that you mustn't—he'd parted from you very politely, by your own account. Politely! After you'd been living with him for a couple of months. He'd given you bushels of jewels and trunks full of clothes. He'd have given you money, too, all the money you asked for. He always spent money like a drunken sailor. The only difference is, drunken sailors don't have much and he had plenty. A lot more than plenty. More than he knew what to do with.

He'd have had all your hospital bills paid, quick as a flash, and probably he'd have given you a big lump sum besides. He might even have married you — not for keeps, maybe, but long enough for you and me both to have his name and a right to some of his money. Even if he'd engineered a divorce afterward, he'd have arranged to have me educated. I mean educated—sent to one of those swell New England prep schools, to a Grade A college, to Europe every so often, perhaps even on a trip around the world.

I wouldn't have had a succession of hotels for my only home and a succession of bellhops for my only playmates. Playmates! They didn't play with me — they corrupted me, quick and plenty. I wouldn't have been kept cooped up in a greenroom with an actor for a tutor, a broken down old hasbeen, whose favorite textbooks were the stilted old dramas he'd played in when he was young. He couldn't get it through his head I wanted to learn much of anything that wasn't in them. And you weren't much better, Janice — you or your precious husband, either. You took it for granted I wanted to be an actor; you never gave me a chance to be anything else. And all because, at the age of three months, I happened to howl exactly when I should have, after I'd been shoved into a basket and put on the doorstep, at the end of Act I, scene 2, "Dusk in December."

That was twenty-three years ago, and in all those twenty-three years I've never escaped from you and the theatre, never once, except when you sent me off for one of those so-called "rest cures". You like quotations, how's this one? "You've made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied." Not quite as classical as those you generally favor, but even more to the point. You made me into a child prodigy and then into a matinee idol and I've hated it every step of the way.

I've tried to tell you so, but you wouldn't listen. Sometimes I've almost hated you, because you didn't or couldn't or wouldn't understand. But Baldwin Castle would have understood. If I'd been acknowledged as his son, I'd have been a man now, not a "jeune premier." I could hate you for not telling him about me, not almost, but good and plenty, if I hadn't found out about all that at the same time I found out about something else.

"I notice that you're hesitating, Mr. Neville. Quite natural, too. I should have put my question rather differently. When I said I thought you must know Mr. Castle by reputation, I wasn't referring to his moral qualities — in short, his personal character. I was referring to the public recognition which has been accorded him on account of his achievements. I understand he was a notable figure in the petroleum industry."

"That's correct, too. So I probably have seen his name in the papers and heard people talk about him as a big shot. But it wouldn't have made much of an impression on me. I'm not especially interested in the petroleum industry. I've never been brought into either direct or indirect contact with any of its top men. There must be dozens of people in the oil business whose names I wouldn't know. I couldn't tell you offhand, for example, who's president of any of those big outfits. Not if my life depended on it, which I certainly hope it doesn't, for ''tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord, when men are unprepared and look not for it.'"

"That's very well put, Mr. Neville. I hope I can remember it. Would you mind saying it again, so I can copy it down? . . . My younger boy would recognise that straight off," Kirtland said, as he finished writing. "Gets us to take him to Old Vic every time they put on a different play there, and as if that weren't enough Shakespeare, nothing will do but that I must take my whole family to Stratford during my holidays. Well, that's neither here nor there. Now, to get back to the business in hand. When did you receive the invitation to join the Castles in the Royal Retiring Room between the first and second acts of 'Gold of Pleasure.'

"Why, I can't say I ever did receive it, officially. I heard about it and was included in it in a rather offhand way."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Janice keeps a vacuum flask of ice water—I mean real ice water with chunks of ice in it—in her dressing room all the time. I know that may be hard to believe, but she actually does get it. After all, she's filling every seat from orchestra to peanut heaven—what you call the 'gods' over here—night after night."

"I don't quite see what—"

"Did you ever try to get ice water—I mean the real thing? No. I suppose not. But take my word for it, ice water is the hardest thing on earth to get in London. I've given up trying myself. But I drop into Janice's dressing room for a beaker from her flask every so often. You know—drink to me only with thine ice. Brother! How corny can you get!"

"I'm afraid I didn't make myself clear. I wondered if you'd be good enough to tell me just when you learned you'd been invited to join the Castles."

"That's what I'm getting at. I wasn't and I hadn't any notion of going. I just wanted a drink of ice water, as I said. So I started for Janice's dressing room and while I was going down the corridor toward it, I heard a row going on about some note Mrs. Castle had sent backstage. From what I gathered, this billet-doux just about ordered Janice and Hugo to show up, and Janice was livid with rage. Said she wouldn't go, said Castle could . . . well, never mind. Anyway, Hugo kept telling her she had to go, that he never would be satisfied until he saw with his own eyes how she and Castle hit it off. And finally, she agreed."

"You think you heard pretty much all that was said by your cousins? Mr. Alban and Miss Lester are your cousins, aren't they? Or are they your aunt and uncle? She spoke of you as a 'young relative,' but she didn't say exactly—"

"Hugo's no relative of mine—he's just a guy who married into the family. Miss Lester's some sort of third cousin of my mother's—or so I've always been told."

And so I've always believed, which shows what a fool I am. When I kissed you again, after that last curtain call, and you told me that was enough, the show was over now, I still didn't catch on. Not until you spelled everything right out for me.

"And Miss Lester and Mr. Alban came out of Miss Lester's dressing room together while you were still in the corridor?"

"Oh, no. Naturally, I'd gathered that wasn't the best moment for me to intrude, so I hurried back to my own dressing room after I heard Janice agree to go to the Castles' party. She said maybe Hugo was right, maybe she even owed it to him to show that everything was over and done with."

"And have you any notion what she meant by that?"

The young actor's face went blank. He looked at the Inspector in wide-eyed bewilderment.

"Not the slightest, Mr. Kirtland. It must have referred to whatever it was they had been quarrelling about when I got there."

"And what was it you did then?"

"I was still in my own dressing room when Hugo came there and told me Janice had been invited to the Royal Box by the Castles for an entr'acte collation, and had accepted not only for herself, but for Hugo and me, too. So I tagged along, of course. But that's why I say I wasn't really invited. They had only asked for Janice. Maybe they didn't know about Hugo, or me. Anyway, Mr. Castle didn't know about me. I feel sure he didn't."

"In any case, you had no idea you were going to meet Mr. Castle until Hugo Alban came to your dressing room, and between your first knowledge that you were going to see him and the time you did meet the interval was no longer than it took to walk from your dressing room to the Retiring Room of the Royal Box. Is that approximately correct?"

"Well, that's making a lot of stuff out of a big nothing, but that's the way it was."

Kirtland nodded, and jotted some notes on one of the sheets of paper before him.

"And after the theatre, Mr. Neville?"

"After the show—if you've been there, you'll know how I

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whether some kind of a rest cure mightn't help, he snapped out of it. I don't know how we'd have managed right then if he hadn't. Anyway, I've always done my best for the kid, even at times like that, when he was difficult to handle. I've seen to it that he had the best possible training, and that never does any harm, no matter how much talent a guy's got."

"Well, as you were saying——"

"Well, as I was saying, none of us had so much as a notion Castle was on our side of the ocean until we got that note in the middle of Act I, asking us to come to the Royal Box. You don't think that for twenty-four years we've been carrying around some kind of poison on the chance that one of those times we might run into the swine, do you? And finding out about him when we did, how could we have sent out and got poison in ten minutes, even if we could have found one of those drugstores that they call chemists' shops over here that wasn't already shut? And, on top of that, one that would have handed out cyanide right over the counter? You see, chief, it just doesn't add up to make sense. So, no matter who's suspected, we three are bound to be in the clear."

It certainly looked that way, Kirtland said to himself, rather wearily; but it would have seemed even more self-evident if Alban had not stressed it as a fact instead of a probability. In any case, there were two more persons the Inspector must question before he would have interviewed all those who had been fellow guests of Castle's the previous evening, at one party or another: the young actor and the journalist. He had decided to leave Joe Racina until the last, partly because he believed this interview would involve less strain and stress than most of the others, and partly because he felt that Joe's experience in summing up character and circumstance might serve as a useful supplement to his own.

Evan would be of less use, and might also be more trying; as in the case of Janice, though for very different causes, Kirtland decided that the sooner he was through with this petulant-looking boy, the better. For the very reason that he was not drawn toward the "jeune premier," he made a greater effort than usual to be civil.

"Mr. Neville?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Evan Neville is, I believe, the full name?"

"Yes."

"Is that your real name or your stage name?"

"Well, actually it's my stage name, but I've used it so long I never think of myself as possessing any other."

"However, your real name does, I assume, appear on your passport and other official documents you may be called upon to sign and keep in your possession?"

"Yes."

"And it is——"

"Evan Alban. I was legally adopted by Hugo and Janice when I was a baby and given their surname. You know, of course, that in private life, as it's termed, Janice Lester is Mrs. Hugo Alban—not that she has much of any private life. She has to share everything she is and does with her adoring public."

Almost everything, but not quite everything. It's never leaked out, my dear Janice, that you had an affair with the man who's been murdered tonight. It's never leaked out that you had a child by him, who's been

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The Royal Box

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can't get away earlier, because when I commit suicide that's the end of the last act—anyway, after the show, I carried the mail—meaning I hustled, you understand—right over to the hotel and grabbed myself an armful of that business that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care. I mean sleep. When I get through my stint in the salt mines, I'm tired. I don't play around."

"And you were asleep in your hotel when Mr. Racina asked you if you'd accompany Mr. Alban and Miss Lester here?"

"You win the big doll for a right answer."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Neville. You've been more helpful than you realise. You may go back to sleep now, if you like—in the next room. But before you doze off, you might just ask Mr. Racina to come along. After all, turnabout is fair play."

. . . . . .

Joe slouched back into a deeply cushioned armchair, lighted a cigarette, and snapped the match behind him in the general direction of the copper-faced electric grate.

"I hope you've been making as much progress as I have, Inspector," he said amiably.

"Meaning just what?"

"Well, you've talked with ten persons so far. By now, you must have found two or three clues and developed at least a few theories. Me, I've got the first chapter of my novel into rough draft."

"Your novel!"

"Yes. I got an idea for a novel while were were having supper downstairs last night. It's already got a title—'The Midnight Marriage'—and it's all about the Royal Duke of York and the beautiful commoner Anne Hyde. Of course, the Duke's mother—in fact, all the Royal Family—opposed the marriage; and it wasn't just because Anne was a commoner; they were dead certain she wasn't the right kind of a girl for him. But this man took matters into his own hands, and by the time the rest of the tribe found out it was too late to do anything to stop him."

"Very interesting. I'd like to learn more about this midnight marriage myself—this is the first time I ever heard of it, though I'm something of a student of history. Just now, as you'll appreciate, I have other fish to fry."

"Sure enough. And if you'll ask questions I'll try to answer them without any more rambling over the countryside."

"Well done. But before I ask any questions, perhaps I ought to state, so that there won't be any misunderstanding, that I don't regard you as a suspect."

"Much obliged for those kind words. I guessed you'd figure out that Castle was a lot more use to me alive than dead. Of course, I had to cable 'This Month' that the series about him, as we planned it, is off. But the editor's a great guy; he'll pay me something besides my expenses, because I've put in quite a good deal of time, travelling, doing research, and so on, and I could have earned something else while I was doing that. However, what I get for a consolation prize won't be anything like the tall money I'd have had for the series."

"Very interesting," Kirtland said again. "I know almost nothing about publishing procedure. Now, in regard to Mr. Thorpe, who is, I understand, a friend of yours——"

"Excuse me if I'm interrupting your train of thought. But I can't help reminding you that Hilary had just as many reasons for wanting to keep Castle alive as I did. It doesn't exactly help a career diplomat's prospects to have a newly appointed ambassador, who is his official guest at the time, murdered stone cold dead in the market place."

"Quite. Yet I understand that Mr. Thorpe has persistently refused to discharge a cook whose record is, by no means, above suspicion."

"Well, as a matter of fact, Hilary and I've been talking about Lalisse," Joe volunteered. "We did it while De Valcourt was in here with you, and Alban and Neville were over on the other side of the bedroom, apparently absorbed in a game of cribbage, or something. We didn't think you'd object, as the conversation wasn't based on anything you and Hilary had discussed. It was prompted by the fact that I'd been very much struck by that gal when I saw her at Hilary's house and had told him I'd like to do a piece on her, too. Would you care to have me give you the gist of what he said to me?"

"I should, indeed."

"He said De Valcourt had always suspected her of monkey business because he—I mean Jacques — had seen her stealing off to an assignation while he was hiding in a niche of a garden wall, waiting until it was dark enough for him to keep one himself. He swore he saw Lalisse give this swain of hers a basket, covered with a napkin, but with a bottle sticking out at one side."

"Well?"

JOE drew a quick breath. "Well," he said, "Hilary says that's likely enough, that lots of the servants in the West Indies give food and drinks to their families and friends, besides taking it home themselves, just as they do in our own South to this day. I wouldn't know how it is in England. Hilary claims it's just a coincidence that this poor chap was found dead within twenty-four hours—if it actually was the same man. Hilary doesn't see how Jacques could be sure, even of that. After all, it was almost dark at the time Jacques saw Lalisse meet someone."

"Evidently the police felt there was reason to suspect her."

"Oh, there's no question that the fellow who was found dead was her boy-friend! Also, that she had another boy-friend and was playing one against the other! She went out with the other one that same night."

"And what's her story?"

"Her story is that if she'd gone out with boy-friend number one he wouldn't have done what he did that night."

"Which was——"

"Which was to go to some sort of wild native party. She thinks she sent him to his death—in fact, she's said so, in a frenzied way, over and over again. Because there's no question that he was dead the next day."

"Of poison?"

"Yes. That's why Lalisse was investigated. She was in the habit of giving him food to take home and, as I've said, he was known to be—well, shall we say, an admirer of hers. But there wasn't a trace of poison found in the house where he lived with his mother. And several of the celebrants at this wild native party were very, very sick the next day. An American Army doctor Hilary got hold of handed down the opinion that there was no doubt they'd all had ptomaine poisoning. After all, refrigeration in Martinique isn't all it might be. And pretty soon the police got around to the doctor's way of thinking, as well as Hilary's, and Dr Valcourt stopped talking about what he thought he'd seen. Naturally, under the circumstances, he wasn't very keen on coming out publicly with too much information, because, in that case, he was bound to be asked how he happened to get it and he was afraid that might make things awkward for his inamorata."

"But then why should he persist in offering a different opinion now? There must be some basis for it."

Joe hesitated. "I wouldn't know, and I hate to say what I'm going to when it's only guesswork. But there's an old saw that all's fair in love and war, and maybe it is. Jacques doesn't care a hoot about this dame in Martinique any more, and now he and Hilary are in love with the same girl. I think that probably he had practically forgotten all about his first suspicions of Lalisse, which, no doubt, were sincere enough to start with, until — well, until it became just as convenient for him to remember them again now, as it was for him to dismiss them before."

"I understand why it should have been convenient for him to dismiss them before. I'm not sure I understand why it should be convenient for him to remember them now."

"Partly because they might serve to make poor Hilary indirectly responsible for Castle's murder. And partly because they would serve to divert suspicion from other quarters."

"I see."

"Besides," Joe went on, much encouraged, "how could Lalisse manage to poison one guest and still not cause any of the others so much as a twinge? That would take some doing."

"Quite. But it is not an utter impossibility."

Kirtland rubbed his moustache with his knuckle and consulted his notes. "You say that you and Mr. Thorpe had this conversation about Lalisse while the Colonel was in here with me," he observed eventually. "Did he, when he rejoined you, mention that I had spoken with him about Lalisse myself and informed him that she had disappeared?"

"He sure didn't. What do you mean, disappeared?"

"I decided, after talking with Mr. Thorpe, that I might like to talk with her later on, too, and so informed him. He relayed this information to his chauffeur, Celestino, who, in turn, relayed it to Lalisse — which, of course, he should not have done before he was actually about to bring her here. No doubt, he succeeded in frightening her thoroughly."

"Possibly. Or possibly, Celestino had been bitten by the same bug as so many others. Possibly he was planning to take her out tonight — a plan which might have been upset by the party or by the weather. I imagine a gal from Martinique might be glad enough to use weather like this as an excuse for not going out with someone she didn't care much for, anyway. And then, she might have slipped off with someone else to a neighborhood cinema. She may be sitting cuddled up to a good-for-nothing Cockney, munching chocolates for all she's worth at this very minute."

"Well, we'll let it go at that, at least for the present. Now I understand from what you said to me yourself that Miss Lester is also an old friend of yours. Is there anything about that friendship which would make you disinclined to talk about it or her?"

"I'm not sure just what you mean by that, but whatever it is the answer would be the same — nothing. We were good friends when she was a girl — we are still. But we were never more than that. Even if we had been, it would all have been on the level — she was as straight as a string at

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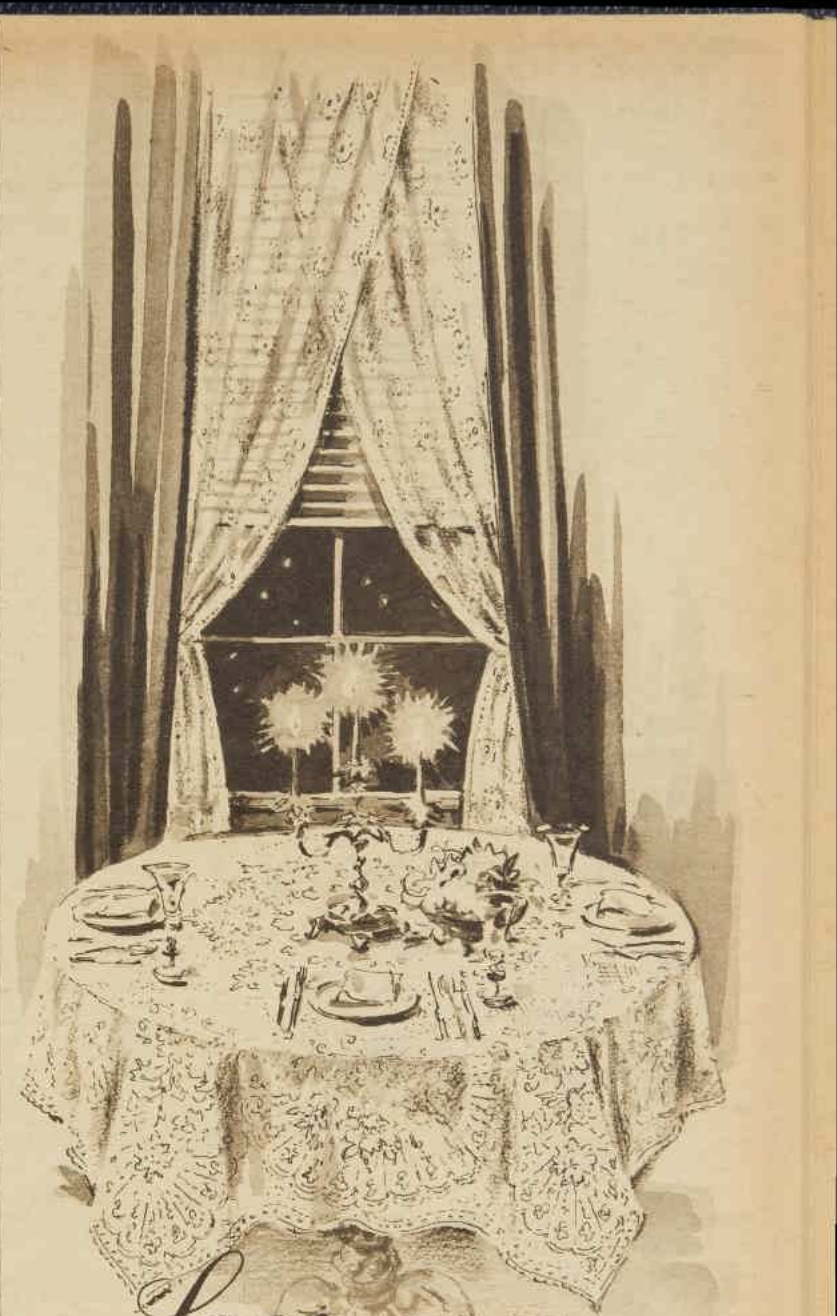

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the time I first knew her. And anything that could have happened since would still all be in the past, anyway. I'm devoted to my wife and Janice is devoted to her husband. I'd take my Bible oath on it that she's been as faithful to Alban as I've been to Judith and that's as faithful as you can get."

Joe spoke not only with great sincerity, but with considerable vehemence. His obviously deep feeling made it harder for Kirtland to ask his next question.

"You say she was as straight as a string when you first knew her. Then it isn't conceivable to you that she might have had a love affair? I mean, before her marriage? One in which—well, in which marriage didn't enter the picture?"

"Yes, it's conceivable," Joe flashed back. "But I'd say she was straight as a string — in my book, anyway. Because I don't believe for a moment she'd have had an affair with a man unless it really was a love affair. I can't imagine any mercenary motive entering into it. I'll go further than that. I can't imagine anything like that happening unless she thought marriage was in the picture — perhaps not as much in the foreground as it should have been, but certainly there somewhere. And it goes without saying that there never would have been but one such love affair. There couldn't have been."

"You have a very high opinion of Miss Lester, Mr. Racina."

"You're right, I have. And it won't be changed even if the next thing you ask is whether I don't think the man in such an affair couldn't have been Castle."

"Well, couldn't it?"

"I knew that would be next and the answer is yes, it could. I didn't know until last night that they'd ever laid eyes on each other before, but, of course, they had. Why, Janice didn't make the slightest attempt to pretend that they hadn't known each other well—called him Win, asked if he'd feel like telling the rest of the crowd about the good times they used to have together — all that sort of thing. But no matter how far those good times went, I'd still put my hand on the block she didn't care whether he was rich or not. Also, that she must have believed he meant to marry her — until something happened to show her that he didn't."

"You wouldn't hazard a guess as to what that might have been, would you?"

Joe appeared to reflect.

"Well, if they actually did have an affair," he said eventually, "of course, it must have been after she left Chicago for New York, but before she married Alban. And, if I'm not mistaken, that was just before the time Castle came back from Aristan. He'd been in England before he went out there and again on his way home. I know that from what he told me himself. He could have met some English girl and fallen for her hard and she could have turned him down. That could have made him mighty sore and it would have been easy for some other girl to get him on the rebound. Get him, but not hold him, especially if something happened to loosen her hold — a quarrel or some unconscious reference to an unknown rival which happened to strike home, or anything else of the sort. We're supposing so much anyway that we might as well suppose that much more."

"Right. And since we're supposing so much, could we go a step further still and suppose that such a girl — the one who'd got a man on the rebound — would be as sore after he left her as he'd been when he found her?"

"No — not if the girl were Janice. She'd be terribly hurt, of course, probably terribly puzzled, too. But she wouldn't be crushed; she's got too much courage for that. And she wouldn't be bitter or vengeful: she'd probably blame herself for what had happened, as much as she blamed the man. And she wouldn't brood over it; she'd go on to the next thing — which, in her case, always supposing this is Janice we're talking about, was to get a better part on the stage than she'd ever had before, and to marry a man who could help her get better parts still, besides being crazy about her."

Joe spoke with conviction. It was only after he had done so that he remembered the impression he had had at the theatre — that Janice had changed in some way which he could not analyse, but that the change was not one for the better.

Momentarily he wondered whether he should speak of this to the Inspector, in the interests of complete candor; but the honest belief that the change had nothing to do with the phase of the situation under discussion moved him to wait a little before mentioning it, especially as the Inspector did not put another direct question to him immediately, but made a favorable comment on his own initiative.

PERMITTING himself the luxury of a slight smile, the Inspector said, "I must confess that I was agreeably impressed with Miss Lester myself. I imagine she has a somewhat disarming effect on most of the persons with whom she comes in contact. I do not mean only on account of her—ah—pleasing appearance; I mean because she seems so single-hearted."

"You've hit the nail on the head, Inspector. Single-hearted — that's the right word for her!" Joe exclaimed, dismissing the doubts which had briefly arisen. "Kind-hearted, too — willing to take all kinds of trouble to give anyone else pleasure. Why, after I cabled her from the ship that Judith and I were on our way here, she telephoned the hotel over and over again to let us know we could have her house seats for last night! She must have had about a million other things to do, but she never stopped trying to get in touch with me until she'd succeeded in talking with me personally. And I don't know how many years it is since she's heard from me, let alone seen me."

Kirtland stared at Joe in silence for a moment, and then took off his glasses, wiping them carefully on his handkerchief before he replaced them.

"Do you happen to remember," he inquired at last, "whether you mentioned in the cable the purpose of your impending presence in London?"

"You mean the series about Castle? Yes, I did. I told her I'd like to do a piece about her, too. She seemed to be very much pleased with the idea. So, when we finally made connections, I told her that, of course, the work with Castle had to take precedence over anything else I did, but that we'd find time for the other, too. However, there's nothing about that which could have any bearing on what happened last night, is there?"

"I wish I could assure you that there isn't. However, I'm compelled to inform you that I was told, unequivocally, that neither Miss Lester nor Mr. Alban nor Mr. Neville had the slightest inkling that Mr. Castle was in London until Miss Lester received Mrs. Castle's note inviting them to a collation"

"The hock you were! By Janice?"

"No, by Mr. Alban. I believe it is quite possible—quite probable even—that Mr. Neville did not know. But I think you will agree that, as her manager, Mr. Alban must attend to such matters as the distribution of seats for Miss Lester. Also, that as her husband, he would have almost inevitably been present on at least one of those occasions when she telephoned you over and over again."

"Well, Alban may have lied; I wouldn't know. But Janice didn't. I'd take my Bible oath on that, too."

"As far as I can judge, Miss Lester answered all my questions truthfully. I didn't happen to ask her how long beforehand she knew that Castle was coming to London. As a matter of fact, I didn't ask Alban either. He volunteered the information. And then he added, 'So, no matter who's suspected, we three are bound to be in the clear.' Which, of course, they're not. Because, if they knew beforehand that Castle was to be here, it would give them time to prepare such a potion as we feel quite sure was administered."

"But I tell you, Janice never would have poisoned anyone! Let alone a man she'd been so crazy about that she decided all for love and the world well lost—if that's what she did do."

"You may be right and you may not. You seem to be very sure she isn't vengeful by nature, and I'm inclined to agree with you. But that doesn't mean I can discount the possibility that she might have planned this murder, now that I know she was aware, several days in advance, of Castle's presence in London. And, as far as her husband's concerned——"

"I guess I'll have to grant you there's more of a possibility there. Still, I don't believe he did it—if for no other reason than that he's had more than twenty years to accomplish such a purpose, if he wanted to, and I don't believe he'd choose such a painless process as the one that was selected, if he did decide to do it."

"He pointed all that out himself. Well, let's dismiss that phase of the situation for the time being, too—which doesn't mean I'm dismissing it permanently, you understand. Now suppose we look at another aspect of the case: has it occurred to you that this murder might be in the line of a political assassination?"

"Sure it has."

"Could you prove it?"

"Of course not! I'm only agreeing it's a possibility. Maybe even a probability. Politics are politics the world over, and east of Suez there ain't no Ten Commandments, according to Kipling and some others. The way to get rid of political opponents in such places isn't usually through the ballot box or an appeal to the people. Quite often it's through liquidation, as you just suggested."

"Liquidation? I don't remember——"

"Merely the modern word for assassination, Inspector."

"Power politics are rather out of my line. If you'd be good enough to explain what you mean in words of one syllable, so to speak——"

"Wherever any administration is in office, someone is trying to oust it. Caesar brought Rome to her greatest glory—and was assassinated for it. Your Winston Churchill was overthrown after guiding Britain through history's greatest war. Ballots or bullets, the

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6 THE FASHION SHAPE-MAKER

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outs are always trying to replace the ins."

"But in Aristan——"

"It's the same difference. Old Suleiman was a good ruler, as autocrats go, I suppose. He did provide schools, hospitals, and so on for his people and he lived a rather Spartan life, according to Oriental standards, at least. But they were getting ready to rebel against him, just the same, until Castle came along and put him in the chips."

"That was a long time ago."

"Right; but now, instead of being opposed by disgruntled politicians only, Izzet ibn Hamis has turned most of the decent Aristanians against him. They're outraged by his extravagance and his loose way of living. The professional outs have joined them. That forms a pretty big bloc. Opposing them, you've got the professional ins, the Izzet ibn Hamis crowd of pay-roll patriots. Castle had all that blueprinted for him before he agreed to take the post."

"And he took it, anyway?"

"From what he told me, the President put it up to him as a patriotic duty."

"Granted that's so—and we haven't any reason to assume it isn't—who would have anything to gain by Castle's death?"

"Politically, you mean, Inspector?"

"Politically, of course. The personal motives can be disregarded for the moment."

"The answer is quote everybody unquote. Everybody in Aristan, that is. Offhand, one would think Izzet, the playboy sultan, would be waiting for Castle with a red carpet from here to yonder, on the theory that the man who had redeemed his pappy's throne would do it again for sonny boy. But that wasn't the case."

"You're sure of that?"

"I only know what Castle himself told me during the course of our talks — that it might be necessary to get rid of Izzet as a first step toward making a new treaty that would safeguard American interests for the immediate future. Get him to abdicate in favor of one of his younger brothers, who was cast more nearly in the old Sultan Suleiman's mould."

"If that were the case, wouldn't the anti-Izzet bloc — the decent people — have been anxious for Castle to succeed?"

"Had they known about it, certainly. But they didn't. Even Castle didn't 'know' it, for that matter; he merely mentioned it to me one day as one possible course of action he might have to take in trying to do the job the President had turned over to him. So far as the good people in Aristan who opposed Izzet knew, Castle was on his way to save Izzet's regime just as he had once saved Suleiman's."

"They must have thought he could do anything he wanted."

"That figures, too, Inspector. They thought of him as a sort of Genghis Khan, or Kitchener, who does the impossible. They could very well have figured that the necessary first step to getting rid of Izzet would be to do away with Castle. Both sides had a believable reason for doing away with the man."

"Granted again. Then the next step would be to find out whether both sides had advocates among Mr. Castle's fellow guests last night."

"Well, on the face of it, Ahani should certainly be pro-Izzet. He represents the present Government. But there might very well be wheels within wheels. In fact, Castle himself told me that he was suspicious of Ahani's brother-in-law. This was off the record, of course—just background information. But I don't see why I shouldn't tell you now."

"I appreciate your doing so. However, as far as Ahani is concerned——" Kirtland broke off, rummaging among his papers and again brought from its hiding place the jewelled box which had already figured in his conversations with Thorpe and Ahani. "I expect you've seen this trinket already," he remarked.

"Yes. I saw Ahani give it to Castle during the first entr'-acte and Hilary told me it had been found in the car. I've been wondering when you'd get around to mentioning it."

"I should have done so sooner, if I had received a different report from the laboratory. But a large part of its contents have now been examined and, in every case, the specimens have proven entirely innocuous. They are exactly what Ahani claimed: fragments of salted walnuts, nothing more, nothing less. As you yourself pointed out, it would have been difficult for Lalisse to find a way of poisoning one guest, while leaving half a dozen others unharmed. It is equally improbable that Castle, in selecting a nut, could have accidentally chosen the only one which was poisoned."

"But Castle didn't select the nut himself! Ahani extracted one from the box and handed it to him as a sample of the kind that was considered such a delicacy. And, up to that time, Ahani's wife had the box concealed somewhere on her person. It wouldn't be so highly improbable, would it, that the one poisoned fragment in the box was carefully marked—possibly shaped or colored differently from the others—before being secreted? And that Ahani chose an opportune moment, for which he'd been waiting, and knew exactly what he was doing when he offered the nut to Castle?"

KIRTLAND said slowly, "No, that wouldn't be so highly improbable. Thank you, Mr. Racina. This is the second time you've given me a very enlightening piece of information that was hitherto lacking."

"But they lead in entirely different directions! And you must admit that the second lead is a lot better than the first."

"I'll admit it appears to be. But, even supposing that Ahani was secretly anti-Izzet, I don't believe that De Valcourt is."

"De Valcourt! Why on earth should he care who rules in Aristan?"

"Because it so happens that he and Izzet are boon companions or, if not actually that, at least on very friendly terms and with very kindred tastes. They both enjoy the Cote d'Azur, where De Valcourt has a villa and Izzet keeps a yacht anchored by his private beach. They both find congenial company in the locality of Monte Carlo and they both consider the casino an agreeable place to while away an otherwise dull evening. As I have just said, you have given me two very valuable pieces of information, Mr. Racina. Perhaps now I have given you one which will show you that I am not yet through investigating leads."

"I'll say you have. De Valcourt probably doesn't care who rules in Aristan, but you're right. It wouldn't be at all surprising if he cared a good deal about keeping his relationship with the royal playboy of the Riviera on an even keel. And I can see that, as far as you're concerned, whether he is or not, is, at the moment, the sixty-four dollar question."

Kirtland was used to working long hours under pressure, but he was beginning to look very tired, and he showed it. The lines from the side of his nostrils to the end of his scrubby moustache were deeply etched and the puckered frown tightened the skin of his forehead above the bridge of his tortoise-shell glasses. He took them off, polished them, and laid them down on his notes.

"I could do with a cup of coffee, Sergeant," he said wearily. "How about you?"

"It's been hard for me to keep my mind on anything else, this last half hour," Griffin confessed with alacrity.

"Very well. Suppose we ask for some to be sent up—coffee and sandwiches but. To us and also to the ladies and gentlemen who are awaiting us, of course."

The refreshments arrived with the commendable promptitude characteristic of Sam's service. As Kirtland and Griffin sat gratefully but silently consuming their share of them, Big Ben struck three. Kirtland drained his cup for the third time and set it down conclusively.

"I don't need to tell you that it isn't our custom to talk with two persons at the same time, Sergeant. But the man who doesn't know when to do, part from custom, as well as when to keep to it, wouldn't be much good as an inspector or anything else. As that young man we had in here a while back would probably remind us, some are more honored in the breach than in the observance. It's getting pretty late, and I've a notion that we might speed things up a little and also be helped in other ways if we had Lady Laura and her daughter in here together. How does the idea strike you?"

"An excellent idea, sir," Griffin said emphatically, after hastily swallowing a final morsel of sandwich.

"Then suppose you inquire whether the ladies would be good enough to return here — after they've finished their own snack, of course."

The ladies were just finishing, Griffin informed Kirtland, and would be glad to return to the sitting-room almost immediately. Indeed, the sergeant had hardly finished reporting when the bedroom door opened again and Lady Laura and Althea came out. They had both been somewhat revived by their coffee and appeared less exhausted than the Inspector had anticipated.

Lady Laura was still the personification of daintiness, not a hair of her elaborate coiffure was out of place, not a wrinkle visible in her elegant dress. As for Althea, her color seemed as fresh as before, her expression even more cheerful and candid. Nothing in the attitude of either suggested resentment.

"I have asked you two ladies to come here together this time because I find, on consulting Sergeant Griffin's notes and my own, that there seems to be a slight discrepancy between the statements which were made when I saw you separately," Kirtland said civilly. "I realise that it is getting very late and I should like to spare you as much fatigue as I can. This joint conference may mean a saving of time no less than of effort—especially as I feel sure it will enable us to reconcile these slight discrepancies very quickly."

"Of course it will," Lady Laura agreed instantly.

The Inspector inclined his head in her direction, but turned at once to her daughter.

"Now, Miss Whitford," he said, "if I understood you correctly, you told me you were

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quite sure your mother had never met Mr. Castle before last evening . . . I beg your pardon, Lady Laura, but it is your daughter whom I am questioning just now. I must ask you to wait until she has answered before saying anything yourself."

Althea cast a perplexed glance at Lady Laura, who had risen hastily and was trying to make herself heard above the Inspector's calm but determined voice.

"Why—why, yes, I did," the girl answered hesitantly, her bewilderment now tinged with concern.

"And you based that statement not only on the fact that she had never spoken to you about him, though your relationship has also been exceptionally close and she has seemed to enjoy telling you, in great detail, about her pleasant youth and happy married life. You also based it on the fact that she greeted him as a complete stranger—I think those were your exact words, a complete stranger—when he came into the dining-room of Mr. Thorpe's house yesterday evening. Is that correct?"

Again Althea glanced at her mother, but this time Lady Laura sat stonily silent, her head averted.

"Ye-e-s," Althea answered, still more hesitantly.

The Inspector consulted his notes. "And, after that, according to you, she said she knew almost nothing about the Middle East and that she had never received a letter from there—the statement was somewhat more detailed than this, but I believe that was the gist of it. Am I wrong?"

"No, you're not wrong. That is what I said. And I was telling the truth, too." For the second time, Althea was beginning to feel that her fears had been groundless. She had told the truth. Then why should she be afraid, either for her mother or for herself? There was something she did not understand, something that had troubled her for a moment; but presently it would be explained and then everything would be all right. Meanwhile, though she did not understand, she would go straight on telling the truth.

That was not only what she knew in her own mind was right to do; it was what Hilary would count on her to do, even if she were frightened; and Hilary meant more to her than anyone else in the world, more even than her mother. She had just realised this; and with the realisation had come the consciousness that she need not be frightened any more. She could answer anything the Inspector asked her, looking him straight in the face. But it appeared he did not intend to ask her anything more.

"Thank you very much, Miss Whitford," he said in the kindly, impersonal way he had spoken before. "I would like you to remain here, but I shall ask you no more questions for the present . . . Now, Lady Laura, of course there is a chance that my memory may be playing me false or that Sergeant Griffin may have made a mistake which you did not catch. But I have consulted my notes and his and I find in them both quotations from a series of statements you made to the effect that you met Baldwin Castle the year you came out; that you saw him frequently at the social gatherings you both attended; and that you still retained a very definite memory of the first actual conversation you and he had together. Is it possible that Sergeant Griffin and I could have misunderstood any of your statements?"

"Yes, of course it is possible," Lady Laura answered icily.

"Let me put my question a different way: Do you honestly think Sergeant Griffin and I did misunderstand?"

There was a long pause which the Inspector made no effort to interrupt. He sat with his hands resting quietly on his notes and looked out of the window, following the progress of a small, softly lighted boat as it clove through the water between Westminster Bridge and Waterloo Bridge. There was only one way in which Lady Laura could answer this question truthfully, and he was prepared to wait until she did so.

Although she was not under oath, he did not think she would dare to add to her many evasions by telling an outright lie, even if she did not realise that he had recognised the evasions as such.

"No," she said at last.

"Thank you. Now, after this you told us about several other meetings with Mr. Castle that stood out in your memory—one in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, one at a tea party given by your parents at Haverford House, one at a garden party. Then you told us about your final meeting, a year or more later, in the presence of your fiance, Sir Guy Whitford. But you also told us that in the meantime, while Mr. Castle was in Aristan, he had written you frequently. It is difficult for me to reconcile this statement, and those which preceded it, with the one made by your daughter to the effect that you greeted Mr. Castle as a total stranger when he entered Mr. Thorpe's dining-room, and that you said quite positively you had never received a letter from anyone living in the Middle East. Can you reconcile these statements?"

AGAIN there was a pause, less lengthy than the previous one, but still sufficiently protracted to make itself felt. Eventually, however, Lady Laura said no.

"Then do you accuse your daughter of telling a deliberate lie?"

"No, only of incredible stupidity."

"Oh, Mother!"

"Miss Whitford, a few minutes ago I reminded your mother that I was questioning you. Now I must remind you that I am questioning her. In fact, I can excuse you, if she would prefer to have me do so."

"It is quite immaterial to me whether my daughter stays or goes. She's already done all the damage she can."

"You mean, Lady Laura, that you think she misinterpreted your manner and misunderstood your words?"

"No. I mean that she needn't have blurted all that out. She might perfectly well have said that, as far as she knew, I had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Castle. That should have been convincing to you—no woman tells her daughter everything, and any girl who wasn't a simpleton would realise that."

"Mother!"

"As the Inspector has reminded you, Althea, he wants me to do the talking now. And, as I said, Mr. Kirtland, such a statement should have been convincing and it would have been perfectly true."

"But it wouldn't have been the complete truth now, would it?"

"This is the first I've heard about the complete truth. And you've said yourself you didn't expect us to remember everything."

"Not to remember everything, but certainly to relate with complete accuracy everything you do remember and relate—which is exactly what your daughter did do and what, apparently, you did not do, Lady Laura. It is quite true that you are not under oath. But it is also true that you, and everyone else connected with the present unfortunate circumstances, agreed to be as helpful as possible. And you have not done that, either. How deliberately you have interfered with the course of justice I do not know. But I can see that, so far, you have not furthered it to the best of your ability."

He paused, then added, "It is quite true that, under normal circumstances, it is not usual for a mother to tell her daughter everything connected with her youth. There is no reason why she should. But we are not dealing with normal circumstances now. We are dealing with a murder. And, under these conditions, it is your duty to tell me everything which may lead to the discovery of the guilty person."

The Inspector's voice, hitherto so quiet and kindly, had become stern. "We will now go back to the point where you admitted that you could not reconcile your statements with your daughter's," he went on. "I gather that there must have been some reason why, in her presence and that of Mr. Thorpe's other guests, you preferred to have it appear that you had never known Mr. Castle or corresponded with him."

"Yes, there was. I had no reason to recall, with any pleasure, my last meeting with him. In fact, I had every reason to recall it with such displeasure that I preferred to forget it—and not only that meeting, but all previous ones."

"Not only to prefer, but to pretend?"

"Yes."

"Yet, sometime after that last meeting, when he was a widower and you were a widow, you wrote to him twice and he answered both times. It seems to me rather strange that you should have done this, if you preferred to forget not only your last meeting with Mr. Castle but all previous ones."

Lady Laura did not reply.

"I will not press that point for the moment, Lady Laura, though I may revert to it later. Instead, I should like to refer to something else your daughter said to me and, in that connection, to question her again for a moment . . . You told me, Miss Whitford, I think, that your mother did not like Americans very much on general principles. In fact, I believe you said she had a queer prejudice against them."

"Yes, I did."

There was not the slightest hesitancy in Althea's voice now. She was holding her head high and she was not glancing toward her mother any more.

"Did she ever give you any reason for this prejudice?"

"No. It's always puzzled me, it's so inclusive. As I said, she dislikes them on general principles, even the nicest ones, like Hilary Thorpe."

"Did you ever try to find out why?"

"Yes, but I never got anywhere. She always put me off when I asked questions about it."

"Then didn't it occur to you that perhaps there was some special reason for this prejudice? Perhaps some very grave reason?"

"Yes, it did. I've often won-

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dered about it. So has Hilary."

"Without ever finding any clue to it?"

"Not before tonight. Now I think it's evident that something happened between my mother and Mr. Castle which she couldn't get over. And that then she brooded about it until the fear or the hurt or the resentment or whatever it was grew and grew. It wasn't confined to Mr. Castle any more; it included all Americans. Even Hilary. I think now the reason she doesn't want me to marry him is because she didn't marry Baldwin Castle."

"Althea!"

It was Lady Laura's turn to cry out. Althea turned toward her again, not in loving bewilderment any more, but in righteous anger.

"Well, I do. And I'll keep on believing so until you show me those letters."

"They were destroyed long ago."

"I don't believe it. I shan't believe it until you let me rummage through your desk and your dressing table and everything else you keep so carefully locked. I don't think you were telling even the partial truth that time. I think you were telling a downright lie. And I'm not going to let you stop me marrying the man I love unless I find out I'm mistaken. I'm not going to give up Hilary just to let you have your revenge on Baldwin Castle."

"If my own daughter has turned against me in this ghastly way, I do not suppose there is anything I can say in self-defence."

The theatrical manner in which Lady Laura pronounced these words robbed them of all genuine appeal. For the first time, the Inspector smiled; but he did so rather ruefully.

"You haven't been called upon yet, Lady Laura, to defend yourself of any accusation except that of prevarication. But, like your daughter, I should be very much interested in seeing those letters. Like her, I am inclined to believe that they still exist — and that you would be wise to produce them. If we are mistaken, and you cannot, then I believe it would be wise to tell us what was in them—and, in this instance, to give us, and yourself, the benefit of the complete truth."

He waited for a moment, as if to make her feel the full impact of his words and then he went on. "If you would prefer not to do so now, I shall not insist. But I must warn you that, in this case, I may find it necessary to recall you for a third questioning."

"It will not be necessary to question me a third time. As I just told you, in my anguish, I do not suppose there is anything I can say in the way of self-defence, since my own daughter has turned against me. And it will not be necessary, either, for you to see the letters, unless you refuse to take my word for what is in them. You will recall that the first of the two about which you were so curious was sent in acknowledgment of a note of condolence that I wrote after hearing that Mr. Castle's wife had died. It was merely a black-bordered card engraved with the inscription:

"'Baldwin Castle
deeply appreciates
your kind expression of
sympathy.'"

"I see. To quote your own words, rather formal but quite correct . . . And the second —the one which 'recalled something that happened in the course of your previous acquaintance' — something, I believe, which you had not told me?"

"It recalled that the last time we had met, Mr. Castle had told me he was through—and added that he had meant this literally."

"Ah—on the one occasion, which was in the presence of your fiance, when you saw Mr. Castle after his return from Aristan, he told you he was 'through' — indicating, no doubt, that he wished to bring his acquaintance with you to an end?"

"Yes."

"And you had said nothing to indicate that you yourself wished this acquaintance to terminate?"

"I'd become engaged to Sir Guy Whitford during Mr. Castle's absence. The engagement was already announced, though the news hadn't reached the Middle East. I naturally wasn't receiving other callers as I had before."

"By other callers, I assume you mean other suitors?"

"If you wish to put it that way."

"So Mr. Castle had been a suitor of yours?"

"One of several."

"But you had never encouraged him to believe he might be an accepted suitor?"

"He had more or less taken it for granted. He took a great deal for granted. He was a very presumptuous young man."

"But it was something of a surprise — something of a shock—to him when he found you were engaged to someone else?"

"Evidently."

NO one spoke for a few moments. Then the Inspector said evenly, "Well, I think I can now understand why Castle told you he was 'through' when he called upon you so inopportunely. But I do not yet understand why he should have reiterated that rather brusque statement some years later. When I asked you whether there was any special reason why you wrote him at that time, you said, 'One might put it that way,' and your answers to my next questions were rather vague. Do you think you could be a little more definite now?"

"The special reason for my writing to Baldwin Castle was that I was in great need—in great want. My husband had passed for a very rich man; actually, he had lived far beyond his means and he died deeply in debt. Even after I had sold everything that was saleable, I did not have enough left to live on, much less to give my little daughter a good home, a good education—other normal advantages."

Lady Laura cast a withering glance at Althea, who tried, unsuccessfully, to interrupt her.

"I humbled myself for the sake of my child," Lady Laura went on vehemently. "There was no question about Mr. Castle's finances. All the world knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was enormously wealthy. And you are quite right. He had been my suitor—my declared worshipper. He had told me over and over again, in person and in writing, that there was nothing he would not do for me, nothing he would not give me. Yet, when I appealed to him for help in my extremity, his answer was a pitiless refusal, which took the form of saying for the second time that he was through."

"Oh, Mother, I'm sorry; terribly sorry for what I've forced you to tell! I understand everything now! And I don't blame you a bit for your bitterness — your resentment — your hatred!"

Althea had gone impetuously toward her mother and attempted to embrace her. Lady Laura freed herself and spoke with icy detachment.

"It's a little late for you to think of that, now that you have been responsible for baring my sad secrets in such a way that you have convinced Mr. Kirtland my bitterness and my resentment and my hatred might drive me to any lengths—even to the lengths of committing murder."

"Your daughter hasn't convinced me of that, Lady Laura," the Inspector said quietly. "But it is my duty to probe all possibilities and the records I've been reading for a good many years now, in addition to the cases which have come within my own experience, prove that, from the earliest ages, the desire for vengeance has been one of the most compelling of all known motives for murder. No doubt you've heard that in my work we are guided by three M's in framing our questions under circumstances like the present ones: What was the Motive? What was the Method? And was there a propitious Moment?

"Whatever you may choose to say in denial, you had the Motive. You also had knowledge of the means to accomplish your end, partly through your work with your husband, and partly through your acquaintance with Colonel de Valcourt — you knew that cyanide was used in the treatment of butterflies and you knew it could be coated in tablets, like aspirin. So poison, of course, would have been your Method. As for the propitious Moment—why, you prepared the tea which Mr. Castle drank at Mr. Thorpe's party and you poured it into his cup! Moreover, you knew, at least an hour beforehand, that you were going to this party; nothing could have been simpler for you then to prepare the deadly tablet and slip it into your victim's tea!"

Althea gave an exclamation of horror. "I don't believe it!" she cried. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"My dear young lady, I didn't say your mother had done all this. I merely said she could have and that I must look into the possibilities. If you will think the matter over, I believe you will realise this is so."

"But she didn't do it!"

"I presume you would make the same denial, even more forcibly, Lady Laura?"

"Of course I should. Of course I do."

"Very well. Then I will excuse you both for the time being. But I should like you both to stay in the bedroom a little longer."

He rose and opened the door for them to pass through. Then he glanced in a questioning manner toward Sergeant Griffin, much as he had done when he had first finished interrogating the mother and daughter. Again, the sergeant seemed to be completely absorbed in his notes. But again he looked up to meet his chief's eye with understanding.

"The most powerful of all motives is indeed proven to be the desire for vengeance," Kirtland repeated, and paused. "But the most frequent is still what our French friends call 'the crime passionnel.' Before we press this other matter any more, I think we had better probe the further possibilities of that."

"I couldn't agree with you more, sir," Sergeant Griffin answered heartily.

To be concluded

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Bakeo Xmas Cake

2 lbs. mixed fruit, 1 large cup water (cold), 1 large cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, pinch of salt, 1 packet MAXAM BAKEO PASTRY MIXTURE, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, small pieces of walnuts or almonds, small wine glass spirits, 1 teaspoon parisian essence (for dark fruit cake).

METHOD

(1) Place in a saucepan fruit, sugar, water, salt, carb. soda, parisian essence, boil and let simmer for 3 minutes.
(2) When cold add 4 eggs (well beaten).
(3) Add 1 packet MAXAM BAKEO PASTRY MIXTURE and mix well together, adding walnuts, etc., also spirits.
(4) Place in greased and lined cake tin and bake for approximately 2½ hours in moderate oven.

MAXAM Bakeo

for Pastry, Cakes, Puddings and Pies

Bakeo Xmas Pudding

(1) Mix together: 1 lb. mixed fruit (2 lb. if desired), ¾ cup brown sugar, pinch salt, good pinch grated nutmeg, ½ cup cold water, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, ½ teaspoon spice, spirits if desired. (2) Boil mixture and allow to cool. (3) Add 1 tablespoon treacle, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 pkt. Maxam Bakeo. (4) Beat till smooth. (5) Place in greased basin and tie greased paper over basin to make airtight. (6) Steam 3-3½ hours. (7) If allowed to stand, reheat for ½ hour before serving. Serve with brandy sauce.

Bakeo Fruit Mince Pies

(1) Put through mincer: 1 lb. suet, 1 lb. sugar, 2 lb. currants, ½ lb. seeded raisins, ¼ lb. candied peel, 1½ lbs. apples. (2) Add 1 oz. nutmeg, cinnamon and allspice (mixed together), ½ pint brandy, juice of 4 lemons, rind of 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon salt, and mix thoroughly. (3) Store in dry airtight jars for few weeks. (4) Make pastry shells with Maxam Bakeo, fill with mince, and bake.

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LONG PERGOLA leading down the garden adds charm to the landscape. In Australian gardens a pergola combined with a terrace makes an ideal spot for outdoor living.

Pretty pergolas

Pergolas should be used far more extensively in Australian gardens than they are now because, when carefully placed, they give protection from summer sun and provide shelter in winter.

A PERGOLA must be blended skilfully into the overall plan for house and garden or it will spoil the effect.

For the cottage style of home a pergola over the front porch can be very attractive, especially when planted with a sweet-scented creeper or climbing roses.

In such a position it can link the house to the garden, adding great beauty to the general effect. To do this it must harmonise with the house, especially in proportion, when it will add dignity and charm. Nothing looks worse than a pergola that is too small.

A pergola can extend from the front door down the path, or for a small house it can fan out from the house like a wide eave.

In Australia the pergola has its greatest value when combined with a terrace where outdoor living may be enjoyed, the pergola giving just sufficient protection from the summer sun.

Plant the pergola with deciduous creepers and it will be equally useful in the winter. To obtain the most pleasing results, the materials used in the pergola and terrace should harmonise.

If the terrace is paved with stone, make the pergola's uprights in the form of stone columns. Some people are lucky enough to have the terrace paving in old red handmade bricks. These bricks should be matched as well as possible in the pergola's uprights.

The cross beams of the pergola can be made of wood.

Some people prefer to build the pergola entirely of wood. Choose hardwood for this and treat the timber 18 inches or two feet from the bottom with creosote to protect it.

The strongest pergola is

GARDENING

made with uprights set in concrete below ground level.

Proportion is very important in designing the pergola.

If the uprights are to be spaced eight feet apart, they should be nine to 10 feet above the ground and six to nine inches square to give a solid appearance. Crossbars, which form the roof, should be four inches square.

These proportions for uprights are applicable only if brick or stone is used. Smaller overall proportions are needed for a timber pergola, which looks better if its design is more squat.

The pergola can cover all the terrace or part of it, according to individual taste.

Planting of the pergola must be done carefully. The design of a beautiful structure can be lost if the planting is too heavy, but in Australia it may be more important to get a thick covering as protection from the summer sun. This will require a thick-growing deciduous creeper.

A different type of planting will be needed if the pergola is constructed as a windbreak or to give privacy. For this an evergreen should be selected.

However anxious you are to get a quick cover, it is important not to plant too heavily. If you do, in a few years the plants will be climbing all over each other, and a weak structure may collapse under the strain.

Consider what you expect from your pergola. From the following list it should be possible to select the right creeper for your needs. The list is confined to perennials, which are more suitable than annuals.

Roses are among the best creepers for pergolas. There are, of course, many to choose from, but it is suggested you consider Flying Colors and Nancy Hayward (both single pinks) and Mermaid (single yellow) if the pergola is large.

Wistaria is ideal for large pergolas. All types are deciduous, the common lavender being the strongest grower and generally the best.

Vitis or ornamental grape looks wonderful growing on red brick or stone uprights.

Clematis montana is a hardy deciduous creeper of light growth. There are two varieties, one with pink flowers, one with white. This creeper prefers cool climates and plenty of water.

Of the evergreens, nothing is better than the Bignonia family. They are very tolerant of climate and, with the exception of the orange venusta, will all grow in cool areas such as Victoria and Tasmania.

Jasmine is a hardy, rapid grower which likes plenty of water. There are several varieties, most of them being white and sweet scented.

Rhynchospermum is somewhat similar to jasmine, having white, sweet-scented flowers.

Solanum Wendlandii has large trusses of lavender-blue flowers in summer.

BIGNONIA VENUSTA growing over a pergola makes a lovely mass of orange flowers. It is one of the evergreens.

the label to look for

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This label is now appearing on glamorous undies and nighties made from Chrysella, Courtaulds wonderful new acetate rayon yarn. It means that they'll drape perfectly, resist wrinkles and last longer.

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GRACE KELLY

Hollywood success of Grace Kelly, 26-year-old actress from Philadelphia, taking her places—professionally and otherwise.

IT is just on two years since the blond and beautiful Grace arrived in Hollywood from New York and proceeded quietly to captivate the whole film colony.

Today she is the most "wanted" young actress about the place, with the studios seeking her services and distinguished film directors expressing eagerness to work with her. There is constant clamor, too, among top male stars to act with Kelly. She has long waiting-list of leading men.

Off-screen, Grace appears to be the young lady whom most of the boys want to be seen with.

What manner of person is this quiet, soft-spoken, somewhat reserved girl who manages to enchant normally cynic-proof Hollywood?

She has tranquil good looks, but there are more beautiful girls around Hollywood. Moviegoers have noted intelligence and some talent in her screen portrayals, but, even so, that is not unusual.

According to the experts, her natural inner warmth—a combination of lady-like virtue and underlying sex-appeal—is the essence of Grace Kelly's charm.

It is this special quality in Grace that is supposed to have turned the

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

tide in movie-star appeal away from flaunt sexiness towards the woman-ness that is her forte.

There are, of course, some dissenting opinions about this, but a glance at her professional record leaves no room for argument that Grace is in demand.

In the span of two years she has made about eight films. (Only a few of these have been released so far in Australia.) Each picture has been a big production, and each role has been an acting plum for the newcomer.

Radio and television performances and a short-run Broadway stage play—her only one—preceded Grace Kelly's movie debut, in 1951, in "Fourteen Hours." This was only a bit part.

It was in 1952 that Grace Kelly got the role of Gary Cooper's strait-laced wife in the Western "High Noon." The film won an Academy Award, but Grace was frankly mediocre in it.

Fans got the first inkling of her talent in Metro's "Mogambo." Grace picked up an Academy nomination for her work in this picture as the young wife infatuated with Clark Gable.

Next she played the wife Ray Milland wants to murder in "Dial M for Murder," then James Stewart's fiancee in "Rear Window," William Holden's wife in "Bridges of Toko-Ri," and the wife of Bing Crosby in "Country Girl."

In Metro's "Green Fire," adventure links her with Stewart Granger, and she stars with Cary Grant in "To Catch a Thief."

Of Irish-German extraction, Grace is the daughter of well-to-do parents. She is slim, 5ft. 6½in. tall, has blond hair, near-sighted blue eyes (she usually wears glasses off-screen).

Grace's name has been linked by gossip-column writers with several bachelors. As this goes to press, however, it is reported that wedding bells will ring for Grace Kelly and dress-designer Oleg Cassini any day now.

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FREE! COLOURED CUT-OUT SPORTS CARS
see backs Kellogg's Rice Bubbles packets.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ *The Man Between*

COMBINING the talents of James Mason, Claire Bloom, and Hildegarde Neff in "The Man Between," Britain's Carol Reed makes no bones about presenting a suspense drama that closely resembles his early success, "The Third Man."

There is a sameness about some of the characters in the new film, the settings for the story of intrigue are familiar, and so are many of Reed's artful directorial touches.

But as suspenseful entertainment, "The Man Between" falls well below the level of the original film.

The chill of post-war Berlin with its furtive citizens and snow-heaped streets is a striking background for the story of a disillusioned ex-Nazi who operates as a kidnapper for the East sector, and tries to switch to the Western zone.

In the title role James Mason's Ivo can discover no way out of this dilemma.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Claire Bloom, visiting her English brother and German sister-in-law (Hildegarde Neff), in Berlin, encounters the unscrupulous man between and is caught up in strange doings associated with the capture of a spy who is wanted by the Russians (Ernst Schroeder).

With her lovely cameo face and gracious manner Claire is pleasant to watch, but her acting lacks depth of feeling.

Hildegarde Neff is landed with the role of the film's frightened woman—an uneasy part which she handles competently.

The final chase scene is well done, but here again effectiveness is limited by familiarity.

In Sydney—Embassy.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "Decameron Nights," romantic satire, starring Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★ "The Man Between," suspense drama, starring James Mason, Claire Bloom, Hildegarde Neff. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone with the Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Re-release.)

LYRIC.—★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. Plus ★ "The Voice of Merrill," thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown. (Both re-releases.)

LYCEUM.—★ "Made in Heaven," technicolor comedy, starring David Tomlinson, Petula Clark, Sonja Ziemann. Plus ★ "Blackmailed," mystery drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Calamity Jane," Western musical in color, starring Doris Day, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★★ "The Little World of Don Camillo," comedy, starring Fernandel, Gino Cervi, Sylvie. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Demetrius and the Gladiators," technicolor, CinemaScope biblical romance, starring Victor Mature, Susan Hayward, Michael Rennie. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plue featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Magnificent Obsession," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson. Plus ★ "Black Horse Canyon," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

VICTORY.—★ "Reluctant Heroes," Army comedy, starring Ronald Shiner, Derek Farr, Christine Norden. Plus ★★ "Laxdale Hall," rural comedy, starring Kathleen Ryan, Ronald Squire, Raymond Huntley.

VARIETY.—★ "Anna," Italian-language drama, starring Silvana Mangano, Raff Vallone, Vittorio Gassman. Plus "The McGuerins from Brooklyn," comedy, starring William Bendix. (Both re-releases.)

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Tanganyika," technicolor adventure, starring Van Heflin, Ruth Roman. Plus "Man from the Alamo," technicolor Civil War adventure, starring Glenn Ford, Julia Adams.

ESQUIRE.—"Scarlet Spear," technicolor African adventure, starring Martha Hyer, John Bentley. Plus "Shark River," outdoor adventure in color, starring Steve Cochran, Carole Matthews.

PALACE.—"Shanghai Story," wartime drama, starring Ruth Roman, Edmond O'Brien. Plus "Fear in the Night," thriller, starring Paul Kelly, Ann Doran. (Re-release, no review available.)

PLAZA.—"Gorilla at Large," technicolor thriller, starring Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft. Plus "Battle Zone," wartime drama, starring John Hodiak.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Secret of the Incas," technicolor adventure-drama, starring Yma Sumac, Charlton Heston, Robert Young. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"The Virtuous Isidore," French-language comedy, starring Bourvil. Plus "Overlanders of Tomorrow," Australian documentary.

Depend on this hearty casserole to satisfy four hungry people—and give them good nourishment and delicious flavour as well.

BARBECUED CHOPS
— the tasty Bonox way

INGREDIENTS:
2 lbs. chump chops; 1 medium onion, chopped; 2 dessertspoons shortening or cooking oil; ½ cup diced celery; dash pepper.

SAUCE:
1 teaspoon curry powder; 2 dessertspoons brown sugar; 2 dessertspoons vinegar; 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce; ½ cup tomato sauce; ½ cup water; 2 dessertspoons Bonox.

METHOD:
Brown chops in hot oil or shortening. Add onion and brown in pan with meat. Add vinegar, sugar, tomato sauce, water, Worcestershire sauce, curry powder, Bonox and pepper. Stir well and add celery. Bring to the boil and pour into a casserole. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350°) for 1 hour. Serves 4. When you cook with Bonox, your family and friends will all notice the difference — that extra-satisfying, "meaty" flavour Bonox gives to casseroles and stews. Add it to your soups and gravies, too . . . you'll find delicious Bonox wonderful for all savoury cooking.

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INTRIGUE

By

Desmond Cory

Pedora fans will welcome this exciting new adventure of the famous Secret Service Agent.

With Mr. Trout and a new glamor girl, Gisella, Johnny Fedora trucks down a bunch of rascally plotters, pursuing them from Vienna to Trieste. The climax involves speedboats, guns, hunters and hunted in a gory final scene full of fast action and terrific tension.

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CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS

By

Maureen Connolly

This book by the star of women's tennis is a valuable aid to all players. The photographs are action shots of her own game; the instructions are lucid and detailed, and she adds much sound advice on important aids to progress—diet, clothing, exercise, and so forth.

Price 9/6

From All Booksellers

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WRECK of his ship reveals no survivors to Robinson Crusoe (Dan O'Herlihy), but on board he finds food, equipment, and arms, which he salvages.

2. LEFT. Ship's dog, Rex, miraculously appears and becomes Crusoe's companion until the animal dies. Crusoe learns to master his island but not himself.

3. ABOVE. Skin-clad Crusoe is fearful when, 18 years later, cannibals come ashore to feast. But they leave before long and Crusoe returns to his lonely life.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

★ Irish actor Dan O'Herlihy, a young veteran of the Abbey Theatre, plays the title role in "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (United Artists), a Pathecolor screen version of Daniel Defoe's classic novel.

Made in Mexico, the film depicts the familiar adventures of Robinson Crusoe and his half-tame servant, Friday (played by James Fernandez). It also presents a study in loneliness.

4. FOOTSTEPS on beach reveal another cannibal visit. Crusoe rescues a prisoner, makes him his servant, and names him Friday.

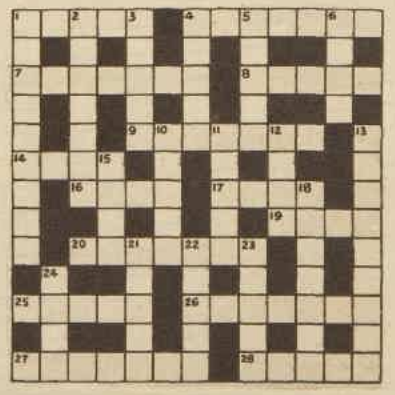
5. DEVOTION of Friday overcomes Crusoe's suspicions of possible treachery. Crusoe's happiest years on the island follow.

6. CAPTURE of a white mutineer leads Crusoe to the ship's captain. Crusoe plots to retake ship in return for trip home.

7. FRIDAY approaches mutineer band wearing a gold necklace to lure them to the stockade and capture.

8. LEAVING his island after 28 years, Crusoe tells prisoners how to survive, reminds them to be grateful for human company.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Of my French evil spirit (5).
2. Seaside (Anagr. 7).
3. Medicinal herbs unsophisticated though the devil is in them (7).
4. Drive a politician surrounded by a crooked lie (5).
5. Reserve money which may induce a hen to go on laying (4-3).
6. Predicating word in overbearingness (4).
16. The beginning and the end of the vegetable kingdom (4).
17. (The Swiss one is filled with jam (4).
19. Lady of the O.B.E. (4).
20. Lent is a kestrel (7).
25. You must have luck to catch this fish (5).
26. Ring-like (7).
27. Wanderer obtains such devices (7).
28. Spot made as tin (5).

DOWN

1. Reveals little Diana's wrappers (9).
2. The House of Representatives is full of them (7).
3. Group of thermoplastics mainly in the hosiery line (5).
4. Adulterates quantities of medicine to be taken (5).
5. Allotted part formed mainly of parasitic insects (5).
6. Favorites turn to walk a short distance (4).
10. East Friesland seaport sunk off the Cocos Islands (5).
11. Smooth and concise, not necessarily in old Irish, though it is included (5).
12. This standard is now abandoned by Britain (4).
13. Wagnerian opera hero reminiscent of swan (9).
15. Nothing could be better (4).
16. All lame (Anagr. 7).
21. The white poplar, the head of which was victim of a fratricide (5).
22. They officiate in mosques (6).
23. Lets out at interest having the necessary L.s.d. (5).
24. Napoleon's first enforced resting place (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.

SOLUTION NEXT WEEK

Make this MUM'S HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS give her a

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SAVE

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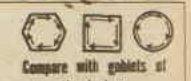

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Fortunate number this week: 2. Best days are December 9 and 12. White and very light pastel tints, with a rosy tinge, will help you to success in all your enterprises.	★ Your work should move along more smoothly than of recent date. Several sources of friction, either in connection with people or conditions, are likely to be eliminated.	★ Are you planning additions or alterations? You may feel the need for more space, since visitors, from a distance, are likely to descend upon you.	★ If you are playing a game in your love affair, in order to satisfy your vanity, the other party may perceive this and turn away from you in disappointment.	★ A brisk pace may keep you trotting from one appointment to the next, but you can fit it all in if you plan your days carefully and are right up to date in your work.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week: 6. Best days for action are December 7 and 10. Ice-blue, also light saxe, will have a calming influence, preventing conflicts with associates.	★ There could be trouble through reckless defiance of regulations laid down or extravagant expenditure, which might be hard to square up. Moderation is the answer.	★ Some of you will be wielding the paint brush enthusiastically, while others run up new curtains or otherwise prepare for the holidays. Spend little for big results.	★ Doubts over your own sentiments, or worse still, lack of trust in the sincerity of the beloved, are likely to creep in and take the bloom off romance.	★ There is the risk of slight coolness between you and an associate, caused either by a misunderstanding or through gossip. Take steps to clear it up, if you can.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Fortunate number just now: 4. Best days are December 8 and 13. Bold, striking patterns in monotones, or of only two colors, will help to give you the initiative.	★ Walk softly where you could tread on sensitive toes. It isn't worth while to get someone down on you; you never know when you might like to ask a favor.	★ Is one of the family out to borrow money of you? It's easier to lend than to get it back, and the object desired may be quite unnecessary or far too expensive.	★ If you're in love, there is no happier time for marriage than at present. The wedding march will be shortly sounding for more than one native of Gemini!	★ A rush of invitations, from both old and new friends, may raise the question of what to wear. You might be asked to act as bridesmaid or matron of honor.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week: 8. Best days are December 7 and 9. Pale lemon-yellow, with a touch of black, should help you in practical affairs or business deals.	★ Don't try to do everything at one and the same time. Too many irons in the fire mean nothing is finished. Choose one goal, accomplish it speedily, then relax.	★ You may turn out cupboards, searching for a lost article. Even if you do not find it, this is an adventure, a chance to make something new out of old.	★ Most of you will be marking time, with no new developments in the field of personal relationships. Too busy with other matters, love must wait.	★ You are almost certain to be called upon to act as hostess, so it would be well to prepare by collecting novel ideas in entertainment, programme, or decoration.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week: 5. Important days are December 11 and 12. Yellows and green, singly or in combination, favor your social or financial plans.	★ There is a challenge to be faced this week. You may attempt to do the nearly impossible and carry it off, partly through hard work and, in large measure, through bluff.	★ There may be a member of the family nagging you to do something against your better judgment. Don't let this influence you or allow it to become a bone of contention.	★ Stellar influences tend to increase your proud desire to rule the one you love. If this becomes evident, there will almost certainly be quarrels or a permanent break.	★ This is an excellent time to which to meet new people, track down new activities, swing open the gate to a world hitherto unsuspected. Take in the prospects and act going.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number at present: 4. Best days are December 7 and 11. If you're unhappy over something, wear aqua or any greenish-blue, and you'll change the set-up.	★ You are wonderful on details; nobody has a better grasp of all the factors involved in any enterprise, and you are by nature a neat, careful worker.	★ Vague worries or anxieties about future situations which will never arise have disturbed the atmosphere of more than one household. Use your commonsense.	★ If you are already married, mutual happiness over a definite matter may produce a rosy glow. Single people may be more concerned with companionship.	★ It might be wise to be a secondbester this week. If you can't get what you want, take advantage of what is offering. A tail-spin into isolation will not carry you far.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number just now: 1. Best days are December 9 and 11. All the browns and beiges, raffia, and string colors will have a favorable influence on your thinking.	★ You are ambitious and probably think yourself capable of a bigger job. While hanging on to the old, there couldn't be a better time to look for something new.	★ Should conversation be reduced to a minimum, members of the household come and go uninterested in the others; this is just a phase. You may be all talked out.	★ A favorable sentimental outlook, but not particularly dramatic. You may even be bored with each other's company. You can't live at high tension all the time.	★ You are on the social merry-go-round, travelling in circles, with nothing but the old background. Enjoy the fun, even though you land where you started.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week: 8. Best days for action are December 10 and 13. You can attract favorable comment by enhancing your personality with filmy black.	★ If you're working under pressure, at least you are moving along rapidly. You are a good financier so long as you stick to conservative methods. Gain is probable.	★ You are a shrewd judge of values. Purchasing for the home you are at your best. Survey the possibilities, decide on what you can spend, then find a bargain.	★ New plans, new hopes built on the recent past are likely to occupy your thoughts, and you may devote your energies to the practical realisation of your dreams.	★ Emotional tenseness may cause you to look for slights where none were intended. If slightly jealous of someone complimented, don't take it out in crankiness.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 25—DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week: 7. Best days are December 9 and 11. Wear almost any color, provided the pattern is small and delicate, for popularity.	★ Your personality is a big element in your success. This will show up if you are required to meet the public or if heavy demands are made on you.	★ Is your place of residence littered with many objects, souvenirs, gifts, etc., which must be cleaned? Put them away, leave out a few, and change them occasionally.	★ There is nothing cold about you in affairs of the heart, and this week you should be most endearing. Don't force that budding love into premature bloom.	★ A part of your social activity may be bound up with some plan, experiment, or theory which you wish to test, and the results may be of first-rate importance.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number: 1. Best days for action are December 1 and 4. Deep shades, with a strongly contrasting brighter hue, should give confidence.	★ A number of things have been annoying you, and you are determined to change the whole layout. That is all to the good, provided you alter conditions gradually.	★ Differences between older and younger generations living under the same roof may be important this week. Bridge the gap by both showing consideration of the other.	★ You are inclined to be deadly serious in love. That is all to the good if you hang on to your sense of humor and remember that there is a lighter side as well.	★ Deliberately decide to step out, see friends, make appointments. If you are alone too much, you will be in danger of becoming down-hearted, so launch out confidently.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week: 7. Best days are December 10 and 12. Any ornament or material that sparkles will be useful in connection with group activity.	★ Combine work with a bit of fun. That morning or afternoon break should be used to establish happy relationships with those around you. Be willing to do a favor, if asked.	★ Should uncongenial people, perhaps with an axe to grind, come to your house and waste your time, restrain your impatience and speed them quickly on their way.	★ If very young, you may be in love with love, not yet able to settle your heart on any one person. Older subjects may renew a former romance or meet an old flame.	★ Are you a good judge of character? If you are growing disappointed in a friend from whom you expected much, it may be you have not gone to meet him halfway.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week: 6. Best days are December 11 and 12. Wear pastel blue or prints containing blue, white, and green, if you have decisions to make.	★ Should you imagine someone is working against you, under cover, bring the subject right out into the open and, after a frank discussion, settle the question.	★ Your sign always gives more than it receives. You may be extra generous just now, but don't expect to be thanked for your efforts. The household takes you for granted.	★ Should a recent love affair have gone on the rocks, pick yourself up and discover you are not nearly so heartbroken as you imagined. There are still fish in the sea.	★ Don't go around in a daze forgetting social engagements, arriving late, full of apologies. Set your watch, allow time to reach your destination, and arrive unhurried.

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Oh so comfortable! Jackets by **Beaverlure** Regd.

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Christmas tree novelties

HERE are some new low-cost novelties to decorate your Christmas tree.

Made from egg-shells, they were created by Mr. Nicola Swiderskyi, of 29 Jellicoe Street, Banistown, N.S.W.

They are designed from decorations traditional in the Ukraine, his native land.

Mr. Swiderskyi uses the shell from which the egg has been blown for the body of all his novel decorations.

The outlines for the designs are shaped in cardboard, then glued on to the shell and varnished.

The features of the various things he makes are added from a simple range of odds and ends such as feathers, cotton-wool, colored paper, sequins, glitter, and water-color paints.

DETAILED figures of birds, the face of a Cossack, Father Christmas, and the colorful mug and vase shown in the pictures above are some of the novelties that Mr. Swiderskyi has made this year to hang on a Christmas tree.

Paper basket

A WASTEPAPER basket is always useful and there's still time to make and include this one as a Christmas gift.

To make it you will need a cardboard cylinder about 9in. in diameter and 12in. long (an empty ice-cream carton is just the right size and shape), 1 large knitting needle, paste, glue, and colorful pages from magazines.

MAGAZINE PAGES made into pipes and glued to a cardboard cylinder make this wastepaper basket, a novel and useful Christmas gift.

Cut brightly colored paper into triangles with base 13in. and sides 7in. Smear paste along longest edge and across centre. Starting at point, roll tightly round needle, pressing the long edge firmly until secure, then slip off needle and allow to dry. Make 100 of these pipes.

When all the pipes have dried out and are stiff to the touch, brush glue on to a 2in.-wide strip around centre of cylinder and press pipes, perpendicular fashion, firmly over glued area.

When cylinder is completely covered, bind around top and base with transparent adhesive tape to keep the pipes firm and brush all over with lacquer or clear varnish. Line basket with red tinsel paper and finish with 1in.-wide red bands over the tape at top and base.

ABOVE YOU SEE a new fascinating iron-on transfer, and (above right) a smart little petticoat for tiny girls, patterns for which come in sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. The amazing iron-on color-fast transfer can be used in countless ways, and is wonderful for decorating little gifts. Transfer No. 1004 costs 2/-. Pattern and transfer cost 3/6. Address orders to our Needlework Department. *See address on page 93.*

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Continuing . . . . Blonde With A Bluff

from page 9

most likely a trick, and you'd break down halfway there."

"On my honor as a Texan, you'll be in River City in four hours. I will deliver you to the door of the River City Hotel. He offered an arm.

Sighing, Mary Elizabeth dipped her hand through the arm of Mr. Baylor Jones, feeling, against her will, womanly, almost pampered.

Then, abruptly, she remembered Mr. McPartland's warning. "They're likely to do almost anything to influence your vote, Miss Bassett," he had said. "Since yours may be the only dissenting voice, I'd be on guard, if I were you."

With a brisk, business-like movement, she detached her hand from Mr. Jones' arm.

The car he brought around to the hotel entrance was long, low, and midnight-blue.

As the lights of Dallas slid past, Baylor glanced down at her. "Might as well take off your hat and relax. We've got a four-hour drive ahead." She was tired from the long trip. Her head seemed to want to move closer to Baylor's shoulder.

Determinedly, she pulled herself bolt upright and remembered that she had travelled 1200 miles to "put up a front and try to bluff them out."

"In New York," she said briskly, "I have many important friends in the oil business. My work in the financial district puts me in contact with some of the biggest names in industry."

She dropped a few names: The president of a steel corporation. An oil tycoon. A name fabulous in the auto industry. She tried to make them sound like close family friends, ready to champion her cause.

She had, indeed, met these people. She had even announced them, in a crisp secretarial voice, to Mr. Jonathan Whitlock, her boss, whenever they came to Reid, Whitlock, White, and Dunning, Investment Counsellors.

Baylor smiled at her and said enigmatically, "Great place, New York. A lot of people there. And a lot of them aren't what they seem to be."

Up ahead, against the unbelievable ink-blue sky, a red neon sign jumped with the words "Barbecued Beef — Texas Style."

Mary Elizabeth sighed. Texas-style beef. Texas-style moon. Texas-style man beside her. Too bad he had to be the one man she could never, never trust.

Baylor pulled the car to a stop and got out to awaken the proprietor of the drive-in.

Under the bright light Baylor looked a little taller, a little broader, a little blonder than he had seemed on first glance at the airport.

"Barbecue sauce, chili, or mustard?" Baylor called back.

"With cream," she said, and then started. "Oh, I mean the coffee. I wasn't concentrating."

She had been concentrating. But not on the beefburgers. She had been thinking, instead, that none of the young men who came into Reid, Whitlock, White, and Dunning had been like Baylor Jones. Gallant. Persistently attentive.

It must be, she decided, as Baylor slid in beside her and solicitously held a paper napkin so the juicy beefburger didn't drip down on to her suit, that this was the weakening influence Mr. McPartland had warned against.

Baylor ate his barbecued beef. "Caracas was never like this," he said, with a glance of admiration.

"Caracas? Isn't that a long way from River City?"

"Sure," Baylor said. "I'm an oil-country man. My work takes me wherever oil is. I've been in Venezuela ever since I got out of college."

A faint ray of hope shot through Mary Elizabeth. This Baylor Jones—mightn't he be the one innocent member of a swindling family? If he had been in South America, maybe he didn't even know of their dealings.

But it was no use fooling herself. Wasn't Baylor's name signed boldly and unalterably to the very letter which Mr. McPartland had termed "ambiguous and misleading?"

"You see," Baylor Jones explained, "my father, who was formerly secretary and treasurer of the Lone Star Land Development Company, died only this autumn. That's what brought me back from South America. I had to take over this job." He frowned, and said, almost as if to himself, "It's been tough, because everything's all mixed up." His disapproving frown deepened. "They sure did have an old-fashioned way of keeping their records."

Mary Elizabeth stared at him. His profile looked so grim that she almost wondered if Baylor shared some of her doubts about his family's dealings. But, no. This was undoubtedly some trick which was to throw her off guard, she decided.

It was when they reached a darkened side street that Mary Elizabeth faced the fact their trip was at an end.

"I suppose that I ought to thank you for driving me here. And the beefburger."

"And I suppose I ought to tell you that you shouldn't thank me not for anything, Mary Elizabeth."

He looked down at her hand which had got into his to say goodnight.

"The fact is," he admitted, "that I really met you and drove you here just to get a line on you. Before tomorrow's meeting."

Mary Elizabeth snatched her hand away as if he had branded it with a hot iron. "You are trying to get a line on me?" she said. "Why, I'm the minority stockholder in this company, and Mr. McPartland warned me not to trust you for a minute. He said—"

"Looks like there's a lot of mistrusting going on around here," Baylor said. "Because members of the Lone Star Land Development Company have their own ideas about you, Miss Bassett. You're tied up with McPartland. And McPartland's tied up with some of the biggest interests in Wall Street. Eastern capital might very well like to get their hands on a big chunk of Texas land like ours. Maybe that's why you're here."

The suspicion in Mary Elizabeth's eyes met the distrust in Baylor's. "Why, I never even saw Mr. McPartland until the day before yesterday!" she said. "He only took my case out of pity. I mean, because I'm Mr. Whitlock's secretary, and Mr. Whitlock asked him to help me out as a favor . . ."

Too late, she broke off, her eyes staring into his in horror. He had tricked her into breaking down her own bluff.

"Why, you really are on the level!" he said in amazement. "Just a little secretary." He gave a relieved laugh, and then very unexpectedly he leaned forward and soundly kissed Mary Elizabeth full upon her warm, very surprised mouth.

Her world spun. He was wonderful . . . He was a thief. Her hand flew out in protest and struck him across the face.

"You—you Jones' just think you can take anything you want. You're so rich, with all your shares and — and everything. You wouldn't know how it feels to be just a minority stockholder trying to hold on to twenty-two shares."

She gulped and wrenched open the car door. "Those twenty-two shares—they're all I have. But you wouldn't understand. You're a Jones, and a secretary and treasurer!"

A hand caught her arm. Baylor's hand. "Now, you sit here only one minute and listen to me, Mary Elizabeth Bassett! Maybe there are some things I don't like about being a Jones, myself.

"But if I could meet you at the airport only five hours ago, thinking you were another enemy, down here to put over some fast deal for an Eastern oil company, and then I can turn around and think of you as a friend, maybe even an ally, why can't you trust me?"

"Trust you! Trust you — after what your own grandfather did to poor Uncle Sam Houston Bassett? Why, your family drove my family to New York, just because Uncle Sam Houston took one little trip to west Texas in 1931, and then told everybody that land out there was worth a fortune, and wasn't being developed!"

She made a dash for the hotel, and the lights of Main Street spun before the angry blur of tears.

. . . . .

The noontime sunlight was dazzling as Mary Elizabeth paused at the foot of the dusty wooden stairs that led up to the Lone Star Land Development Company's offices.

"Howdy!" Baylor called down the steps. "You and I are the first ones here. Come on up."

In the daylight, Baylor looked different. He looked even better. True, there were tired smudges under his eyes.

"You forgot your book, 'Rights of Minority Stockholders'." He held it out to her with a grim smile.

"The way they do business down here," he said, "I'm afraid this little manual won't help you very much. The oil business is—well, by the time you figured out some of these wordy sentences in here, this meeting would be over."

Mary Elizabeth was almost sure she heard him add a "honey." But, remembering Uncle Sam Houston Bassett, she brushed past Baylor Jones and moved with a brisk step into the boardroom.

She could tell it must be the boardroom because of the chairs grouped around the long table, which held a sprawling map of four giant counties in rich west Texas.

There was, of course, nothing rich about the room in which she stood. It looked as if nothing here had been moved or dusted since 1915, when Uncle Sam Houston Bassett had been induced to buy shares in the Lone Star Land Development Company by his employer and so-called friend, Mr. B. Hobart Jones, sen.

A massive photograph on the wall of a bewhiskered old gentleman caught Mary Elizabeth's attention. The face was, undoubtedly, the craftiest and most insolently bland countenance Mary Elizabeth had ever looked upon, and the letting underneath, engraved on a silver gold plaque, stated plainly:

BAYLOR HOBART JONES
FOUNDER LONE STAR
LAND DEVELOPMENT
COMPANY—APRIL 12, 1915

Accusingly, Mary Elizabeth's eyes returned to the clear grey eyes of Baylor Jones III, who was, unmistakably, that old skinflint's grandson.

There was a sound of footsteps clattering up the stairs, and Baylor drew Mary Elizabeth hurriedly to one side. "There's just one thing for you to remember," he told her. "You speak right up at the meeting and let them know that you are a dissenting stockholder. You're not in favor of selling surface rights and mineral rights at the price that's been offered for this land. You tell them that nine dollars an acre is chicken feed for any land in that area!"

He looked the soul of integrity. And yet he couldn't be. After all, he was Baylor Jones, secretary and treasurer of the Lone Star Land Development Company, so why should he advise her against his own interests?

Surface rights, mineral rights . . .

Mr. McPartland had tried to explain them both to Mary Elizabeth in those few minutes in his office. But now her thoughts whirled and, out of them, all she could remember was his warning that this was probably a "wash sale."

Her cheeks burned angrily. "Mr. McPartland said this was a wash sale," she challenged. She struggled for the exact definition: "And a wash sale is when a certain party, or parties, who are controlling members of a company, contrive to sell to themselves through a straw man, at a price too low for the best interests of the small stockholder. By this control of stock is gained, so that when the wells are finally opened up and start producing, the entire assets are in the

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'ASPRO' — SO KIND TO THE NERVES

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The future is more than tomorrow . . .

To the child, on Christmas Eve, the future is all tomorrow — an exciting tomorrow, a tomorrow rich in promise, a tomorrow that just can't come round quickly enough.

But as the child grows into manhood, marries, settles down, takes on responsibility for making such decisions as building a house, educating his children, buying the family car — the future becomes more than just tomorrow.

It is the span of maybe unknown years ahead, years that can — with intelligent planning — also be rich in promise.

It is only by looking past tomorrow, too, that a country or an industry can develop. Take General Motors-Holden's as an example. The size, scope and importance of their operations have been the result, not of day-to-day thinking, but of long range planning — planning that has involved calling into play the creative talents of many people, marshalling materials and resources on a vast scale, and investing millions of pounds. Planning for the future is a continuous occupation at GMH. It has to be when you have more than 40 million pounds tied up in the business.

It was planning for the future that made possible the success of Holden. It was planning for the future that induced GMH to acquire 153 acres at Dandenong, 21 miles from Melbourne, as an additional factory site. And it is planning for the future that has encouraged General Motors-Holden's to launch yet another expansion programme involving an expenditure of 7¼ million pounds to increase their productive capacity.

This vast new expansion (the third of its kind in the post-war years) with the benefits it will bring to the nation's economy, is dramatic proof of GMH's faith in the future — of the company's determination to grow as Australia grows and to ensure that the calls the people of Australia make on the company's products and services will be well met.

The future is important to GMH and to all of us. For, as someone once remarked, the future is where we will spend the rest of our lives.

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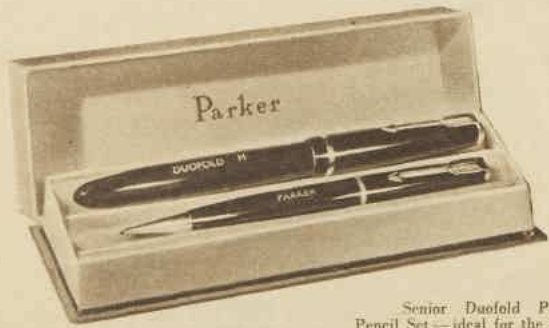

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hands of the manipulators who have gained control."

She did not add that Mr. McPartland had also said that even if this were true, the chances were that the Jones family would be slick enough in their dealings so that nobody could possibly pin anything on them.

"Yes, that's right," Baylor agreed, to Mary Elizabeth's surprise. "Nobody could define a wash sale any better."

His words trailed off as the boardroom began to fill up. The stockholders who came creeping in were mostly dark, beetle-browed, and half of them, at least, bore a resemblance to the crafty-eyed portrait of Mr. Baylor Hobart Jones, which hung on the wall.

Baylor greeted them all with calm impartiality.

Chairs scraped the floor. Curious glances were fixed upon Mary Elizabeth and her dashing hat and beige gabardine suit. She realised that the women in the group, who outnumbered the men, were all appraising her New York outfit from their various city or country viewpoints. Some, she surmised, had probably married into the Jones family. Uncle Sam Houston had told Mary Elizabeth, just before his death, that the stockholders were nearly all related by blood or marriage.

Her hands, clasped one upon the other, began to shake slightly.

The chair at the head of the table was suddenly occupied by a man with a long, lean face under fierce red hair. His position at the head of the table told even Mary Elizabeth that he must be the president of the company, Mr. Jones Magruder.

She was in a blind panic as the meeting was called to order. The faces around the table seemed to whirl, but she was aware that Baylor Jones, sitting at the right hand of Mr. Jones Magruder, was getting ready to read the minutes of the last meeting.

He looked once, deeply, into the eyes of Mary Elizabeth, cleared his throat, and began to read the minutes.

Next, a letter was read by Mr. Magruder, setting forth the

Continuing . . . . Blonde With A Bluff

proposed offer of nine dollars an acre for the 62,000 acres of land held by the Lone Star Land Development Company.

One of the Misses Jones, after a quickly exchanged glance with Mr. Jones Magruder, put forward a motion to accept the offer of nine dollars.

Mary Elizabeth realised that if she didn't speak up, as Baylor had advised, right or wrong, the meeting would be over, her chance lost. She jumped up, pale with fear.

"I object!" she cried shakily.

While angry, startled faces turned towards her, she managed to voice Baylor's exact words, even to his final statement that nine dollars an acre was "mere chicken feed!"

"My Uncle Sam Houston Bassett," she added a bit desperately, "always said that this was such rich country that when you just dig your heel into the ground the oil oozed right up. He said that land should make us rich!"

"Make you rich! That's the biggest dream in Texas!" A beetle-browed young man laughed sneeringly. "Young lady, you are from the East. That land is nothing but mesquite. Why, we'd be lucky to get rid of it at half the price."

Baylor Jones had betrayed her. She had let down her guards last night, broken down her own bluff, and he had found her out and let her into this trap. Her eyes met his in accusation.

And then, amazingly, Baylor leaned forward and said, "Mr. President, I'm in complete agreement with Miss Bassett. I move that we have the land appraised by an impartial geologist before any offer is even considered.

As if by signal, a regal-looking woman with white hair and black-lashed grey eyes and a way of speaking exactly like Baylor Jones smiled and nodded and said very firmly, "Mr. President, I second the motion made by my son—I mean, by Mr. Baylor Jones."

The boardroom was in an uproar.

"Your grandfather would have had you horsewhipped, Baylor Jones, for turning against your own folks!" an elderly man shouted.

Baylor shoved back his chair. "If the Jones family were doing business the way it looks like they were before I took over—and I include Grandfather and my own father—the horsewhipping ought to have been the other way around!"

The president had now turned an infuriated purple, too. "We've had nothing but trouble, Baylor Jones," he said, furiously, "since the day you came back from Venezuela and started making yourself a nuisance around the Lone Star Land Development Company."

"There was plenty of trouble before I came back." Baylor had begun to shout. "Only the rest of you had your own ways of covering up facts and trying to tell me it was just old-fashioned bookkeeping!"

The president rapped for order. In the moments that followed, Mary Elizabeth heard Mr. Jones Magruder announcing, with injured dignity, that since there was such an apparent lack of confidence in the company management, and so little appreciation for all the work involved in manoeuvring this sale, he would see that the offer was refused.

Besides, he added wryly, since Mr. Baylor Jones and his mother now controlled the majority of the stock, the vote was a mere matter of form.

The vote went as he predicted, and the meeting was adjourned.

Mary Elizabeth knew she had won a victory that even Mr. McPartland had doubted she could win. Or, rather, Baylor had won the victory for her. She knew she ought to be happy, but she could have put her head down on her arms and wept. It was all over.

She would go back to Reid, Whitlock, White & Dunning. And Baylor would probably marry some Jones cousin and settle down in River City in his job as secretary and treasurer of the Lone Star

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Land Development Company.

Baylor's mother had risen, and had come around to the door where Mary Elizabeth was waiting a little hesitantly to say good-bye.

"My dear, why don't you come and have lunch with us?" Mrs. Jones was saying in a hospitable Texas fashion. She leaned forward confidingly. "That was a fine fight you put up. I've never gotten along with the Jones family myself. They think I have no sense of money, because I enjoy spending instead of saving it . . ."

Her voice trailed off, because Baylor was standing there, and she turned to smile at him. "I'm very proud of Baylor. He's such a sweet boy. So frank and open. He doesn't even seem like a Jones!"

"Oh, I would like to come to lunch," Mary Elizabeth said sadly, "but I have to take the afternoon plane back East. Mr. Whitlock—I promised . . ." She found herself trying to explain that her job at Reid, Whitlock, White & Dunning hung on her promise to return to work, pad and pencil in hand, by 8.55 tomorrow.

She saw Baylor Jones holding out his hand with a sort of final gesture of farewell. "Sorry you can't make it for lunch," he said. But he didn't sound sorry, not really. He sounded, instead, as if he were in a great hurry.

She felt his fingers slipping away from hers, and she held on hard. Her voice came out jerky, with a slight edge of desperation: "There's something I want to say, Mr. Jones—"

She swallowed, then plunged: "I'd like to be as honest with you as you have been with me. In my secretarial capacity in Wall Street I never really know, personally, any of those important people I told you about. I—well—my lawyer, Mr. McPartland, told me to try and put up a big bluff when I got here."

"You did very well, my dear," Mrs. Jones said, and smiling and nodding a cheerful goodbye, she hurried towards the stairs.

Baylor glanced back towards Mr. Jones Magruder, who was standing at the head of the board table, his long, bony fingers drumming impatiently.

Then Baylor murmured something about "board of directors' meeting," and hurried towards Mr. Magruder. Several Jones' had lingered on around the board table.

Mary Elizabeth took a despairing glance at her watch and one last longing look at Baylor Jones. If she was going to make her plane she would have to catch the bus that must already be warming up in front of the River City Hotel for the trip back . . .

At the airport, five hours later, Mary Elizabeth took two of the colorful airline stickers and pasted them wistfully on to her suitcase. These, and her victory at the stockholders' meeting, would be all she'd have left of Texas now.

On board the plane she was just stuffing some of the airline literature into her bag, for souvenir purposes, when a shadow fell across her shoulder. Baylor dropped into the seat beside her.

He took from his pocket her booklet entitled "Rights of Minority Stockholders." "You forgot this again," he said severely.

Mary Elizabeth reached out unbelievingly. Her hand touched the tweedy roughness of his sleeve.

He was real.

He was sitting here, beside her.

She felt "Rights of Minority Stockholders" slip from her lap to the floor.

Baylor retrieved it with a groan. "It's a good thing you won't be needing this after today. In fact"—he looked rather grim—"you'll even be getting your first dividend from the Lone Star Land Development Company. We voted it, at the board of directors' meeting, held right after the stockholders left."

"A—dividend? Why, I've never even seen one!"

"Well, you're likely to see quite a few from now on, Mary Elizabeth. After you lectured me the way you did, I spent all last night going through those records again.

"And it seems we sold an exploration and six months' option-to-lease contract on eight thousand acres of our land." He gave a short laugh. "I turned up some facts that turned up that dividend."

"You look tired," she said sympathetically.

"Honey, I never even went to bed. I dug into those records again, all the way back to 1915. And I started adding up a lot of things I hadn't been able to put together . . ."

His glance turned away from her unhappily. "I'm glad you came down here, just a minority stockholder, and helped me face the fact that my own father—and his father before him—were the kind of manipulators who sat on that land, waiting to freeze out the very stockholders they ought to have been developing it for!"

"I'm sorry anything I did made you look so unhappy, though." She put a hand over his. "I do wish I could make you look happier."

"Why, that's easy!" Baylor put an arm around her, and suddenly his face was all laughter. "I've got designs on you, Mary Elizabeth. I'm following you to New York to try to marry you. Not for your big beautiful eyes, but for your twenty-two shares of stock in the Lone Star Land Development Company."

"And I— Oh, Baylor," she managed to tease right back, "I would love to marry you! Just for your five hundred shares, of course."

"The motion is then carried," he announced. And this time he wasn't teasing at all. He leaned over and kissed her, just as he had in the car. Only better.

And in spite of his taking ways Mary Elizabeth didn't slap Baylor Jones. Instead, she gave him back his kiss. With 100 per cent. interest.

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INDIGESTION

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M203

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UNDER 5/-

M203 Colourful English "hunting scene" box holds Colgate Dental Cream, Protex and Palmolive Soap and Shave Stick

M207 Holiday-travel gift box contains Palmolive Shave Stick and two cakes of Palmolive Soap

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CB8 Flower-sprinkled gift box in delicate pastel shades contains Cashmere Bouquet Soap and Talc

CB20 Give your favourite lady this charming flowery gift box containing three cakes of fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap

CB24 Gay and enchanting flower-stall gift box with Cashmere Bouquet Talc and two cakes of Soap

UNDER 10/-

M212 Elegant red leatherette Stud Box with Colgate Shave Stick, Dental Cream and Cashmere Bouquet Brilliantine . . .

M225 Please him with Palmolive Brilliantine, Shave Stick and Soap in this handsome deep-green Stud Box

M206 Brilliant tartan Stud Box holds Colgate Lather Shave Cream and Cashmere Bouquet Brilliantine

M223 Rich "hunting scene" Gift Box contains Palmolive Lather Shave Cream and Brilliantine

UNDER 10/-

CB13 Enchanting modern gift box, lined with a cloud of Marquisette, holds Cashmere Bouquet Talc, Soap, Eau-de-Cologne

CB18 Luxurious fabric-covered gift box containing Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, Soap and Crown Perfume

UNDER 15/-

CB15 Modern gift box, lined with glowing Marquisette, holds Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, Complexion Lotion, Lipstick, Rouge

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radiance of her smile was for him.

It would not have been so hard to bear, he thought, if she had fallen in love with somebody other than Graham Ellis.

What made people fall in love with each other? Why, for instance, was he in love with Jill? She wasn't all that beautiful; he knew a dozen girls who were better-looking.

She was a wisp of a creature, huge eyes in a pointed, elfin face—but there was some turn of her head, some swift grace of movement, the line of her cheek seen sideways, some way she had of looking, smiling . . . Oh, well, leave all that; in a hundred years you'd never solve the mystery of love, though you kept on asking questions.

Why had Jill fallen in love with Graham? That was easier to answer. Graham had good looks, charm, glamor. Girls always fell for glamor, apparently; that was why Dan hadn't stood a chance once Graham appeared on the scene.

Dan had no looks to speak of, nothing to offer except his success at his humdrum job of small-town solicitor, nothing dashing, nothing to thrill a girl's heart; besides, she'd known him always; he was too strongly the boy-next-door.

Graham was new, different, exciting—even his work was romantic and adventurous, for he was a test pilot. Oh, Graham had everything — debonair face, good looks, and a background with which, by comparison, a solicitor's office was most dustily drab.

Dan had met Graham. He'd admitted the charm, he'd understood why Jill should fall in love with him, yet, even from the beginning, he'd known that she was heading for unhappiness.

Difficult to put one's finger on anything, Dan thought, but he'd recognised, almost at once, an essential falseness about Graham, as though, beneath the bright facade of charm and smile and gaiety, there was nothing at all—no heart, no stability. "Love them and leave them—" that was Graham.

Careful, now, careful, Dan thought. I must be careful. Others besides Jill had fallen for Graham, and already curious eyes had been watching him. One word against Graham and the whisper would have gone round: "Dan is jealous, of course, he's always been in love with Jill—bound to be jealous."

No. He was no longer young enough to laugh that off. He had turned hastily from the mortifying and slightly ridiculous spectacle of himself as the jealous lover, though it had been a complicated mental manoeuvre for, so inwardly convinced was he of Graham's worthlessness, that he could still his doubts only by telling himself: I must be jealous—and, therefore, ridiculous.

Therefore, he'd argued, Graham must be all right and good enough for Jill. But the doubts prevailed, and he had been driven to trying to approach Jill.

"But what do you know about him—his background, his family?" he'd said, and his voice had been dry as dust—the family lawyer to the life.

He'd realised at once that she'd understood; he and Jill knew each other so well, they couldn't hope to deceive one another. She had been too kind to say it, only her eyes, sparkling a little mischievously, had said: Oh, Dan, you're jealous.

After that he'd given up, and prepared himself to dance at the wedding. Only, after all, there'd been no wedding.

Suddenly Graham had gone away, and the whole town was seething with surmise and curiosity, for in a small town no secret is your own, and Jill and Graham had been together con-

Continuing . . . Evening Walk

from page 3

stantly through the winter and spring.

Dan had pieced it all together from the shreds of gossip which came his way. Graham had been transferred elsewhere; no, there was no talk of an engagement, still less of a wedding.

Graham, with his charm and his good looks, had simply disappeared, and there was no reason at all for supposing that he would come back . . . Poor Jill, too bad! Madly in love with him, wasn't she? There she was now, high and dry.

It had been Dan's moment for feeling triumphant, but somehow he didn't. What he'd felt was an immense tenderness and protectiveness. One thing, at least, he could do for her, he'd thought: he could stop that amused, malicious murmur of "high and dry."

So he had started to go again to Roseneath in the evening.

The first time Jill had been wary, defiant, unhappy, looking quite plain—radiance quenched, smudges beneath her eyes.

"What do you want?" she had demanded.

There had been no answer to that—no answer that Dan could give, so he skipped it.

"Come out," he'd said. "It's a lovely evening; let's go for a drive somewhere."

She had scanned his face, and he had known that she was looking suspiciously for pity, but he'd met her gaze stolidly.

"Oh, all right," she'd said without enthusiasm.

She'd been wearing a shabby cotton frock and no make-up. Quite obviously, she hadn't cared how she looked.

"Not like that," he'd said briskly. "You don't come out with me in that old rag. Go on upstairs and do something to yourself."

She'd flicked him a glance in which there was a sparkle of annoyance, but she had gone obediently enough and, when she'd returned, Dan had said, with a heartiness which rather sickened him: "That's better; that's more like my girl."

They'd driven out into the country; she hadn't said much and he'd wrestled with an immediate problem. Should he skip it all, pretend that nothing had happened, that Graham had never been?

But to do that would be to start again on a foundation which quaked crazily over a morass of unspoken thoughts and, in the pre-Graham era, there had always been complete confidence between Jill and himself.

"Tell me about Graham," he'd said, trying to keep his voice level and matter-of-fact.

"He went away," Jill had said after a long silence.

Dan hadn't dared look at her—you didn't turn and watch someone's heart breaking.

"When is he coming back?" he'd asked conversationally.

"Never." The word had fallen like a stone, cold and heavy. Then she'd said breathlessly: "Dan, don't be like this, pretending you don't know — everybody knows. He—he just went. Oh, I know he had to go, but he won't come back. I know: I could tell—it's just been fun for him." She'd given a little gasp. "Dan, don't take any notice—I'm going to cry; I know I am . . ."

He'd drawn the car in beneath the hedge and, without any fuss, had gathered her into his arms—as an elder brother might, of course.

They hadn't talked about Graham afterwards. Sometimes Dan had hoped that Jill was forgetting. Sometimes he was sure that she was forgetting. But mostly he knew that she wasn't. Once, sitting for a moment in the car beneath the mulberry tree, she'd said:

"Oh, Dan, it isn't any use—not a bit of use."

"But I did go to Mother—and she said the very same thing—'you know who's got all the money around here!'"

seen before. Her hair was glossily brushed close to her neat, small head.

Dan strangled an impulse to snatch her into his arms and say: "Let's stop this nonsense; you're not in love with Graham. You're mine; you've always been mine."

"What shall we do?" he asked, expecting the usual unenthusiastic reply. But tonight she was aglow with some idea. Oh, tonight she was different. She was warm, eager . . . the statue was coming to life.

"I know," she cried. "Let's walk out as far as the Country Club."

She slid an arm through his.

Careful now, he thought — that means nothing, either; she *often* does that. That's what you are—a comfortable arm to lean on — *remember?*

She was wearig little low-heeled red shoes and she walked with a long, graceful stride, like a boy.

The hedges overflowed with the lushness of summer, foaming with lace of privet swathed with honeysuckle. Dan picked a spray of honeysuckle that was pearl and deep rose and piercingly sweet.

"Put it in my buttonhole for me," Jill said.

"No!" he said abruptly. "No, I can't. You do it. Anyway, we're wasting time; we'll never be there in an hour. Come on."

But she held it out to him.

"Please, Dan." And as, with fingers which fumbled a little, he stood very close, about to pin it in, she looked up at him.

"Dan," she whispered, and his heart turned over, but he never knew what she would have said, for an open car swept by them, braked suddenly, then backed towards them.

"Hallo, you two!" cried a cheerful voice, and there was Graham smiling at them, with the sun touching his corn-colored hair.

Dan glanced at Jill, her eyes were wide but oddly blank. There was no delight, only a kind of tranced amazement.

"I called at Roseneath," Graham said blithely. "They told me you were heading for the Country Club—walking!" He gave an engaging chuckle of laughter. "You'll wear your feet out. Come on, hop in; I'll take you along."

Dan's mind clicked methodically. So she's told them at home—but naturally, why not? "I'm going to get Dan to walk with me to the Country Club. It'll be fun."

She'd left a clue behind her. And her new frock, and the sudden effervescence of gaiety—was that because she knew that Graham was around again? But, if that were true, where was the rapture of welcome? Why the blank incredulity in her face? It was paper-white; she hadn't yet said a word.

"Well, come on. No use standing there. In you get," Graham said, opening the door. He was talking to Jill; the invitation was for her. Obviously he didn't care what happened to Dan.

Jill took a step forward, then another. Like a person mesmerised, she walked towards the car. She got in, and Graham reached across her and slammed the door.

Only at the last moment suddenly, as they moved off, Jill turned round with a kind of awakening dismay.

There was frantic appeal in her face—then, with a nonchalant wave of the hand from Graham, they were gone, dropping round the corner of the lane in a cloud of summer dust.

Well, this was the end of Jill, Dan thought. He turned and plodded a few steps towards home. He'd get the car from Roseneath, and as he drove it away he'd be driving out of her life for ever.

This was the end. Faithfulness had run out at last. But his angry footsteps grew slower, faltered, stopped.

But it wasn't the end, since nothing, not even her marriage to someone else, could mean the end of Jill for him. That was what he had to face.

Everything might run out, hope, and passion, and youth, but not faithfulness, for Jill was in his heart forever.

Dan stood frowning moodily at the hedge, and against the airy fantasy of the honeysuckle he saw Jill's face as the car moved off, turned suddenly towards him with that expression of dismay and desperate appeal.

He turned and began to walk doggedly in the direction of the Country Club. There was no open car in the car-park, and his heart sank and his anger mounted.

If they'd gone farther, there was nothing he could do about it, and all that about Jill's appealing face was probably something he was making up to salve his injured feelings.

Dan went into the bar, and there was Jill, sitting alone in a corner, with a glass of tomato juice before her. He gave her an angry, incredulous stare.

"Where's Graham?" he demanded loudly, and several interested heads turned.

Jill beckoned him.

"Come and sit down," she said softly. "I'll tell you all about it."

The tranced girl had disappeared. Jill was alive now, brimming with something, her cheeks bright with color.

"No," Dan said, still loudly, not caring who might hear, and she rose a little hurriedly. "Come outside. Let's go into the garden."

He wanted to make a scene. He wanted to rage and shout. All the frustration of the years had suddenly boiled to the surface.

He wasn't a respectable solicitor any more, he was simply a young man in love, and bitterly hurt. But Jill seemed to be in command of the situation and, sliding her hand into his, she led him into the overgrown garden behind the club.

"Now you can shout," she said.

But Dan didn't want to shout any more. He wasn't even angry, only tired and filled with a kind of suffocating sadness.

"Darling, don't look like that," Jill said. "It's all over, finished."

"What do you mean?" he asked flatly.

"There's a seat behind the lilacs," Jill said, "away from these windows. Listen, Dan—"

"I'm listening," he said exhaustedly.

Jill laid a hand on his arm.

"Dan, I'm sorry—about everything, about just now, especially. I—I don't know how to explain. I—when I saw him again—I used to think how wonderful it would be, imagining him coming from somewhere, appearing suddenly as he did today. But it wasn't like that at all—honestly, it was as though I were under a spell. I couldn't have refused to go with him, if you see what I mean."

"I saw you going," he reminded her.

She gave him a troubled glance.

"Dan, you're not helping, you're not trying. The thing is, I thought you were coming, too. I never dreamed . . . When I looked back and saw you standing there in the road . . ."

She swallowed, gave his arm a funny little pat, and went on again:

"I couldn't get out of the car. Feeling myself being carried away from you like that, it was like being carried away for ever, and I couldn't bear it—but I couldn't get out. That was it, seeing you standing there, going away from you. When we got there I told him; I made him understand. He's gone, Dan. He won't ever come back. Then, I didn't know what to do. I think I should have died if you hadn't come. I waited because I felt sure you'd come. You've always come when I wanted you. You see, I knew then."

Dan began to grasp the meaning of the rapid, disjointed sentences, but it was a meaning which he could not let himself believe—not again.

"What are you trying to tell me?" he asked carefully, getting to his feet.

"Dan," she began uncertainly, then, suddenly, she took his arms and closed them about her. "Only this—that I love you. Oh, I've been such an idiot, chasing a dream. Hold me close while I tell you. You've been so good to me, so kind, never wanting anything. And I've been so silly and unkind and so stupid—not to see, not to know. Oh, Dan, I love you so much—don't say you don't love me any more."

He held her very close then. The exhaustion had become peace; rapture would come later. Now there was only the happiness of knowing that the long waiting was over, knowing that she was his.

"Goose," he said gently. "I shall always love you. Whatever happened, I should have loved you, from now until the end of the world."

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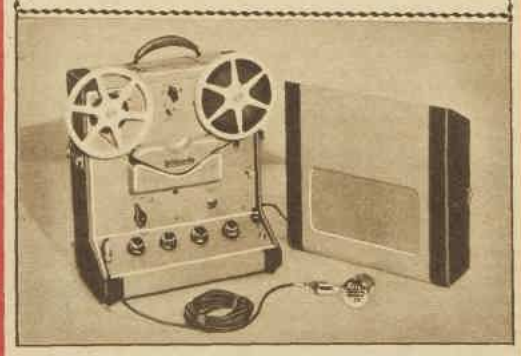

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BRIGHT ROOMS IN PLAN No. 6

Modern color schemes and layout

These are interiors of the pleasant little one-and-a-half-story house which is No. 6 in our Homes Service. The exterior of the house and the ground plan appear overleaf.

THIS house was selected because it is most comfortable, and provides plenty of living space.

The pictures show the pleasant color schemes and arrangement of the living-room and kitchen, providing homemakers with ideas which could be adapted in other types of houses.

Natural wood, which half encloses the staircase into the living-room, makes a pleasant contrast there with the other walls and throws into relief the watercolors hung on it.

For only £1/1/- you may obtain the specification and building plans for this house by filling in the voucher which appears overleaf and forwarding it to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THIS VIEW of the comfortable living-room shows the dining end near the window, with the bamboo curtains at the end of the room drawn to conceal the kitchen. Modern furniture is arranged to present clear, uncluttered lines.

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PLAN No. 6 continued

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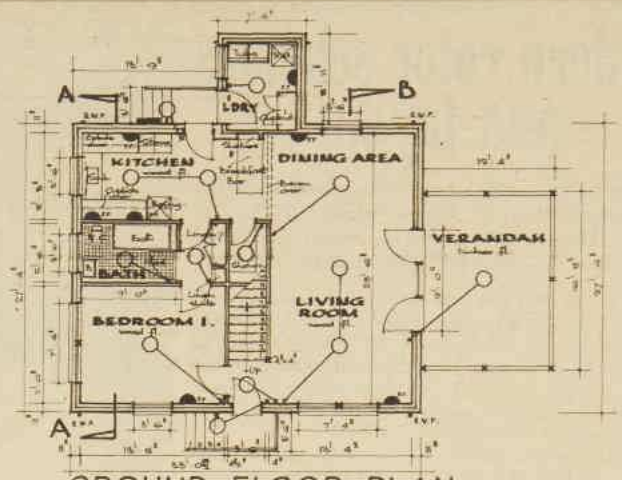

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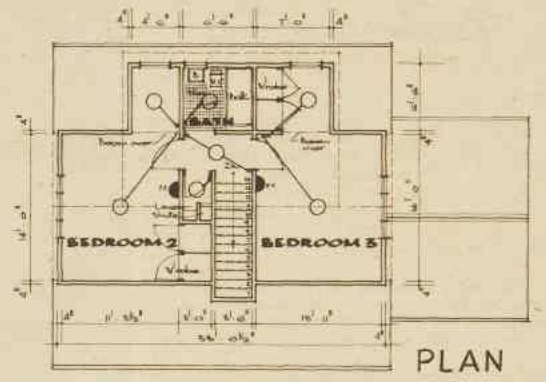

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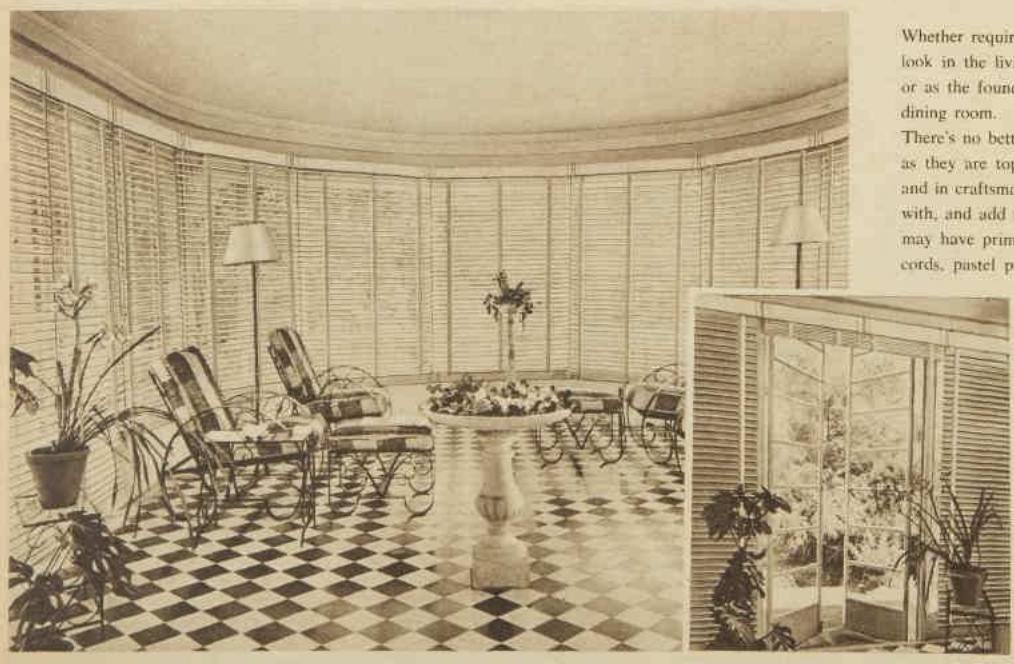

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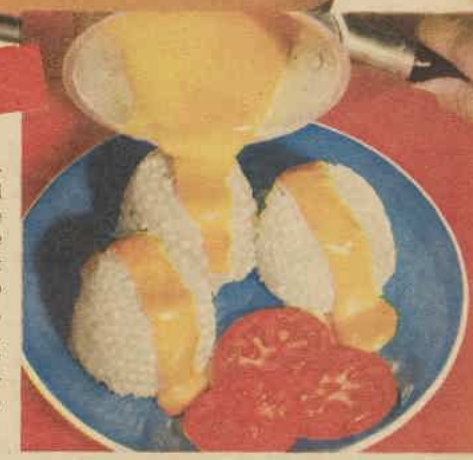
SPOON IT

Cheez Whiz is completely different from any cheese product you've ever tasted before. It's so rich . . . so creamy-thick . . . with such a tantalizing flavour. And Cheez Whiz is so different in another wonderful way . . . it starts to melt *the moment it touches hot food.*

For instance, pop a spoonful on hot spaghetti—and in a few seconds there's that rich, tantalizing cheese flavour to add zest and nourishment. So quick! So simple! You've never had anything like Cheez Whiz before!

HEAT IT

A few minutes in a saucepan over *very low heat* and Cheez Whiz becomes the *most elegant cheese sauce* you ever served up! Perfect for party dishes! And so handy for glamorizing eggs, vegetables and left overs. Cheez Whiz has so many uses you'll dip into that jar of golden goodness *many* times each week.



SPREAD IT

With a 5 oz. jar of Cheez Whiz handy you're all set for *all kinds* of snacks—hot or cold. Rich, tantalizing Cheez Whiz is marvellous for toasted or plain sandwiches, grand spread on biscuits. You'll find *so many* quick-tricks with Cheez Whiz you'll say: "How did we ever do without it?"

KFW41

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READERS' RECIPES

Apple, raisin, date, and pineapple are the fruit flavors used in the recipes which win prizes in this week's recipe contest.

APPLE RAISIN CUSHIONS are attractive and simple to make. Filled with a fruit and nut mixture, they are delicious served hot or cold.

If preferred, your own favorite fruit filling may be used in the prizewinning recipe. The result will be just as good.

Consolation prizes are awarded to pineapple dessert and date and raisin slices. Cooked or tinned pineapple must be used in the sweet, because fresh pineapple prevents gelatine mixtures setting.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

APPLE RAISIN CUSHIONS

One and three-quarter cups flour, ¼ cup rice flour, ¼ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, juice of 1 lemon, ¼ cup cold water, extra castor sugar.

Filling: Half cup chopped seeded raisins, ½ cup grated apple, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, ¼ teaspoon spice, pinch salt, grated rind of 1 lemon.

Place filling ingredients in a saucepan and stir over low heat until mixture is soft and thick. Allow to cool, while preparing pastry. Sift flours, sugar, baking powder, and salt together, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg-yolk, lemon juice, and water. Roll out on lightly floured board to ⅛in. thickness. Cut into oblong strips 2½in. x 4½in. Place a teaspoonful of cooled fruit mixture at one end, glaze edges, fold over, press edges together. Twist all corners, glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with castor sugar. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Todd, Box No. 47, Collins St., P.O., Melbourne, Vic.

TWISTED corners create a "cushion" effect on the fruit-filled turnovers which win this week's main prize of £5. See prize recipe on this page.

PINEAPPLE DESSERT

Two teaspoons gelatine, ¾ cup pineapple syrup, ¾ cup cake crumbs, ¼ to 1/3rd cup coconut, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 7 slices of home-cooked or tinned pineapple, 2 egg-whites, ¼ cup sugar, cherries and whipped cream to decorate.

Dissolve gelatine in hot pineapple syrup. When cold, beat until thick and creamy. Fold in cake crumbs, coconut, lemon rind and juice, and four slices of chopped pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with sugar. Turn into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving dish, decorate with remaining pineapple slices, cherries, and cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. A. Burleigh, 17 Mulgrave St., Launceston, Tas.

DATE AND RAISIN SLICES

Biscuit Mixture: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour.

Filling: One cup chopped dates, ½ cup finely chopped seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water.

Topping: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup coconut.

Cream shortening with sugar, add egg-yolks, beat well. Work in sifted dry ingredients, mix to a stiff dough. Press into greased slab-tin, prick sides and base with a fork, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Prepare filling: Place all ingredients in a saucepan, stir over low heat until soft and thick. Cool slightly, spread over cooked, cooled biscuit mixture. Prepare topping: Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with sugar, fold in coconut. Pile roughly on to fruit mixture, place in slow oven until topping is set and crisp. Cut into finger-lengths, allow to cool.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Fredericks, Upper Barron, via Atherton, Qld.

New cook book

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY'S latest cook book "Guide To Better Cookery" is now on sale at all newsagents and from our offices. The price is only 1/6.

This 48-page book has over 200 new recipes and follows on our "Economy Cook Book," which had such tremendous sales last year.

Everyone should have this grand book in the kitchen. The recipes are written in a clear, concise way so that fine cookery is made simple, and they are conveniently grouped and indexed so that reference is easy.

Beautifully illustrated with lots of the dishes shown in color, the recipes are an inspiration to all food enthusiasts. Whether you want dishes for entertaining, week-end or everyday meals, or special dishes from other lands you have 200 recipes at your fingertips.

Make it a special gift for friends this Christmas.

Inexpensive family dish

CREAMED tripe flavored with onion and parsley and topped with cheese bread triangles makes this week's dish.

This dish is planned to serve four and costs approximately four shillings. Serve it with creamed potatoes, green vegetables, and diced carrot, followed by a fruit tart with cream or ice-cream.

CREAMED TRIPE PARMESAN

One and a half pounds tripe, 2 white onions, cold water, ¾ pint milk, 2 teaspoons salt, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4 slices day-old bread, butter for spreading, ¼ cup grated Parmesan or processed cheese.

Wash tripe thoroughly, scrape underside if necessary. Cut into 1in. squares. Blanch. Cover with cold water, bring to boiling point, drain. Cover again with cold water, add salt and peeled sliced onions. Cook gently until tender 1½ to 3 hours according to quality of tripe. Or pressure-cook 45 minutes to 1 hour. Blend flour with a little of the milk. Drain off all but ¾ pint of liquid in which tripe cooked. Add milk and butter or substitute. Reheat. When nearly boiling, stir in blended flour. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Add chopped parsley, fill into heated ovenware dish. Spread bread slices (crusts removed) with butter, top with grated cheese. Cut into triangles and arrange on top of tripe. Cook under griller or in oven until cheese is bubbly and brown.

Tony's luxury recipe

CHICKEN PIE

This week Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club, gives his own recipe for a wonderful chicken pie, which he has dedicated to us.

"FROM now on it will be called The Australian Women's Weekly Chicken Pie," Tony said.

"I hope you like it. It is a dish fit to grace the festive board at Christmas or serve to discriminating guests at any time throughout the New Year."

Here is the recipe, which provides for four ample servings. All spoon measurements are level.

One chicken (3 to 3½lb.), 1 dessertspoon salt (or less according to taste), 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 shallots, chopped, 2 cups of white wine, 1 cup of chicken stock, 8 small onions, 10 well-cleaned white mushrooms, ½ cup salt pork (previously parboiled), 2 medium potatoes, sliced, 1 cup sweet cream, pie pastry, 1 egg (lightly beaten), 3 tablespoons milk.

Cut chicken in eight pieces. Season with salt and pepper and put in a saucepan with the butter. Let cook gently for 5 minutes without becoming colored. Then add chopped shallots and flour. Add the wine and water or chicken stock and bring to the boil. Add onions and mushrooms and let cook until the meat is tender, removing the mushrooms after 15 minutes of cooking. When chicken is done, remove bones from meat and place the meat in a deep pie-dish with the diced pork, onions, mushrooms, and sliced potatoes. Cook the sauce until reduced to the consistency of cream. Add the cream, correct the seasoning, and strain through cheese cloth. Pour sauce over the meat and cover with pastry. Brush pastry with the egg and milk mixed together to give a rich color when done, and bake in a hot oven until the pastry is cooked and golden brown.

Pastry for pie: 4 cups sifted flour, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup lard, 2 teaspoons salt, 12 tablespoons water.

Work up flour, butter, and lard by cutting the shortening into the flour until it is very fine. Dissolve salt in cold water and add it to first mixture and work all together until ingredients are combined.

Why Vitamin C is good for you

Vitamin C, found in fresh fruit and vegetables, is essential to the formation of strong bones and teeth in early life. Adults need it to build resistance to colds, 'flu, rheumatism and virus infections.

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for 60 years—

genuine

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TINY TELEPHONIST

She's not three, but tiny Vivien Wetzler, of Melbourne, can use the 'phone like a veteran switchgirl. Her cheery greeting and alert manner earn top marks from 'phone callers. "Vivien", says her mother, "is really advanced for her age. I give her plenty of Vegemite —it keeps her happy and healthy."

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Mail Orders (8/6, including postage) from above or direct from THE VANIX Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 884, G.P.O., Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3468. — Beginners' pattern for a prettily styled one-piece summer dress. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3⅝yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

F3467.—Maternity suit has slim-line skirt styled for expansion, and chic, concealing jacket. Sizes: 32in to 38in. bust. Requires 5¼yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3465.—Sunfrock and matching jacket can double as a street ensemble. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/3yds. 36in material. Price, 3/6.

F3466.—Beach dress and smart little sleeveless jacket, both in matching material. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5⅛yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3469.—One-piece sleeveless tennis dress styled for action. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/3yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3470.—Smart button-front coat-dress has contrasting bias binding trim and swallow-wing collar. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5⅝yds. 36in. material and 6yds. bias braid binding. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from the date of publication.

No. 799.—SMALL GIRL'S SUNFROCK AND MATCHING JACKET
The ensemble is obtainable cut out ready to make in a fine pinspot haircord. The color choice includes pink, red, blue, and green, all printed with a white spot. Sizes: Length, 16in. for 2 years, 18/9; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 19/3; 23in. for 5 to 6 years, 19/9; 27in. for 7 to 8 years, 21/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 801.—FEEDER AND PLATE MAT SET
The set is obtainable clearly traced ready to emroider on a good quality headcloth. The color choice includes natural, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The edges are finished with white bias binding. Price, 7/11 complete set. Postage, 10d. extra.

No. 800.—LUNCHEON SET
The mats with serviettes to match are obtainable clearly traced to embroider. The material choice is heavy white and cream linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., and plate mats 9in. x 11in., cup and saucer mats 5in. x 5in., and serviettes 11in. x 11in. Prices: 8-piece set, 18/11; 13-piece set, 22/9. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 802.—DIRNDL SKIRT
The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral bubble everglaze. The color choice includes a large white flower on pink, pale blue, green, lemon, and navy backgrounds. Sizes: Waist, 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. Price, 23/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

● *NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.*

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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, relax in the garden of Mandrake's home. Meanwhile, not far away, thieves steal a chest of gold bullion from a bank and make their getaway in a car. They bury the chest in Mandrake's freshly dug garden and decide to hide in his house until the police search dies down. They cut the telephone wires and move in. NOW READ ON:

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"**MERYL**"—A pretty, short-sleeved blouse finished with a velvet bow trim. The color choice includes white and pastel blue, pink, green, and lemon.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 34/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 35/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 25/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

"**LUCILLE**." — Attractively flared skirt made in check gingham finished with rick-rack braid trim. The color choice includes green and white, red and white, and blue and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 26in. and 28in. waist, 34/6; 30in. and 32in. waist, 35/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 26in. and 28in. waist, 22/6; 30in. and 32in. waist, 24/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

"**PEGGY**." — Gathered skirt with twin pocket trim is made in rope-patterned everglaze. The color choice is rose, green, blue, and pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 31/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 24/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

"**MEG**." — Floral cotton waist-apron in pastel shades finished with an organdie frill.

Ready to Wear Only: Price, 14/11. Postage, 1/- extra.

● *Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication.*

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 93. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

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Princess
Creamy Chocolate
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Custard Cream

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(Hinged Lid)

Assortment of—

Scotch Finger
Raspberry Fruit Cream
Cherry Ripe
Orange Slice
Orange Tea
Delta Cream
Adora Cream Wafer
Butter Oat Cake
Monte Carlo
Chocolate Monte

"LANDSCAPE" TIN
(Hinged Lid)

Assortment of—

Adora Cream Wafer
Arno Shortbread
Delta Cream
Orange Tea
Orange Slice
Princess
Creamy Chocolate
Butter Oat Cake
Monte Carlo
Custard Cream
Chocolate Monte
Lemonette
Cherry Ripe
Raspberry Fruit Cream
Raspberry Cream Wafer

There is no Substitute for Quality

"OLD ENGLISH" TIN
(Hinged Lid)

Assortment of—

Butter Oat Cake
Chocolate Sticks
Raspberry Fruit Cream
Arno Shortbread
Cherry Ripe
Golden Grain
Creamy Chocolate
Custard Cream
Arnella Crunch
Orange Tea
Orange Slice
Monte Carlo
Adora Cream Wafer
Raspberry Cream Wafer
Nice

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